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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Fair Play

Mr. Upton Sinclair has no one but himself to blame for the chorus of ridicule that goes up whenever he succeeds in doing anything that attracts attention. The man who tried to foist *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* upon the public, and who was guilty of the preposterous extravagances of *The Metropolis* and of *The Money Changers* cannot reasonably expect to be taken seriously. However, in strict justice we should not forget that though he writes very badly, Mr. Sinclair possesses very definite talents, that in *Manassas* he produced an excellent book, and that his exposure of certain conditions in *The Jungle* led to widespread and beneficial reform.

Migratory Anecdotes

It is the fate of the anecdote as well as of the popular song to migrate in curious and devious ways. For example, when Conan Doyle was visiting this country in 1894, lecturing in his own interest and those of Major Pond, he was one evening a guest at a dinner in Boston. When his turn to make a speech came he amused his auditors by a whimsical bit of nonsense, in which he told of an imaginary experience with a Boston cabman who had mastered the science of deduction. That was seventeen years ago, and yet only the other day a London paper told as new substantially the same story with a Gallic setting. According to the later tale, the creator of Sherlock Holmes arrived in Paris by the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean Railway and hailed a cab. When he paid the fare the cabman said, "Thank you, Monsieur Conan Doyle." "How do you know my name?" asked Sir Conan. The cabman replied: "I read in the papers that you were coming from Nice. I examined you at the station, and your hair seemed to me to have been cut by a Southern barber, and your boots bear traces of the mud which we find at Lyons." Sir Conan, surprised to find a sort of Sherlock Holmes whip in hand, complimented the coachman on his ingenuity and asked if he had noticed any other point of identification. "Yes, one other," said the "cocher" slyly. "I have read your name, which is on the trunk."

The Invasion of Africa

A few years ago THE BOOKMAN published an outline map of Europe under the caption "The American Invasion," showing territorially the various American novelists who from time to time had selected Continental backgrounds for their stories. More recently the European setting seems to have become less popular than formerly; but on the other hand, American and English writers alike have been turning their attention more and more to Africa, joining forces, as it were, in a sort of concerted attack on its entire coast-line, concentrating at Alexandria on the north and Cape Town on the south.

It must not be forgotten, however, that while recent historical events have given a fresh impetus to the African novel, a good many old-time favourites were also enacted there; and when we stop to think of it a small host of vivid and well-remembered episodes come swarming back

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aglow with the intense colouring of the tropics or shimmering with the heat of the desert. People who are in the habit of thinking of Defoe solely as the author of *Robinson Crusoe* will probably have forgotten that he was the pioneer of English novelists in the invasion of the dark continent, and that in *Captain Singleton* he takes his hero from Madagascar on the east through pathless ways clear across to the western coast. Captain Marryat is the next literary explorer in order of time. Besides the *Pasha of Many Tales,* the headquarters of which is Cairo, he also wrote *The Privateersman,* a negligible piece of work from the literary point of view, produced with effort when death was already at his elbow; but interesting for our purpose because certain chapters take the hero through a three months' captivity in the interior of Senegal—a Senegal such as never existed outside of Marryat's brain; a Senegal deliriously topsy-turvy in its fauna and flora, with Bengal tigers romping side by side with Nubian lions and South American monkeys.

But to the reader whose memory of fiction in the lighter vein goes backward for a full generation, the stories and the scenes that most readily come to mind are certain pages in Ouida's *Under Two Flags,* Archibald Clavering Gunter's *Mr. Potter of Texas* and the whole long array of Rider Haggard's inimitable extravagances. Who to this day can think of Algeria in fiction without seeing again in memory the flying vision of Cigarette, Child of the Army and Soldier of France, passing like a tireless whirlwind over the interminable leagues of desert sand and praying God to hold back the day, that the pardon she bears may arrive in time? And in the first book of *Mr. Potter of Texas,* who can ever forget the sheer audacity of that whole episode during the bombardment of Alexandria; and the indomitable young Australian who, handicapped by a helpless woman and a faithless native servant, who attempts to drug him, barricades himself and his companion in the upper story of the house where he has taken refuge, bores scores of auger holes in the solid oak of the door commanding the stairs, plugs these holes with rifle cartridges, and by the simple expedient of exploding the cartridges with swift blows of a hammer rakes that staircase fore and aft and gives to the surprised and terrified invaders the impression of a whole regiment in ambush? And as for Mr. Haggard's stories, one has only to mention such names as *She, Allan Quartermain* and *King Solomon's Mines,* in order to conjure up a long panorama of fantastic scenes, impenetrable forests, mountain passes, dusky hosts advancing with barbaric outcry and bristling spears; and finally, remote and secret caverns guarded by vast stone gates that silently and mysteriously open and close. These are stories that in later years one does not try to read again, for the old-time thrill can never be renewed; but the first impression remains alive and to this day one can still hear as plainly as at the first reading that ghastly crunch of bones where, in the closing chapter of *King Solomon's Mines,* the treacherous old hag is caught as she attempts to wriggle into safety from beneath the unnumbered tons of descending rock and is blotted out like an ant beneath the heel of a shoe.

Haggard's favourite haunt was a certain more or less mythical district in central Africa somewhere north of the Matabele country and further localised as lying beyond the juncture of the Inkonda and Kalukive Rivers, which the curious reader will have some trouble in finding on the ordinary map. But in at least two of his books, both of them historical romances, the scene of necessity lies in the north; *Cleopatra,* in which the action shifts from Memphis to Alexandria, from the Nile to the Lybian mountains; and *The World's Desire,* written in collaboration with Andrew Lang, and bringing in Moses, the Exodus, and the adventures of Ulysses. Egypt, ancient or modern, has always held first place in the favour of novelists. Although outside the scope of the present discussion, it is interesting to recall the long series of Egyptian novels by the German scholar, George Ebers, the *Histoire d'une Momie* by Gautier, and Anatole France's *Thaïs.* But in English we have further Charles Kingsley's *Hypatia;* and, coming

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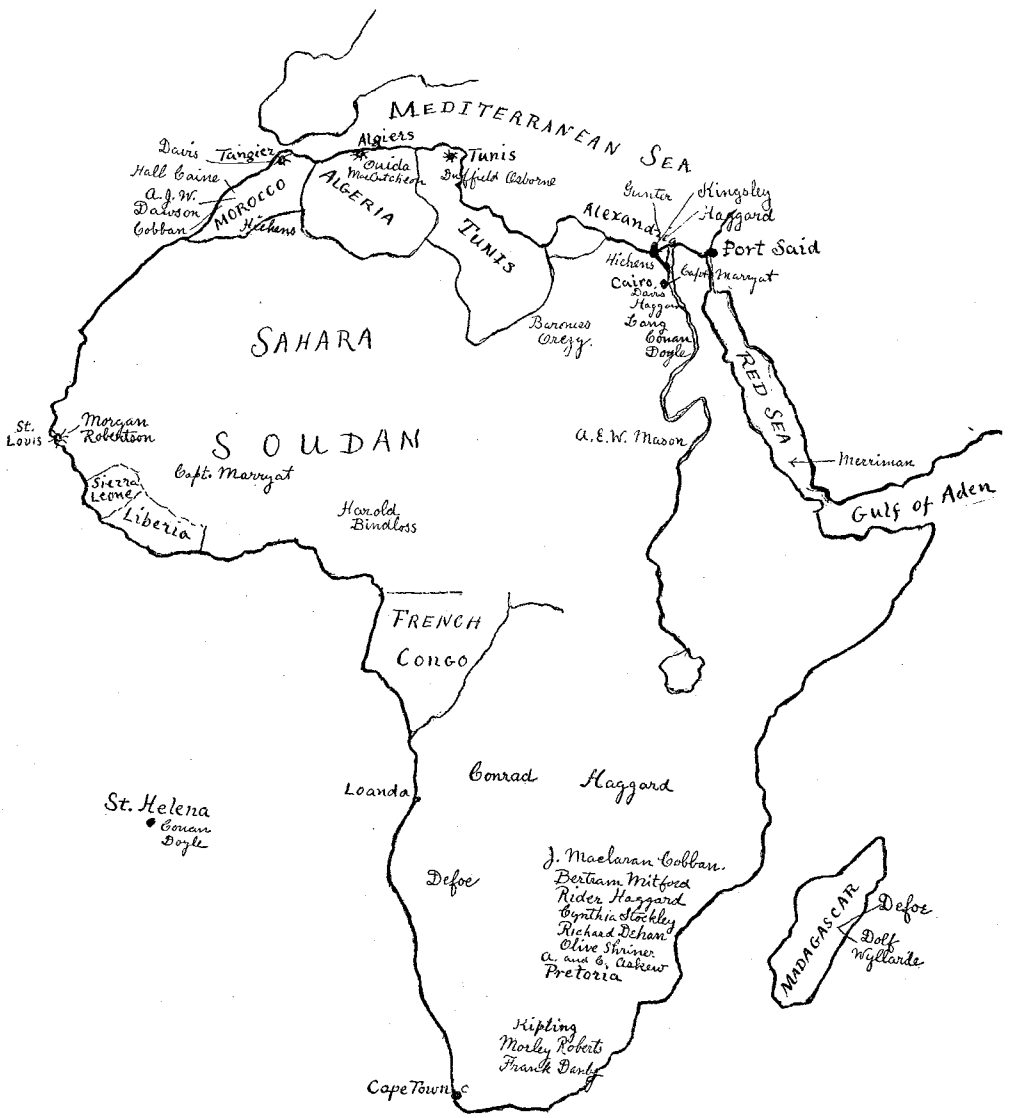
down to modern times, Hichens's *Bella Donna,* Conan Doyle's *Tragedy of the Korosko,* Richard Harding Davis's *The Writing on the Wall,* and Gilbert Parker's *Donovan Pasha.*

Next to Egypt, of all the northern states of Africa Morocco has become most conspicuous in recent fiction. Of course, the first book that flashes into our thoughts is *The Garden of Allah,* which, for sheer barbaric colouring and an almost physical transference to paper of burning sand and shimmering heat, stands almost alone. But more closely, more intimately in touch with native life is Mr. A. J. W. Dawson's *African Nights' Entertainment,* with its crude brutality, its primitive passion, its unforgettable tragedy. And from the outside, alien standpoint, who has ever used a foreign setting more effectively than Richard Harding Davis has used Tangier, first in *The Exiles* and again in *The King's Jackal?* Tangier, with its one great advantage to men and women



A MAP SHOWING THE LITERARY INVASION OF AFRICA BY ANGLO-SAXON AUTHORS

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with a shady past, of possessing no such blessing of civilisation as an extradition treaty, has been made unforgettable by Davis as the self-imposed place of exile for homesick European royalty and equally homesick American democracy.

The west coast of Africa is not so thickly overstrewn by trails of the Anglo-Saxon invader. In some of his sea stories, Mr. Morgan Robertson has touched the coast at more than one spot and made it memorable as the scene of some striking climax. One recalls, for instance, in *Spun-Yarn,* the tale entitled "A Creature of Circumstance," in which Captain Angus MacNab, Scotch Presbyterian and slave trader, who justifies the brutality of his calling on the ground that by bringing the heathen to a Christian country he is taking the first step toward converting them, is himself captured by a negro privateersman from Liberia, and with his Scotch crew imprisoned in the unspeakable filth of the hold of his own ship—where all of them save the captain himself one by one go stark, raving mad. Then of course there is Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness,* in which, more vividly perhaps than any other writer has ever done, he has succeeded in conveying that sense of lurking mystery, of unseen, unguessed danger ever present, in the unexplored depths of the tropical forest. And in this little masterpiece Mr. Conrad simply amplified and painted in stronger colours what he had already more lightly sketched in one of his early *Tales of Unrest,* "An Outpost of Progress."

The Cape Colony region, the Transvaal, the whole Boer country both before and since the war, with its veldts and kopjes, its inspanning and trekking, has been exploited by the novelists with a thoroughness equalled only by the Anglo-Indian novel and our own colonial fiction. The sheer multitude of names and volumes is prohibitive of any attempt at completeness in a brief paragraph like the present. We may only note that conspicuous among the pioneers were Morley Roberts in *The Colossus,* a story admittedly based on the life of Cecil Rhodes; Olive Schreiner in *Trooper Peter Halket,* and the *Tale of a South African Farm,* and Mr. Haggard in such volumes as *Swallow, a Tale of the Great Trek.* But it must not be forgotten that this district formed the scene of some important chapters in Frank Danby's *Pigs in Clover;* and later that it has been an essential setting for some of the strongest stories of Rudyard Kipling's maturity. Who can ever think of South Africa in fiction without remembering the time when Vickery took advantage of his shore leave to visit a moving picture show and saw Mrs. Bathurst alighting from a railway carriage in the Victoria station and coming straight toward him down the canvas, "with that blindish look in her eyes?" Or later after Vickery's disappearance, that ghastly discovery far up the railroad line toward the north—all that fate and South African lightning had seen fit to leave of poor Vickery and his "mate." Finally, passing over the many recent stories of the Transvaal from the pen of Bertram Mitford, J. Maclaran Cobban, and the collaborators Alice and Claude Askew, a word should be said of two novelists who have recently come into prominence: Cynthia Stockley, the author of *Poppy, The Claw,* and *Virginia of the Rhodesians,* and "Richard Dehan," whose first Transvaal story, *The Dop Doctor,* was published in this country under the title of *One Braver Thing.*

"Richard Dehan"

It has been known from the first that the author whose identity was hidden under the name of "Richard Dehan" is a woman; and many have been the conjectures regarding her. One possibility after another was rejected until the list of suspected writers narrowed down to just three: namely, Lady Sarah Wilson, who, as it happened, was in South Africa during the Boer War; Mrs. Julia Frankau, whose *Pigs in Clover,* as already mentioned, reveals a rather intimate acquaintance with South African conditions, and whose *Dr. Phillips* betrays a familiarity with the theory and practice of medicine similar to that shown in *The Dop Doctor;* and lastly, Miss Clotilde Inez Mary Graves, more briefly and familiarly referred to in English literary columns as Miss Clo Graves.

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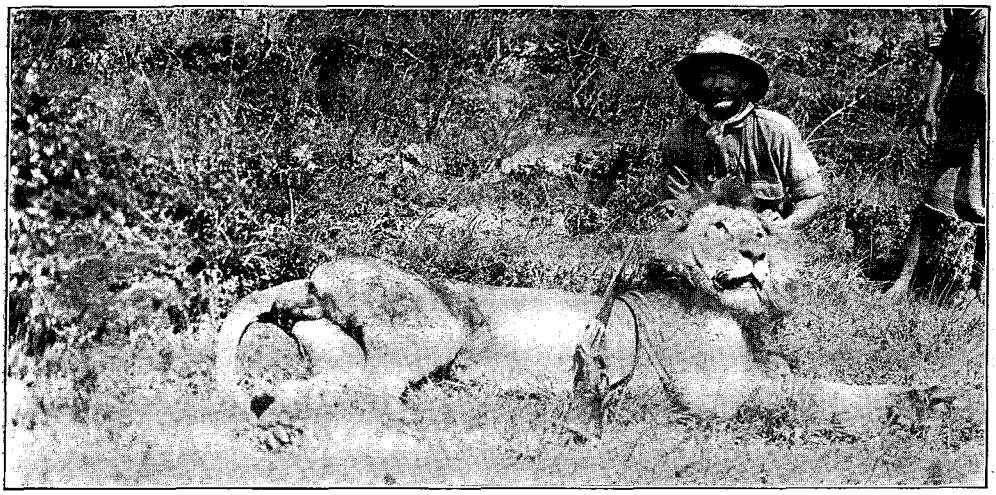

ANOTHER PRESUMPTIVE LITERARY INVADER. STEWART EDWARD WHITE AND HIS EIGHTH AFRICAN LION

We understand that neither Miss Graves nor her publishers have as yet directly admitted her identity with "Richard Dehan," but that she is the author of *The Dop Doctor* has for some weeks been openly asserted in the London papers. Just why she should have resorted to anonymity is somewhat hard to understand, since she already won some little reputation as a novelist over her own signature. She comes of an old Irish family, tracing her descent from a certain famous dean, the Very Reverend Thomas Graves of Ardfert and Connor; she is the daughter of a soldier and has seen life in many aspects, having at one time studied art, later had a brief season on the London stage, and, beginning with *Nitocris,* a classical play produced in 1887, has written a number of plays which have found favour with London audiences. A new novel by "Richard

COTTAGE IN WHICH THE "DOP DOCTOR" WAS WRITTEN

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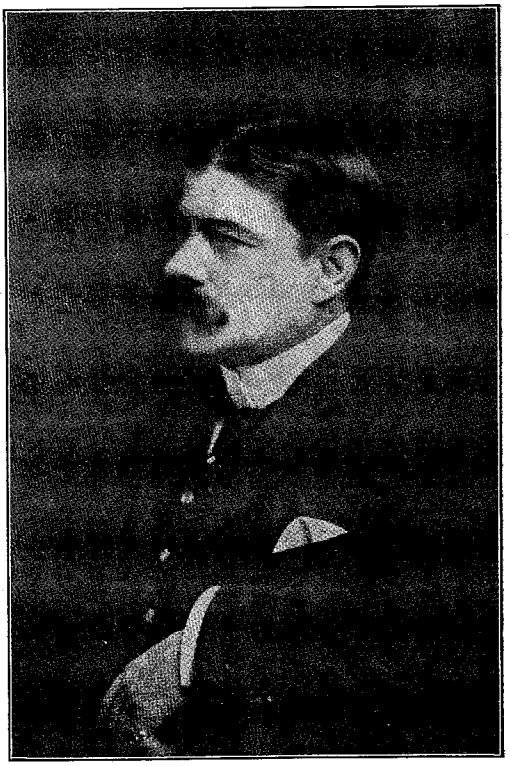
WILLIAM ESTABROOK CHANCELLOR, AN EDUCATIONAL "BEST SELLER"

Dr. Chancellor's books, dealing with educational problems, have, at a conservative estimate, sold over one million copies.

Dehan" entitled *The Woman With the Lamp* is announced for publication some time during the autumn or winter. Beyond the fact that it is not a South African novel the only hint of its character that has yet been given is that it is based upon the life of Florence Nightingale—with the further suggestive reminder that as a nurse she had some unusual experiences during the Crimean War.

Mrs. Grundy Again

In spite of a growing freedom in the treatment of fundamental moral and social problems that one notes in the work of contemporary English novelists and essayists, there is still a certain element of the hazardous in such discussions, and occasionally a writer who is deemed to have gone too far is forced to recognise British prudishness as a factor still to be reckoned with. Recently the *English Review,* an English monthly magazine of but a few years' standing, announced its intention of becoming the "great adult review," and proceeded to publish an article by Mr. Frank Harris, the author of a book about Shakespeare which attracted attention in this country last year, in which he took as his text the Italian proverb: *Peccato di carne non é peccato.* This was too much for Mr. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator,* who not only fiercely denounced the *English Review* for "dumping garbage" on the threshold of its readers, but actually announced his intention to boycott the publication by refusing to notice it in his columns or to take any of its advertising. This unleashed the storm. Not only did Mr. Harris and Mr. Austin Harrison, the editor of the *English Review,* respond to the attack on themselves, but nearly all the most prominent men of letters in England signed a communication to the *Spectator,* in which they denounced the action of the editor as a malicious and high-handed attempt to limit the freedom of the press. The *Spectator* pro-



FRANK HARRIS

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fessed to find the list of the signers unimpressive, but as it contained the names of Arnold Bennett, Maurice Hewlett and a score of others equally well known to the reading public both here and in England, it is doubtful if its opinion will be shared by many. On the contrary it would seem as if the *Spectator* had stirred up a hornet's nest, as the vast majority of the communications it has received, and of the comments it has elicited in other papers, are unfavourable to its attitude, even in the case of those who take care to register their disapproval of Mr. Harris's ethical point of view. Meanwhile, the *English Review* is enjoying a vast amount of free publicity, and as it numbers among its contributors many of the most reputable men and women writers of the day, who are the last to be charged with pornographic intentions or interests, it probably will not be seriously injured in the future by this latest British outbreak of Comstockianism, which comes too late in the day to have any real effectiveness. It is a long time since Buchanan could arouse a storm against Rossetti on the score of his "fleshliness" or even since such a poet as Swinburne could be kept from the laureateship because of the frank paganism of his early verses.

Novelists as Historians

The announcement a few months ago that Mr. Kipling was occupying himself with some kind of a history of England, instead of calling forth expressions of surprise, should have been numbered in the list of things predestined and foreseen. Any one who has read with real understanding either *Puck of Pook's Hill* or its sequel, *Rewards and Fairies*, must have realised that underneath their surface allegory the author has already given us an outline history of England from the earliest times downward, seen and interpreted with a clearness of vision and a courage of conviction that many of the professional historians might envy. A moment's reflection makes us realise that history or biography in one form or another has been the rule rather than the exception from our leading English novelists. Of course, Dickens's *Child's History of England* and *The Four Georges* of Thackeray are the first examples that come to mind. But if we grope a little further in our memories we unearth the fact that Sir Walter Scott found time among his other work to produce a history of Scotland, that Smollett projected and partly wrote a vast *Universal History* and also organised a *Standard Library History of England;* that Fenimore Cooper spent years over his *His-*

WELLS HASTINGS, CARICATURED BY GUY FANGLE

Guy Fangle and Wells Hastings are friends. Since the appearance of "The Professor's Mystery" Mr. Fangle has claimed that Mr. Hastings lampooned him as one of the deepest-dyed villains of that story. To retaliate he sketched this caricature one evening on the back of a dinner-card at a dinner where they were both present.

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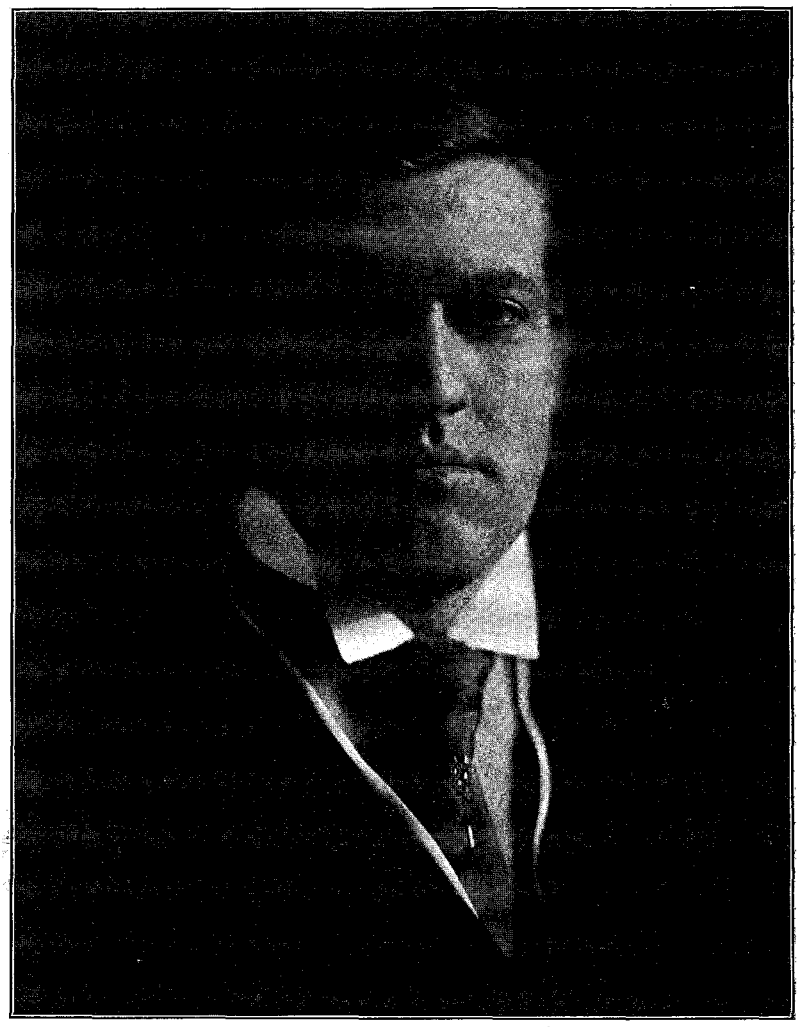

REX BEACH

This is the latest photograph of Mr. Beach, whose new novel, "The Ne'er-Do-Well," is announced for publication September 18th. At present Mr. Beach is occupying his new house at Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey. He motors frequently to New York in order to keep up with the details of the publication of his book, which will be simultaneous in all parts of the country.

tory of the United States Navy and Anthony Trollope interrupted his lengthy series of novels long enough to produce historical studies of Cæsar and of Cicero. And this is only the beginning of the list that one might draw up. Bulwer, Lord Lytton, was the author not only of *Rienzi* and *Eugene Aram,* but also of *Athens; Its Rise and Fall,* and of *Outlines of the Early History of the East.* Charles Kingsley alternated between novels like *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!,* and volumes of historical lectures such as *The Romans and the Teutons.* Washington Irving is hardly a fair example, for we think of him as historian first and story-teller afterward; yet it is well to remember that the biographer of Columbus and of Washington and the historian of Grenada was the same person who to our lasting delight chronicled the adventures of Ichabod Crane and of Rip Van Winkle. Coming down to more recent times, we must not forget that Sir Walter Be-

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MARJORIE PATTERSON

Marjorie Patterson, author of "Fortunata," has an interesting ancestry. There are a number of famous personages of Colonial days from whom she claims descent, but more in the present are her grandfather, John Neal, of Portland, Maine, well known as the publisher of "The Yankee," the friend of Longfellow and Emerson, and her great-aunt, Betty Patterson, the sister-in-law whom Napoleon Bonaparte refused to acknowledge. Miss Patterson is barely twenty now. Her relationship to some members of the Italian aristocracy gained her the entrée into Roman society, and even while dancing, driving on the Pincio, and sightseeing, she had begun the writing of her novel of Italian life. She is now in Europe travelling with her mother.

sant, in his later years, found time to undertake a series of important historical and archæological monographs dealing with the associations and the development of the several districts of London. The most important of these, a survey of London designed to sum up the essential points of the whole series, was unfortunately left unfinished at his death. But *London* appeared as early as 1892, *Westminster* followed in 1895 and *South London* in 1899. William Black and Marion Crawford are of all modern novelists the two that one is most apt to associate with the idea of a born story-teller and nothing else. Yet Black contributed a scholarly biography of Oliver Goldsmith to the English Men of Letters series; and Crawford not only gave us the popularised romance of history in such volumes as *Ave Roma Immortalis* and *Rulers of the South,* but he put many years of serious labour into an ambitious *History of Rome,* which was destined to remain unfinished. It was only a short time before his death that Mr. Crawford said, in substance, to the writer of the present paragraph that he attached comparatively little importance to his published volumes of anecdotal history. "My proposed history of Rome," he said, "is an entirely different matter. Its completion will be the fulfilment of an ambition of many years' standing, and I look to it to establish my claim to serious scholarship."

One of the prettiest celebrations in connection with the recent Thackeray

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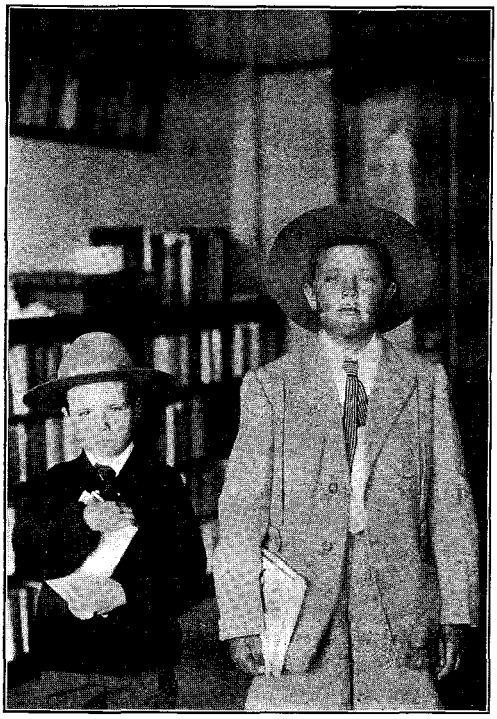


LOUIE AND TEMPLE ABERNATHY. "THE RIDE OF THE ABERNATHY BOYS" HAS JUST BEEN PUBLISHED

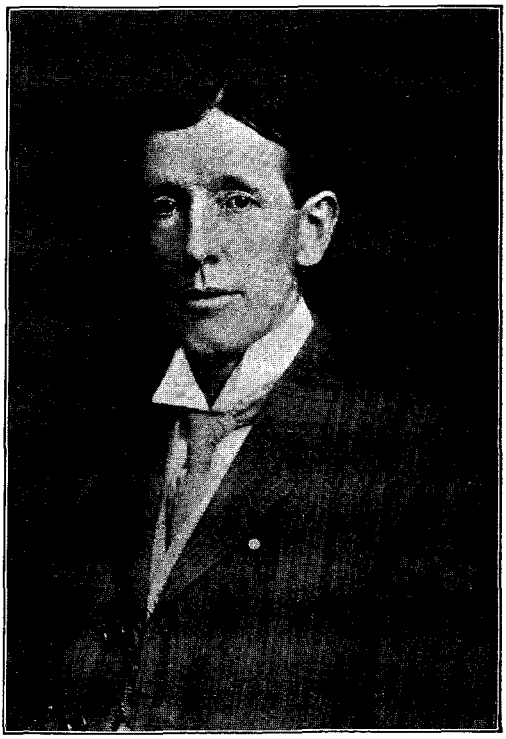
Charterhouse

centenary was that of the Charterhouse School in London, where Thackeray prepared for Cambridge, and where the evening bell tolled out and Colonel Newcome answered "Adsum" when his name was called. Yet there was a certain grim irony in the affair, for despite the gentler, kindlier memories of later years, the period that the novelist passed at the school when it was under John Russell was probably the least happy period of Thackeray's life. It was there, as he himself said, that he was first "licked into indolence," and then "abused into sulkiness and bullied into despair." Nor in designating it did he always use the amiable "Grayfriers" under which the institution appears in *The Newcomes*. Even as late as *Pendennis* he spoke disparagingly of the school as the "Slaughter House" and "Smiffle."

The London *Times* recently published a letter in which Thackeray stated his theory of *Vanity Fair* in particular, and of novels in general. His correspondent is obviously Robert Bell, the writer and journalist, and the review referred to is in the number of *Fraser's Magazine* for September, 1848.

Sunday Sept. 3rd [1848]

MY DEAR BELL: Although I have made a rule to myself never to thank critics yet I like to break it continually, and especially in the present instance for what I hope is the excellent article in Fraser. It seems to me very just in most points as regards the author: some he questions as usual—If I had put in more fresh air as you call it my object would have been defeated—It is to indicate, in cheerful terms, that we are for the most part an abominably foolish and selfish people "desperately wicked" and all eager after vanities. Everybody is you see in that book,—for instance if I had made Amelia a higher order of woman there would have been no vanity in Dobbins falling in love with her, whereas the impression at present is that he is a fool for his pains that he has married a silly little thing and in fact has found out his error rather a sweet and tender one however, quia multum amavit I want to leave everybody dissatisfied and unhappy at the end of the story



DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

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—we ought all to be with our own and all other stories. Good God dont I see (in that may be cracked and warped looking glass in which I am always looking) my own weaknesses wickednesses lusts follies shortcomings? in company let us hope with better qualities about which we will pretermit discourse. We must lift up our voices about these and howl to a congregation of fools: so much at least has been my endeavour. You have all of you taken my misanthropy to task—I wish I could myself: but take the world by a certain standard (you know what I mean) and who dares talk of having any virtue at all? For instance Forster says After a scene with Blifil, the air is cleared by a laugh of Tom Jones—Why Tom Jones in my holding is as big a rogue as Blifil. Before God he is—I mean the man is selfish according to his nature as Blifil according to his. In fact I've a strong impression that we are most of us not fit for —— never mind.

Pathos I hold should be very occasional indeed in humorous works and indicated rather than expressed or expressed very rarely. In the passage where Amelia is represented as trying to separate herself from the boy—She goes upstairs and leaves him with his aunt, "as that poor Lady Jane Grey tried the axe that was to separate her slender life," I say that is a fine image whoever wrote it (& I came on it quite by surprise in a review the other day) that is greatly pathetic I think; it leaves you to make your own sad pictures—We shouldn't do much more than that I think in comic books—In a story written in the pathetic key it would be different & then the comedy perhaps should be occasional. Some day—but a truce to egotistical twaddle. It seems to me such a time ago that V F was written that one may talk of it as of some body elses performance. My dear Bell I am very thankful for your friendliness & pleased to have your good opinion. Faithfully yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

London *Punch,* with which Thackeray was so intimately associated, reached the allotted span of three score years and ten a few weeks ago. When we say that Mr. Punch showed no signs of going down into oblivion, we do so with feelings of mingled emotion. In a nutshell *Punch* is neither so good as Englishmen think it nor so bad as Americans say it is. There is a stock platitude to the effect that when you find a good joke in *Punch* it is a very good one indeed, and when we read a particularly tiresome number of the periodical we find a certain balm in recalling the great names and achievements of the past. It will take a great many dull numbers to live down the memory of Thackeray and Thomas Hood, the

GEORGE C. TYLER AND ROBERT HICHENS IN THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

three Johns—John Leech, John Doyle, and John Tenniel—Charles Keane, and George Du Maurier.

In the "Author's Preface" to the new edition of Thackeray, Mr. Harry Furniss arraigns Thackeray on anachronisms in the matter of dress. "Thackeray," he says, "labelled all his literary wine wrongly. His famous Waterloo port

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IRVING BACHELLER

Though Irving Bacheller declares that he is able to work anywhere—even seated at a table in the midst of Broadway traffic—these are the surroundings he likes best. At his camp, Robinwood, in the Adirondacks, he does much of his work. The wildness of nature without and the simplicity of the interior of his home are both congenial. The generous width of the fireplace was built for friends to gather about, and there have been many. John Burroughs was a recent guest and with Mr. Bacheller spent days in the woodland. At present Mr. Bacheller is at Robinwood, working together with William Harlowe Briggs on the dramatisation of "Keeping Up With Lizzie," which is to be produced this autumn.

Photograph by Tibbs

MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS, AUTHOR OF "ROSE OF OLD HARPETH," "MISS SELINA SUE," AND "THE ROAD TO PROVIDENCE"

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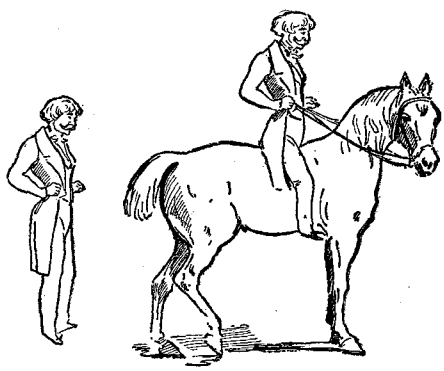
bears the brand of '45 vintage, and, in fact, the whole of the labels of his cellar in *Vanity Fair* are misleading. Therefore, Mr. Furniss has attempted to re-label the *Vanity Fair* bin.

The reason that Thackeray was at his worst as an illustrator I venture to think lies in the fact that he thoroughly enjoyed throwing off unconsidered titles, slight caricatures, and fanciful suggestions for initial letters and tail pieces, but that illustrating his novels worried him. He was never satisfied with his own or other artists' rendering of his heroines, and I doubt if I would have dared to illustrate him had I lived in his day.

In illustrating *Vanity Fair* Thackeray dressed his characters in the fashions of the period in which the story was written, that is to say, in the fashions of 1847. It was a time when dress, judged from our modern ideas, was most unbecoming. On the other hand, the costumes of the Waterloo period appear



RAWDON FROM THACKERAY'S DRAWING

RAWDON, AS DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR, IF MOUNTED

exceedingly attractive. Strange to say, in this year of Thackeray's centenary we are, so far as ladies' dress is concerned, returning to that earlier period, so that the costumes Mr. Furniss has drawn are not so strange to the reader's eye as those of 1845 drawn by the author himself. Technically, Mr. Furniss finds a good deal to criticise in Thackeray's draughtsmanship. For example, he points out that that dashing horseman, Rawdon Crawley, could not have sat a horse with such puny legs as the author-illustrator gave him. Commenting upon the first paragraph, including the initial letter, in

1. DRESS WHEN THACKERAY WROTE "VANITY FAIR"
2. DRESS OF THE STORY'S PERIOD
3. DRESS OF TO-DAY—THACKERAY'S CENTENARY

Vanity Fair, depicting the departure of Becky Sharpe from Miss Pinkerton's academy Mr. Furniss says:

The acute observer will no doubt see that the two fat horses are the smallest ponies imaginable, that the fat coachman in a three-cornered hat is seated on the wrong side of the box, and by turning to the first important drawing—"Rebecca's Farewell," and the tail pieces facing it, two more amazing discrepancies between the text and the drawing—the fat coachman has changed his three-cornered hat for a top hat, of a later period, and the black servant has changed his bandy legs for legs knock kneed! Furthermore, the black footman is a head higher than the top of the coach in the author's sketch seen sideways and two or three feet shorter in the same scene—as shown in the tail piece; besides, in the latter the coachman has again adopted a three-cornered hat!

The worst of this extraordinary incongruity on the part of Thackeray, Mr. Furniss thinks, is that it influenced his writing too. He described the dress of his day as if it was worn in the days of Waterloo, when the author was but four

DOBBIN'S TROUSERS

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years of age. He refers to the flounce dress when flounces had not yet been invented. He described and draws Major Dobbin as wearing trousers, baggy and wrinkled, like a concertina, whereas officers' trousers in those days were strapped and tight to the leg. Mr. Furniss wonders whether Thackeray, if he were living to-day, would be depicting his Waterloo hero in khaki knee-breeches and gaiters, and recalls how Lady Ritchie has told that in her childhood, when her father was illustrating *Vanity Fair,* his little daughter, holding a cushion for a baby, sat for Amelia and her baby, and Dobbin was represented by a tall chair.

A French Observer of the British Snob

Pierre de Coulevain, whose impressions of the English interwoven with a little love story, make up the entertaining volume called *The Unknown Isle,* reviewed in another column, has evidently been a close observer of British snobbery. Her pages abound in instances. She finds it everywhere, even among the most admirable people of her acquaintance. Indeed, her heroine, a paragon of virtue, secretly eats her heart out because she is obliged to associate with the middle class. In this respect her book is far more satisfactory than Mr. Price Collier's *England and the English.* Snobbery receives a treatment more nearly commensurate with its actual importance in English life. And she has the good sense to write of snobs not with a useless splutter of indignation, but with unmistakable amusement which she often succeeds in carrying over to her readers. Unfortunately she has confined herself to the rather obvious and hackneyed field of social snobbery and not followed it in its more subtle manifestations in current literature and journalism. The British literary snob has been strangely neglected. Perhaps she lacks confidence in her powers of discernment in British literary matters. She confesses that her favourite English writers are "Merriman, Meredith, Stevenson, Jerome, and Conan Doyle," which order and association of names seems rather dubious. It is hard to imagine a literary bosom cherishing equally Merriman, Meredith and Jerome. She is also very fond of Ouida and Marie Corelli, and she adores *Punch.* With these tastes she might naturally have a sense of mental inadequacy for any sort of literary discussion, but if she had read the British snob as shrewdly as she has observed him she might have added some delightful and really necessary chapters to her book.

> The magic of that name, Belgravia, she says, is felt beyond the ocean. It acts like a lodestone on the millions and millionaires of America. Yesterday, as I was going through this Holy of Holies of English society, I remembered the famous advice, "Stick to Belgravia," that is, to the aristocracy, and people do stick to it. The hard and often dirty hands of snobs and parvenus clinging to it would have torn it down long ago, if its roots were not so deep and so well covered by the earth. . . . One feels that one would find a traditional decorum there, ready-made opinions, and well-disciplined sentiments. The ladies' caps there must all be pointed, narrow and stiff.

But how about a stroll in British literary Bumbledom? Consider the "ready-made opinions" of the London *Times* and the caps worn by *Saturday Reviewers* and the recurrent debates on what constitutes a gentleman and the snobbery of literary acquaintance—"not to know Pater argues yourself unknown"—and the snobbery of Greek scraps and the snobbery of a little Latin smatter. We who remain at home may not see the British snob, but we may at any time read him.

A Suggestion for Snob Fanciers

Snob-collectors make a great mistake, we think, in stopping short at what are called the intellectual classes. Little Lord Alfred Douglas, for instance, late of the London *Academy,* was never half appreciated. So far as we know THE BOOKMAN was the only magazine that treasured the priceless snobberies that appeared every little while in that periodical during his too brief editorship. The George Osbornes, Barnes Newcomes and Yellowplushes are much too simple and obvious. Good specimens of the social snob may be picked up almost anywhere in Victorian literature and are found in every collector's album. But the great field of intellectual snobbery has hardly been

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touched. M. Lemaître started to work it years ago in his *Snobbisme littéraire,* but being a Frenchman he lacked the richness of Anglo-Saxon material and soon left off. Mr. Snaith in his *Broke of Covenden* had some promising bits about London journalism and Miss Sinclair in her *Divine Fire* was on the edge of important snob discoveries, but was drawn away by the better market for romantic love. In no novel have we found so good a snob as we have encountered frequently among contributors to the British magazines.

Pierre de Coulevain was highly amused at finding on the door of the room next to hers at her hotel, whose occupant was temporarily absent, a large placard bearing the words "Visiting at C—— Castle." But how about those perfect gentlemen who write long articles in the British weeklies merely to show that they have been visiting Aristophanes? Not a word about Aristophanes that could not be found in any classical dictionary, no sign of any feeling for Aristophanes or any thought inspired by him—in fact all seeming much the worse for knowing Aristophanes, yet strangely eager that you should know that they have met him in the Greek. Then there is that tribe of *Saturday Reviewers* who read books for the sole purpose of looking down on other people afterward. The British magazines are full of these strange persons, whom Nature meant to be very illiterate. It is not from any literary interest that a *Saturday Reviewer* puts his nose into a book. It is for the pleasure of turning it up afterward. Snobbery in the heyday of the *Academy* was not the mere raw, childish thing so often satirised in writings on Society, but ran straight through religion, politics, philosophy and literature. "What a way of worshipping God!" it would say of some Mohammedan or Nonconformist, or other low, outlandish creature whom no gentleman would care to know. And Asia was convicted of very bad manners and every person of good breeding was warned against dining with a Socialist and it was enough to inquire whether a certain idea was already in the heads of the right sort of people, and if not, the acquaintance with it must be declined. The best snobs are not to be found in British Best Society. They should be sought among the Cultured Few.

GRANVILLE BARKER

H. Granville Barker was born in London, 1877, and made his first appearance on the stage at Harrogate, being at that time fourteen years of age. For six months he played with Miss Sarah Thorne's company, his first London engagement being as a "walking gentleman" under Charles Hawtrey. After playing in A. B. Tapping's stock company at Hastings, he toured with Ben Greet's Shakespeare contingent, and appeared in "Richard II." under the Elizabethan Stage Society. After touring with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and performing in costume plays, he became associated with Mr. Bernard Shaw, through their mutual connection with the Incorporated Stage Society. Indeed, it was his "production" and stage management of the Shaw plays that made his reputation. He devotes as much care and skill to a commonplace "setting" as does Mr. Gordon Craig to one of intrinsic beauty. In his own plays, such as "The Marrying of Ann Leete," "The Voysey Inheritance," and "The Madras House," this care is raised to the level of a cult. To his activities as actor, author, and producer he has added that of manager, being associated with J. E. Vedrenne in the famous Vedrenne-Barker matinees, and afterwards in the successful repertory seasons at the Court. Together with Mr. William Archer, he published a book on "A National Theatre," which is the groundwork upon which the proposed London Memorial Theatre is to be raised.

Wagner as a Host

Many of the reviewers are disposed to find in Richard Wagner's *My Life* a disagreeable presentment of the great composer. An egoist he certainly was, but he could also be a charming friend and a gracious host. This aspect of him dominates all the rest in the picture of Wagner which Judith

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Gautier paints in her latest volume of reminiscences, entitled *Le Troisième Rang du Collier*. Practically the whole book is devoted to the account of a visit which the daughter of the great Théophile, with several companions, among them the eccentric poet and playwright, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, paid to Wagner at Tribschen on Lake Lucerne. They were on their way to an exhibition of paintings at Munich, and had petitioned for the privilege of stopping to pay their respects to the Master. Wagner, who had previously acknowledged with cordiality some articles on himself by Judith Gautier, gladly gave his consent, and met his French visitors at the station. Later he received them at Tribschen, where

VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM
When visiting Wagner at Tribschen, he was believed to be King Louis of Bavaria, travelling incognito.

they found Cosima von Bülow installed with her five children—the four by her husband, whom she had named after Wagner's heroines, and Siegfried, Wagner's son, who was then an infant in arms. Wagner was busily engaged on the scene of *Siegfried* at this period, but he received his new friends every day, played for them, organised excursions on which he acted as cicerone, and otherwise exerted himself in their behalf. Only once was the *entente* disturbed or threatened. This was when Judith Gautier wrote an article for a Paris paper of which she was the correspondent, entitled "Richard Wagner Chez Soi." Wagner not unnaturally resented this encroachment on his privacy, but Mme. von Bülow interceded for the offender, and when it was explained that it was only by writing such articles that his visitors could defray the expenses of their trip, he relented.

The presence of the strangers at Lucerne, and their frequent visits to Tribschen which lasted all day, intrigued the curiosity of the townspeople. Soon Judith Gautier and her companions became aware of something extraordinary in the way in which they were treated at the Hôtel du Lac, where they were staying. "If we rang a bell our call was answered before the ringing had ceased, for the servants stationed themselves permanently in the hallway the more promptly to execute our orders. At table, as we had one day complimented the landlord *à propos* of a particularly exquisite dish of spinach, we were now served at each meal with spinach that grew more and more delicious. When we left our rooms, doors stealthily opened to permit curious and furtive glances. We were saluted with an obsequiousness uncommon in free Switzerland; people made almost a hedge along our route as we passed by, and already, in the city, it was evident that our presence was causing a bizarre emotion." Why was this? Was it because the strangers were friends of the illustrious Wagner, so inaccessible to the common herd? Such an explanation seemed scarcely adequate. Even when they went down the lake to Tribschen, "crowds of boats left the shore and escorted them from afar, and during the duration of the visit cruised along the confines of the master's property, approaching as closely as possible." Finally the mystery solved itself in the simplest possible fashion. One day Madame Cosima met in Lucerne the owner of Tribschen, who, without being interrogated, broached the subject: "Everybody in Lucerne knows that King Louis of Bavaria is here, incognito. The chief of police said to me: 'I have a sure scent, and I know he is here.'" Later she learned from her daughter's music-teacher the surprising news that Adelina Patti had been staying for a fortnight at Tribschen, where she had been brought

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by the King to study a rôle that she was to create in Wagner's next work. "This is why the boatmen had received orders to row as closely as possible to the dwelling of the master in order to permit strangers to catch, perchance, some accents of the diva." It was Villiers de l'Isle Adam that the Lucernos had taken for the King of Bavaria, and it was Judith Gautier in whom their lively imagination had recognised the great prima donna! It proved useless to try to undeceive the credulous townfolk, and the visitors profited from this brief royalty by being served like princes as long as they stayed at the Hôtel du Lac.

Wagner did not quite know how to take the fantastic Villiers, whose strange manners and moral traits rather repelled him. One day when the company were assembled on the lawn, the author of *Axël* was playing with the children, for whom he sent up a toy balloon. Suddenly his hand struck the jaw of Russ, the big Newfoundland, who was jumping and barking with excitement. One of the dog's teeth made a slight scratch on the skin. "Villiers, quite pale, examined the red mark on his hand. . . . Then he turned haggard eyes on us and starting to run, fled from our sight." "What's the matter?" cried Wagner, very much frightened. Mme. Gautier tried to explain at once the trivial character of the accident and the peculiar impressionability of her friend's rather cracked brain. But Wagner refused to understand the character of a man who could show such timidity over a dog's bite that had not even drawn blood and who had gone post-haste to Lucerne to have the imaginary wound cauterised. The next day when Villiers returned, Wagner, as soon as he caught sight of him, feigned terror and cried: "He is mad! He is mad!" And while Villiers laughed sheepishly, he started to run, crying: "Don't bite me!" Then, with extraordinary agility, as if to escape from the danger, he climbed to the top of a pine tree—a favourite pastime of the composer!

There is one other story in the volume concerning Villiers which is too good not to be recounted, even though the name of this writer may not be known to many of our readers in spite of the fact that years ago he won a New York *Herald* prize for a novel in which the hero was the American who is now taking in Paris his first vacation for twenty-six years—Thomas A. Edison. After leaving Lucerne, the French party went on to Munich to see the paintings, and to hear the *première* of *Rheingold*. There they were well received and invited to salons, where they met Liszt and other celebrities. At one of these entertainments, Villiers was asked to read a play, the manuscript of which he was carrying with him on his travels. It was at night. Liszt had finished playing and had received a tremendous ovation, when the poet took his place beside the grand piano in the full blaze of the light. His hair was carefully curled, and he wore on his breast the Cross of Malta, which he claimed by hereditary right from the last commander of the Order, whose name he bore—whether rightly or wrongly has never fully been determined. He was somewhat nervous, but he began his reading and carried it successfully a certain distance when suddenly "he stops, lets his manuscript fall, and gazes at his auditors with eyes wide open and full of fright. With a feverish gesture he unfastens the belt of his trousers, then takes off his shoes and sits upon the piano." One may imagine the commotion that was created in the salon. The mocking guests crowded around Mme. Gautier to demand an explanation of her friend's eccentric behaviour, and she strove to make them understand that Villiers, fearing death, and doubtless having experienced a slight palpitation of the heart, had obeyed only too literally the instructions of his physician, who had instructed him if such a case occurred, to loosen his clothes, take off his shoes and to sit as high as possible so as to let his feet hang down!

Goethe's Vanity

In *The Mother of Goethe*, by Margaret Reeks, many tales of Goethe's youth are re-told and "Frau Aja," as he used to call her, is hardly the central figure of the book. It brings up, however, some vivid

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pictures of the Goethe family life, and notes many characteristic little incidents and intimate details. There is a sympathetic account of Goethe's boyish vanity:

To begin with, he was a little fop. It is an amusing piece of heredity to find in the deep-minded Goethe, as in the frivolous Pepys, the inherited tailor element asserting itself, but Frau Aja herself bears witness that so it was. She tells us of Hätschelhans:

"In his dress he was most terribly particular. I was obliged to arrange three suits daily for him; upon one chair I hung, a coat, long trousers and ordinary waistcoat, and added a pair of boots; upon a second a dress coat and silk stockings, which he had already worn, etc., etc.; upon the third was everything of the finest, together with sword and hair-bag; the first he wore in the house, the second when visiting his common acquaintances, the third as full dress. When I entered the next day I had everything to put tidy. There stood the boots upon his fine cuffs and collars, the shoes thrown east and west, one thing lay here, the other there. Then I shook the dust out of his clothes, placed clean linen for him, and brought everything again into the right track. Shaking a waistcoat once at the open window rather vigorously, a quantity of pebbles suddenly flew into my face; upon this I began to grumble; he came up and I scolded him, for the pebbles might have struck my eyes. 'Well,' said he, 'but your eye is not out: where are the pebbles? I must have them again: help me to look for them.'"

What a regular boy! and what funny little figures he must have cut in these home-made clothes, for Herr Goethe kept a private tailor, whose performances were more meritorious than becoming. The waistcoat made of gold cloth was adapted from his father's wedding waistcoat, for materials in those days were as durable as they were costly.

She cites instances of his pleasure in his own attainments and of his unconcealed desire that they should be perceived. But had he been called vain, she believes he would not have resented the accusation.

"That which men call vanity [*Eitelkeit*]," he declares, "has never offended me. On the contrary, I have allowed myself to be vain, that is to say, to give forth unconcernedly that which pleased me in myself."

And again:

"The Germans misapply the word 'vain' only too often; for really it conveys the idea of emptiness, and should only be bestowed on those who cannot dissemble their satisfaction with their own nothingness, their contentment with a hollow existence."

Chesterton the Apostate

Readers of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's *What's Wrong with the World* will recall his doughty championship of "woman's sphere" and how "with her two strong arms the female" in the home holds up the structure of society. Indeed from that book it would seem that one of the worst things in this wrong world was the movement for woman's suffrage. Yet here comes Miss Silvia Pankhurst and says that only a few short years ago he himself was a suffragette. In her history of the women's militant suffrage movement, entitled *The Suffragette*, she exhibits Mr. Chesterton as he was before the anti-suffragists had tampered with his mind:

One Sunday evening I went with a bundle of petition forms to a meeting addressed by Mr. G. K. Chesterton at Morriss Hall, Clapham. The lecturer's remarks were devoted to a eulogy of the French Revolution, from which he asserted all ideas of popular representation had sprung. An opening, which I seized, was given for a question on the subject of votes for women in relation to the Government of our Colonies. Whilst the audience were asking questions and offering criticisms, Mr. Chesterton was busily making sketches of us all, but though I saw myself being added to the picture gallery, in replying to the questions raised in the debate afterward, he did not answer my point. Afterward, however, he came up and told me that he had forgotten to deal with it and then gave me an explanation. I had not asked, "Are you in favour of Votes for Women?" I had assumed that he was and he replied on the same assumption, and afterward voluntarily signed his name to my petition. It was with surprise, not untempered with amusement, therefore, that I afterward found Mr. Chesterton coming forward as an active anti-suffragist, but his attitude seemed to me to be an augury of our speedy success, for he delights to champion unpopular causes and to oppose himself to the overwhelming and inevitable march of coming events.

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Subtleties of Portrait Painting

In his volume of personal reminiscences, *The Herkomers,* Sir Hubert von Herkomer refers to the aversion many people feel toward sitting for their portraits. He attributes it in part to their fear that the painting will bring to light some trait that they have been trying all their lives to hide. He thinks the painter sometimes does this unconsciously. The following instance is more or less familiar, but he cites it as having come under his personal observation.

A strange case of the revealing power of the portraitist's art came under my notice some time back. A lady who was suffering from some ailment that baffled all the doctors, was advised by her family medico to try travelling for a time; there was a chance that such a change would improve her state of health. The husband readily fell in with this advice, as he wanted his wife to be painted by a distinguished foreign artist. During her absence from home the lady's portrait was painted and to the entire satisfaction of the husband. On their return home, a reception was arranged to give their numerous friends an opportunity of seeing the great artist's work. To that reception the lady's family doctor was invited. He gazed long and earnestly at the portrait, after which he took the husband aside and said to him: "Now I know what is really the matter with your wife." "Well," answered the husband, "what is it?" "Insanity!" was the doctor's one word. That lady died in an asylum within a year.

Sir Hubert blames the painter in this and similar instances for not being on his guard against the reproduction of a morbid trait. He says he himself has seen symptoms of senility in a face when its approach was not suspected by any member of the sitter's family or by his friends. It was only momentary and he would have done wrong had he perpetuated it. In the case of the insane woman, he says the artist *read* her aright, but *selected* wrongly, and thus gave evidence of disease and not of character.

Being very subtle, that peculiar look of incipient insanity in the lady's eyes no doubt fascinated the artist, who selected it as a matter of interest to his work. . . . But, as I have said, it was a mistake in selection. I might have selected the look of senility which I saw pass over the face of my aged sitter: I might have thought it gave more pathos, or was artistically more interesting, had I not instantly recognised that it was pathological, and yet not psychological.

He tells also of an American sitter for a portrait painter who had studied in Paris and allied himself with those who affected "artistic brutality" in their revolt against mere prettiness and flattery. On returning to America the artist practised the rule with some severity, and his work was respected but not loved. "He seemed to select such ugly people to paint."

My friend, however, thought he would venture, and commissioned the artist to paint him. When he was at last allowed to see the finished picture, he thought it very like him; but what truly astonished him was that the artist distinctly showed in his face his special liking for a certain dish: "Why," he remarked, "I can see every oyster I have eaten in my life!"

Art and Puritanism

Sir Hubert cites an instance of British prudery which is surprising for its comparatively recent date. His chronology is rather vague, but from the context it seems to have occurred not more than ten or fifteen years ago. He had painted in oil a study of the nude which he called "All Beautiful in Naked Purity," consisting of a "single female figure standing in a fairy-like glen." Its reception when exhibited in the Academy

revealed to me once again how deep-seated are the puritanical tendencies of the English race. Far be it from me to defend the way in which many foreign artists exploit the nude. But I stoutly affirm that there was nothing in my treatment of that nude figure that should give offence to a normal mind. Its sole offence could only have been that the figure was in nature's garb as she stood, surrounded by blossoming trees and running brooklet. That picture kept the room in which it was placed practically *clear* of visitors; and as for the settee in front of it, nobody dared

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sit there, facing the objectionable work. They would probably not have minded, had *they* themselves not been seen, and it was as good as a comedy to watch the people pass through the room and give one more furtive look over their shoulders, before they quitted it.

He believes some change for the better has taken place within the last few years, but he fears wrong thinking and wrong seeing will never be eradicated from a certain number of British minds and quotes hopelessly Swinburne's dictum: "There is no possible truce between art and puritanism."

Streets

There is a story told illustrating the astonishing egotism of Victor Hugo in which the poet is complacently acquiescing in the suggestion first that a street be named after him, then a quarter, and finally that the city of Paris itself be re-christened in his honour. "Perhaps, perhaps, my friend, even that too may come." The city that was once Lutetia is still Paris, but there is much in the nomenclature of its thoroughfares that bears witness to its appreciation of its men of letters. Side by side with great generals, brilliant battles and famous admirals, they have a meaning to the traveller; and a meaning that is less ephemeral than where names have political significance. For example no American who passes a few days in the French capital should have any trouble in finding the Boulevard Voltaire, the Rue Alexandre Dumas, the Rue Balzac, the Rue Henry Murger, the Rue Racine, and the Rue Alphonse Daudet. These are only a few of the French men of letters or dramatists who have been so honoured. On the contrary if London has a Thackeray Street, a Dickens Road, a Tennyson Gardens, a George Eliot Place, or a Bulwer Lytton Court, we are not aware of it. We in America seem to follow the French in our recognition of literary names, especially in the case of one man. Here and there you may find a thoroughfare that has been named after Longfellow, or Emerson, after Whittier or Poe, or Bryant. But where these are found occasionally the Irving Streets are legion. It is a fitting tribute to the memory of the man who remains perhaps the most dignified and courtly in American letters.

Pickwick Abroad

A few years ago, when it seemed as if the character of Sherlock Holmes had been decently and forever interred, an American writer sent a line to Conan Doyle asking him if he would object to the use of the character in a forthcoming short story. The result was a prompt reply to the effect that he would so object. In other days there was more freedom in matters of this kind. For example, we came across the other day a large volume entitled *Pickwick Abroad,* and purporting to deal with the adventures of the Pickwick Club during an amicable invasion of France by that august society. The book was by a contemporary of Dickens, George William McArthur Reynolds, who from 1846 until 1869 conducted the well-known *Reynolds Miscellany,* and who in 1850 started the still existing *Reynolds Weekly Newspaper.* As a novelist Reynolds was a curious and now almost forgotten figure. There was a time, however, when his series of stories, *The Mysteries of the Court at London,* enjoyed an astonishing vogue.

Abbey and Baseball

The late Edwin A. Abbey did not lose his American enthusiasm for baseball when he went to England to live, but was forced for a time to accept cricket for a substitute. It is probable that cricket was not as strange to him as it would have been had he not been a Philadelphia boy; for the game was almost as popular with the youth of that city at the period of Abbey's boyhood as baseball. J. Henry Harper says that Abbey was very fond of it, and he recalls two country matches in England in which he played with Abbey and his fellow-artist, Alfred Parsons. Still, in his self-chosen exile Abbey pined for the greater excitement of baseball, and though the old Boston professionals have the credit for having introduced the game into Britain, there is an anecdote told in Franklin Square that Abbey was the means of making it popular in certain circles in England. On one of his

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trips to New York he went to a large down-town sporting goods house and bought a supply of bats, balls and uniforms, which he took back with him for the use of a nine he planned to organise.

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THE LATE EDWIN A. ABBEY

Much interest has been excited by the announcement that Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company are to publish in the autumn, a book of a very unusual character by a writer who has had remarkable experiences. This is Mr. Ameen Rihani, who has already received much notice from his writings as well as from his personality. Mr. Rihani is a native of Syria, where he was born in 1879. At the age of eight he was taken by his father to New York and placed in a school, where he forgot his mother-tongue in trying to learn English. After a year he was qualified to act as clerk, salesman and interpreter in his father's business. The two occupied a cellar in the Syrian colony (Little Syria), but he did not find the work congenial, hating routine and revolting against discipline. With his slight earnings he often disappeared at night to shoot craps with the Irish children of the locality. In this way he secured money to buy second-hand books, which he devoured eagerly. His favourites were Victor Hugo and Shakespeare, whose influence may be noted in some of the passages of his own book; and we think that the critic can also detect a touch of Carlyle and of Hegel. Three times he ran away from home, and finally he was smitten with the stage fever.

The Book of Khalid

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MARTHA TROLY-CURTIN, AUTHOR OF "PHRYNETTE"

In the summer of 1896 he joined a theatrical stock company, of which he became a shareholder by contributing a few hundred dollars. Mr. Rihani and his company were rather promptly stranded in Kansas City, Missouri. Returning home, he was received only on condition that his father would help him study law. Then, after taking a preparatory course, and passing the Regents' Examination, he entered the New York Law School in 1898. In the following year he returned to Syria because of his health, and taught English in a clerical school. He was now instructed in Arabic for the first time in his life, and he loves it more than any other language, and writes and speaks it by preference. He found a volume of the blind philosopher and poet Abu' Ala, the forerunner of Omár Kháyyám and living in the tenth century. Some of these quatrains were translated by Mr. Rihani and were published in New York, where they had much success. At the same time he delivered a series of lectures on the religious, social, and political conditions in Syria, and for a time was a militant anti-clerical. Once more he returned to Syria, and for five years lived among the mountains of his native country, using both the reed pen and the typewriter, and writing both in Arabic and English. Having recovered his health, he has now returned to this country, where he is well known among many persons who are interested in the occult and the study of mysticism. His book is one of a peculiar nature, displaying as it does the strange phases of Oriental life, and also of the unusual experiences which Mr. Rihani has met with, both in the East and in portions of our own country which are little known to us, though they are so near to us. It is safe to predict that many unexpected revelations will come from these pages, which are at times so reticent and at other times so eloquent in their freedom of speech. It is a book the like of which is not often seen, and we can cordially commend it to the reader who is in search of something new.

Those who were familiar with THE BOOKMAN in its early days will remember the infrequent but very winsome poems which Mr. Herbert Müller Hop-

THE LATE HERBERT MÜLLER HOPKINS

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kins contributed to our pages. They had an unusual quality about them, and really sang their way into the hearts of those who found in them both strength and pathos and glints of unforced humour. These poems were written in his college years. Afterward he studied hard at Columbia and Harvard, taking his doctorate at the latter University, and then becoming an instructor of Latin at the University of California. Later he was called East to be professor in Latin at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut. Five years ago he entered the ministry and became rector of the Church of the Holy Nativity in New York City. Throughout all his career, no matter how hard he toiled at his chosen profession, he could never leave entirely the pen, nor cease to create extremely interesting works in poetry as well as prose. His prose is represented by *The Fighting Bishop* (1902), *The Torch* (1903), *The Mayor of Warwick* (1906), and *Priest and Pagan* (1908). Of these novels *Priest and Pagan* had the widest sale, though to our mind, *The Torch* is the strongest and most virile of them all. Although at the time Mr. Hopkins could have had no personal experience of the commercialised university, he nevertheless by a sort of prescience, divined and drew with unusual power that which was to come a few years later. In 1899, Dr. Hopkins married Miss Pauline Bradford Mackie, well known as the author of *Mademoiselle de Berny, Ye Little Salem Maid, The Girl and the Kaiser, The Voice in the Desert,* and many other popular novels. This year a slim volume of selected poems, with a finely executed portrait, has been published by R. G. Badger of Boston, in the interest of Mr. Hopkins's many admirers.

REASONABLE INTEREST

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

I want to know how Bernard Shaw
Likes beefsteak—fairly done, or raw?
I want to know what kinds of shoes
M. Maeterlinck and Howells use.

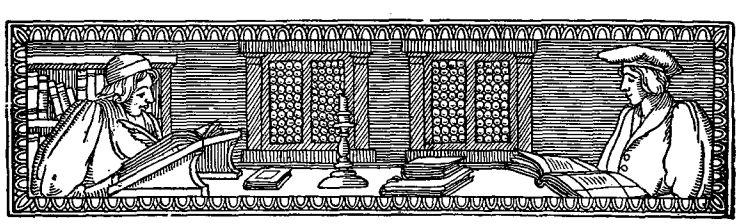
I have great curiosity
Regarding George Ade's new boot tree.
Has Carolyn Wells of late employed
Hairpins of wire or celluloid?

What kind of soap does London like?
Does Robert Chambers ever "hike"?
Or did he ever? Or, if not,
Does he like cabbage, cheese, or what?

I want to know the size of gloves
Oppenheim wears, and if he loves
Olives, and how his clothes are made.
What does he eat? How is he paid?

All sorts of things I want to learn,
That are not of the least concern
To any one. For, Oh! and Oh!
I want to know! I WANT TO KNOW!

I want to know, and know I will—
The printing press is never still,
For me it prints such facts as these!
I am the Public, if you please!



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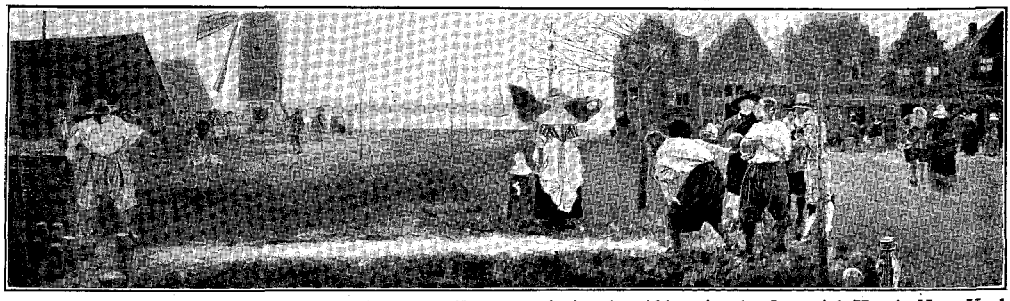

From a painting by Abbey in the Imperial Hotel, New York

BOWLING GREEN IN YE OLDEN TIME

EDWIN A. ABBEY, N.A., R.A

BY ARTHUR HOEBER

THE fates were singularly kind to the late Edwin Austen Abbey, the artist, who enjoyed the somewhat unique distinction of being not only a National Academician in his own country, but a Royal Academician in England as well; and to those who have not followed closely the devious ways of British art, it would be quite impossible to convey any just idea of the importance this last distinction means to a practitioner of painting in England. Yet Mr. Abbey yielded not one jot of his Yankeeism. He made positively no effort to secure the coveted honour, going his way serenely and occupying himself entirely with the difficulties of his *métier*. In spite of this he was sought after socially and by the dealers. The late King Edward freely commissioned him to paint the official picture of his coronation, and he was approached similarly by representatives of the present King. His pictures found instant buyers when they were shown in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and indeed, were looked for with no little anticipation, and he was ever good copy for the newspaper writers, who found him a modest, original man, seeking no self-glorification, but at the same time having always something worth the while to say. And Abbey played just as enthusiastically as he worked. He took over with him a passionate delight in the great national game of baseball, and when he found it impossible to work up his associates with an enthusiasm for this, he turned to its nearest approach—cricket—which he played to the last, whenever the opportunity offered.

Like so many of the brilliant men among the American artists, Mr. Abbey was a one-time pupil of the schools of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, his native city, where he was born in 1852. He was destined by his parents for the church, but he revolted, and at the age of eighteen he went in for art, going soon from the school to the art department of the New York publishing firm of Harper Brothers. It was a brilliant little company in which he found himself in the famous offices on Franklin Square, but he was to achieve more fame than most of them, and that of an international character. Here was the late Charles Stanley Reinhart, the distinguished illustrator, a genius in his way and greatly beloved by his fellows, and with him Abbey began the warmest sort of friendship, that only terminated with the death of the regretted Reinhart. Another of the group was John W. Alexander, who is now the dignified President of the National Academy of Design, a distinguished portrait painter and decorator, a man full of honours and medals; another was Joseph Pennell, the etcher and author; and William T. Smedley, now the well-known National Academician, was making his beautiful illustrations that were to give him much fame and prepare him for the

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Courtesy Harper and Brothers

AN EARLY EXAMPLE SHOWING A FANTASTIC SIDE IN DEPICTING HERRICK

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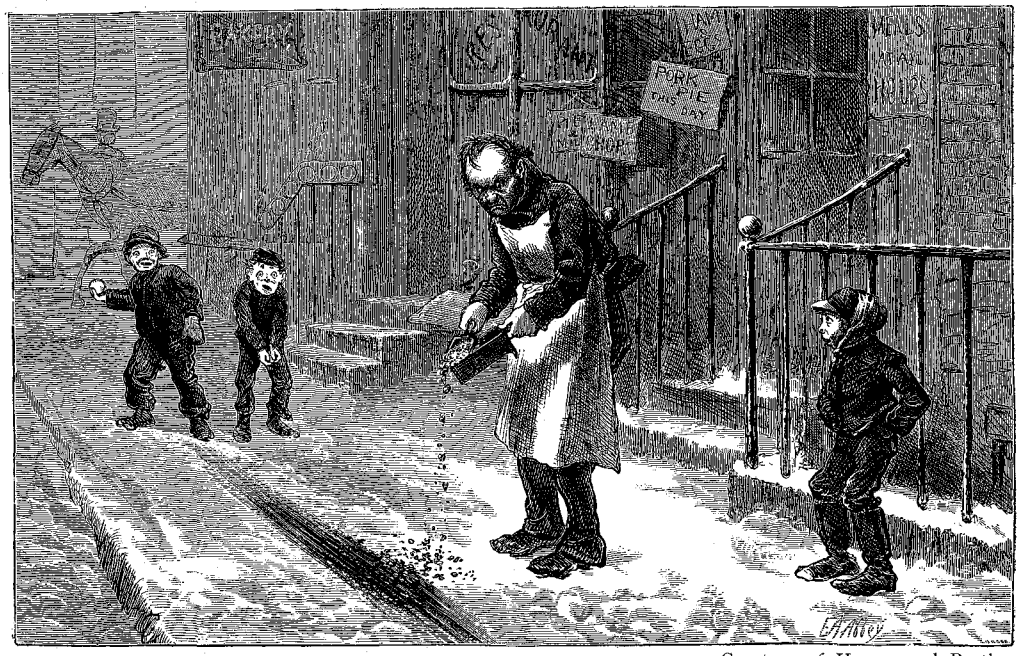
decorative and portrait work with which he is now associated. Arthur Frost and Howard Pyle were fellow-workers, and the office boy was the late Alfred Kappes, one of the most artistic of them all, destined to die early and before he had fully arrived where his talents should have placed him. It was a delightful group of able men, working for the pure joy of artistic production. All of them were born illustrators, Abbey perhaps more truly so than the rest, for despite the fact that he abandoned pen-and-ink work later to take up painting with great seriousness, he remained to the end the illustrator, that quality permeating all his pictures, for his colour though engaging was never great or inspired, and one felt he never painted for the pure love of exploiting pigment, but rather to chronicle some literary idea, which it must be confessed he expressed with remarkable ability, scholarliness, and admirable taste.

In the earlier days at the Harper's there was scarcely any theme that Abbey did not attack at one time or another as the exigencies of the news or pictorial demand called for. Of course it was excellent training in a composition way, serving him in good stead in the later years. Always it pleased him greatly when he could get in a touch of humour, for he was full to overflowing with fun and had a keen notion of nonsense, which he delighted to let ooze out of the end of his pen. It is safe to say, had he joined the staff of *Punch,* he would have left a great reputation as a comic draughtsman. He fairly revelled in the mimicry of droll things he saw on the stage or in life; and in the midst of serious work before his easel in his London studio I have seen him suddenly jump up and go through some side-splitting imitation of negro minstrels he had seen in the States years before, or of a Music Hall performer of the night previous, over which he would laugh infectiously and with boyish enthusiasm. In those old Harper days, of course, models were not for a moment to be thought of, save when the office boy was pressed into service momentarily for a hand or a bit of action, but there were innumerable scrap books for reference, and the illustrations had to be made, so to speak, on the jump,



Courtesy of Harper and Brothers

A VERY EARLY SKETCH IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY," SHOWING ABBEY'S DELIGHT IN THE HUMOROUS SITUATION. BADLY ENGRAVED, BUT CONTAINING DELIGHTFUL CHARACTER

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From "Harper's Magazine." Copyright, 1900, by Harper & Brothers.

DETAIL FROM E. A. ABBEY'S PAINTING OF "HAMLET." THIS FIGURE OF OPHELIA IS FULL OF TENDERNESS, CHARM AND DELICATE COLOUR QUALITY

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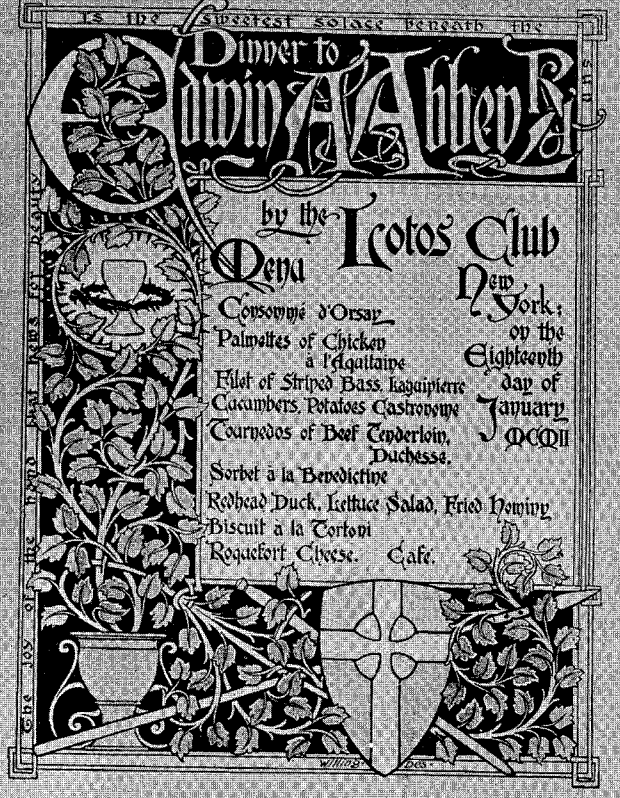

THE LOTOS CLUB OF NEW YORK GAVE A DINNER TO ABBEY, JANUARY 18, 1892, AND THE ABOVE IS THE MENU CARD. TO THE LEFT, SIR GALAHAD FROM "THE HOLY GRAIL" IS FROM THE BOSTON LIBRARY DECORATION. IT WAS PRINTED ON THIN JAPAN PAPER AND MOUNTED ON THE CARD. THE ILLUMINATION TO THE RIGHT WAS IN BLACK WITH "ABBEY RED," THAT TONE HAVING BEEN A FAVORITE HUE WITH HIM. THE BANQUET WAS ATTENDED BY A MOST DISTINGUISHED COMPANY

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ABBEY WAS INVARIABLY GRACEFUL IN DEPICTING YOUNG WOMANHOOD. MISS HARDCASTLE AND MISS NEVILLE IN "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

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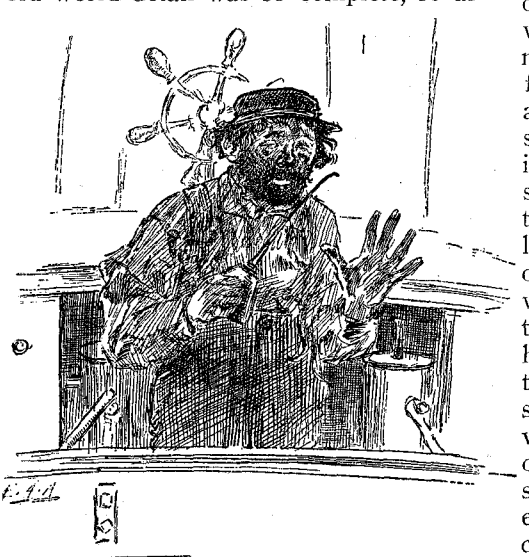
and these were of great service when as on rare occasions Abbey's own fertile brain was a little befogged. It was, however, all wonderful training, making him very self-reliant and inventive. The first of his pen drawings really to create a sensation were those for the Herrick poems. There was a charm about them of what the French call *facteur,* that none of his countrymen had ever equalled, a technique inspired perhaps by a study of the Spaniard Fortuny, yet retaining the personality of the younger man to an eminent degree. Daintiness there was and taste, and the compositions were full of a quaint old-time charm and flavour, for he had caught the spirit of his Herrick as he was later to translate so ably Oliver Goldsmith in his *She Stoops to Conquer.*

Writing of Mr. Abbey's work in this direction, Mr. Isham in his admirable *History of American Painting* says: "Abbey renders perfectly the conscious affectation of Herrick and the real tenderness and feeling that shine through his conceits. He disentangles the mingled inspiration that makes of 'Sally in our Alley' at once a lyrical and a humorous poem. Abbey's knowledge of his old world detail was so assimilated, that he was not curious to display it. He hid it behind his figures, he sketched it in the slightest and most fugitive lines; but it was impeccable, without a false or disquieting note. Everywhere his line is sympathetic, sensitive, never degenerating into mere caligraphic facility. This unflagging interest is amazing, not an end of ribbon, not a shoelace, not even the leg of a stool but is understood and rendered with enthusiasm." His Shakespeare illustrations that followed were admirable, but they lacked in a measure the unconsciousness of the Herrick and the Goldsmith. They were a great undertaking, but there were times when one felt the artist had forced himself to a task. His Shakespeare themes painted later, in large oil compositions, were in the main much more convincing than the illustrations. It was only natural that Abbey should appeal strongly to British art taste, which has ever demanded the literary quality, coupled with academic correctness of design, and to a certain extent conventional drawing, and he was just daring enough to excite the attention of the public there, though not radical enough in his methods to call forth any disapproba-

Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

A SELF PORTRAIT MADE ON HIS HOLLAND TRIP WITH THE LATE GEO. H. BOUGHTON. FROM "RAMBLES IN HOLLAND"



Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

A BIT OF HUMOROUS CHARACTER FROM THE HOLLAND TRIP IN COMPANY WITH THE LATE GEO. H. BOUGHTON. FROM "RAMBLES IN HOLLAND,"

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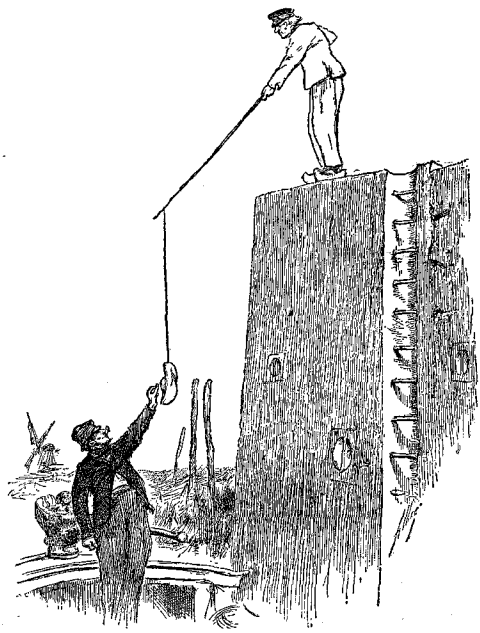
tion. So it was, when he was sent by his publishers to England in 1878, he found a fallow field, and three years later he wisely determined to settle in that country, certain of recognition and material appreciation. For the first few years of his residence in England his production was almost entirely confined, so far as his painting was concerned, to the medium of water colours, in which field he disclosed astonishing facility, and the British public has ever been keen on water colours. Almost immediately he was elected to membership in the Royal Institute of Water Colours in London, and he was a looked-for exhibitor to its shows, as he had been to the exhibitions of the American Society in New York. In 1890 he sent to the Royal Academy his first oil picture. It was called "A May Day Morning," and it was an immediate success. Six years later he was made an Associate of the Royal Academy. To arrive at this distinction in England is to be artistically placed for life, as far as the general public is concerned. New



Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

ABBEY WAS QUICK TO CATCH A BIT OF HUMOROUS CHARACTER. FROM "RAMBLES IN HOLLAND"

Courtesy of the Macmillan Company

ABBEY EXPRESSED WITH A FEW LINES SO MUCH CHARACTER. FROM "RAMBLES IN HOLLAND"

schools may be founded, newer fashions in art may appear, but the Royal Academician, being a peculiarly British institution, goes on forever, always with a clientele, for has not the foremost official art institution of the land set on the man the seal of its approval? Immediately conservative men and women believe it is the correct thing to possess a painting by this man—and a painting they possess.

So Abbey was completely free from any of the exasperating financial struggles that so frequently embitter and impede the path of the artist. There was a ready market for all he did and at good prices, and in addition, back in America stood his publishers, ready to pay him handsomely for his Shakespearean illustrations, which he sent on regularly. He could afford to surround himself with comfort, with those accessories of the studio dear to the artistic eye and heart, to assist, to inspire, to soothe. In a word, he was splendidly situated. All houses were open to him; he enjoyed the best people of the land, and his fellow-artists continually sang his praises and helped him in every way. Two years

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later, in 1898, he received full Academic honours, and there is no record in the annals of the Royal Academy of a more rapid promotion. In 1890, along with the great Frenchman, Pierre Puvis de Chavannes and Abbey's intimate, John Singer Sargent, he was commissioned to execute some decorations for the Boston Public Library, his part of the work being a series of panels for the large Delivery Room of that institution, and as a theme he chose the story of *The Quest of the Holy Grail*. The chamber was not too well lighted, and called for something more or less brilliant in colour. This of architect and artist, has been the Mecca in Boston of visitors from all sections of these United States. Prior to this work Abbey had made a small decoration for the Imperial hotel in New York, showing the Battery in old New York with the burghers playing bowls, and then there came the commission for the decoration of the State Capitol, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, four large lunettes and four small ones being sent here three years ago. Since then he has been working on others, though he did not live to complete the entire scheme.

It was ten years ago that King Ed-

Courtesy Harper and Brothers

TO HIS GIRLS, WHO WOULD HAVE HIM SPORTFUL. ABBEY'S CHARMING RENDERING OF HERRICK'S VERSE

Mr. Abbey gave, and he made a most serious study of his subject, even going into the old German and Norse accounts of the Pure Knight and his wanderings, recounting the tale of Sir Galahad in a comprehensible manner that made a strong appeal. He worked, too, with historical enthusiasm, making studies of ancient temples and palaces, and saw to it, after deep archæological research, that his costumes were correct to the last detail. Perhaps no modern work is better known in this country than these Abbey decorations, for the Public Library, being one of the first buildings in America to receive the combined efforts ward gave him the commission to depict his coronation, and in this connection it is interesting to state that the one accepted picture of the coronation of the late Queen Victoria was likewise executed by an American, also from Philadelphia, Charles Robert Leslie. Mr. Abbey's picture was, of course, in the nature of affairs, a sort of glorified illustration. It was a long and laborious job, made none the less difficult by the vanity and insufferable attitude of many of the sitters among the lesser lights in the nobility and royal household, who were unpunctual in keeping engagements, or failed to keep them at all, and these petty

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jealousies, intrigues and general stupidity were the occasion of his declining a similar commission offered by the present King. The canvas as completed was formidable as to size, being some fifteen feet by nine, showing the crossing of the transepts of Westminster Abbey. It was a highly interesting and quite novel composition, as might have been expected from such an artist, and of course there were innumerable figures, every one of which was a likeness, and necessarily the detail and accessories were stupendous. The work was a tremendous advertisement for the artist, and would have brought him many more commissions, had he chosen to accept them, than he could ever have encompassed during his lifetime. Before Mr. Abbey went abroad to live and while he was established in this city, he was a member of the famous Tile Club, along with William M. Chase, F. Hopkinson Smith and so many more of the New York painters, and he was the life of the organisation, as quick in repartee as he was with his pencil.

In the early eighties, Abbey and the late George H. Boughton went on a ramble through Holland, the result of which was a book written by the latter and illustrated by both. The following is the dedication:

To Edwin A. Abbey

My fellow-rambler and fellow-sketcher, to whose delightful companionship may be set down any extra washes of *Couleur de rose* that may be discovered in these pages by the cold, sad cynic whose good fortune it has never been to ramble and sketch with such a perfect fellow-traveller—this writing is inscribed.

Geo. H. Boughton.

West House,
Camden Hill Road, London, W.

Courtesy Harper and Brothers

ALE HOUSE ROOM SCENE FROM "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER," SHOWING CLEVER COMPOSITION ARRANGEMENT

There are fragmentary sketches here by Abbey, disclosing his keen observation, his clever grasp of character, and his delightful sense of humour. One may see the charm of his technique in these slight line drawings, besides which the efforts of poor Boughton appear heavy, laboured and uninspired, for Abbey seemed fairly to think out his droll impressions in pencil strokes, jotting down ridiculous incidents that many artists see, but fail to record at the time; which, after all, was so characteristic of the man, who seemed to let off steam, as it were, by turning quickly from the

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serious to the absurd, and so catch his second breath.

Had Abbey come into the domain of art a quarter of a century earlier, his fame as a painter would have been much greater, for he made his appearance at a time of great artistic unrest, when the old order was gradually giving place to the new, when men were dissatisfied with existing conditions and sought in many ways newer methods of expression. Abbey, however, was more or less content to work in academic lines, and to bring forth his thoughts in a school of which his predecessor had been, let us say, the Baron Leys. He was, of course, more modern, gayer in colour, equally facile as a draughtsman, and with admirable ideas of composition requirements, and, while not a realist, his pictures were straightforward transcripts of his models and their environment, and he left little to the imagination of the spectator, save perhaps in some of the panels of The Holy Grail, where he obtained no little spirituality. One of his admirers, writing of these, says recently: "There is an almost miraculous music in certain of these pictures, as audible to the soul as the quivering strains of Wagner are to the ear; look at the aureoled seraphs about the Round Table, at the luminous sanguine chalice in the angelic hands. This is no fatuous and artificial romance; this is vision, ecstasy and glory." His certainly was a most charming art, of great refinement, of rare inventiveness, and he had the unmistakable call. With it all, his was a gentle nature, he was modest and ever the most charming of comrades. If he ever had an enemy it is not recorded, and he certainly inspired the warmest affection among his fellows. His whole life was devoted to his profession, at which he laboured faithfuly, lovingly, with astonishing assiduity, and his achievement was enormous.

Courtesy Harper and Brothers

EPILOGUE TO "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER" SPOKEN BY MRS. BULKELY AND MISS CATLEY

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BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY

V—Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy"

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

I

ALL of the books that have already been discussed in this series of papers have been, to all practical purposes, first books. Mark Twain, then an impecunious newspaper man with little more than a local reputation for journalistic practical jokes, persuaded the publishers of a Western paper to pay his expenses on the widely exploited excursion of *The Quaker City*. The letters which were the result of this journey grew into the book *The Innocents Abroad,* and the name of Mark Twain became an American household word. Archibald Clavering Gunter, who had been a mining and civil engineer, and a broker on the San Francisco Exchange, possessed a manuscript that no established publisher could be induced to touch. So he issued it at his own expense, and in a very short time the question of the hour became "Have you read *Mr. Barnes of New York?*" The pastor of a church in a small town on the Hudson River visited Chicago just after the great fire, saw in the catastrophe the background of a novel with a strong religious appeal, and in the course of a few months awoke to find himself famous as the author of *Barriers Burned Away*. A little, impetuous Southern woman, the author of one or two books that had been lost in the turmoil of the great Civil struggle, went to New York at the close of the war with the manuscript of a novel, and a year or two later the traveller in Southern States was progressing on land by St. Elmo coaches, on water by St. Elmo steamboats, staying in St. Elmo hotels, smoking St. Elmo cigars, and drinking St. Elmo punch.

It was a very different matter with Frances Hodgson Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. That book was the work, not of a novice, but of a writer who knew her *métier,* who had years before won a reputation for imagination and good workmanship, and who had already produced eight books of conceded quality. Four or five years before the first line of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* had been penned the late Richard Henry Stoddard had written of Mrs. Burnett and her work in terms of sweeping praise. "There is a quality in the work of Mrs. Burnett," he wrote, "which reminds me of Dickens, but nothing which reminds me of the Dickens manner. Roughly speaking, I should say it was a profound sympathy with, and an intimate knowledge of, what English statisticians call the lower classes, and American statisticians the democratic classes—in other words, the people—the poor. I should also say that she was drawn to them in her early years, without knowing how or caring why. Mrs. Burnett discovers gracious secrets in rough and forbidding natures—the sweetness that often underlies their bitterness—the soul of goodness in things evil. She impresses me as understanding her suffering and sinning characters as fully as Dickens ever understood his—as having a more genuine affection for them, and as never at any time caricaturing them." Again, Mr. Stoddard paid Mrs. Burnett the astonishing tribute that "her characters are as veritable as the characters of Thackeray, though her range, of course, is much narrower."

II

Probably very few of the many thousands of persons who followed the fortunes of Cedric Errol, his mother, the grim old Earl of Dorincourt, Dick the bootblack, and Mr. Hobbs the grocer, when the story first appeared serially in the pages of *St. Nicholas,* and were thrilled by the stage versions of the story which increased the importance of Minna, the false claimant, and her un-

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amiable son, are aware that the actual Little Lord Fauntleroy is a very real person to-day. At the time the novel was written he was a little fellow nine or ten years of age. Along about the middle nineties Mrs. Burnett wrote for *The Ladies' Home Journal* a series of three papers entitled "How Fauntleroy Really Grew and a Very Real Little Boy Became an Ideal One." At that time the "very real little boy" happened to be an undergraduate at Cambridge, leading Harvard cheering sections at football games, and resigning himself good naturedly to the nickname of "Dearest," which of course had from the first been applied to him by his classmates. "It has always been rather interesting to me," wrote Mrs. Burnett in her account of "How Fauntleroy Really Grew," "to remember that he first presented himself in an impenetrable disguise. It was a disguise sufficiently artful to have disarmed the most wary. I, who am not at all a far-sighted person, was completely taken in by him. I saw nothing to warrant in the slightest degree any suspicion that he had descended to earth with practical intentions. That he furtively cherished plans of making himself into a small hero of a book, the picturesque subject of illustrations, the inspiration of a fashion in costume, the very *jeune premier* of a play over which people in two continents would laugh and cry. Perhaps in periods before he introduced himself to his family that morning of April 5, 1876, in a certain house in Paris, he may have known of this and laid out his little plans with adroitness and deliberation. But as I first examined him carefully as he lay on my arm looking extremely artless and extremely fast asleep, in his extremely long night gown, he did not appear at all a crafty and designing person; he only looked warm and comfortable and quite resigned to the situation. There were reasons for regarding him in a rather peculiar light. In the first place he had always been thought of as a girl. 'This habit you have contracted of being a little boy,' his mother said to him, 'is most inconvenient. Your name was to be Vivien.' 'Vivien' is early English and picturesque and full of colour. 'Vivian,' which is a boy's name, I do not think so much of. It sounds like a dandy, and reminds me of Vivian Grey, but after the way you have behaved, it is about all I can do for you." The years went by and the mother became reconciled to his being a boy. Finally the day came when she made up her mind to write a story about him. She would put him in a world quite new to him and see what he would do. Then the problem arose how bring a little American boy into close relationship with an English nobleman—irascible, conservative, disagreeable? "He must live with him, talk to him, show him his small, unconscious Republican mind. He will be more effective if I make him a child who has lived in the simplest possible way. Eureka! Son of a younger son, separated from ill-tempered father because he has married a poor young American beauty. Young father dead. Elder brothers dead. Boy comes into title! How it would amuse him and bewilder him!" Then came the question of the title. Little Lord—Something-or-Other! A day later it was Little Lord Fauntleroy. A story like that is easily written, for as Mrs. Burnett said, it was in part being lived before her eyes. For example, on the evening of the day before Fauntleroy spent his morning with Lord Dorincourt the inspiration of the story took into his mother's room a parlour baseball game which he endeavoured to explain to his own huge delight. From that grew an episode in the book. In like manner almost every day the author recorded something he said or suggested. "And how delightful it was to read the manuscript to him and his brother. He used to sit in the large arm-chair, holding his knee or with his hands in his pockets. 'Do you know,' he said to me once, 'I like that boy! There is one thing about him, he never forgets Dearest.' When the first appearance of the false claimant occurred he turned quite pale. So did his brother. 'Oh, dearest,' they gasped, 'why did you do that? Oh, don't do it!' 'What will he do?' the occupant of the arm-chair asked. 'Won't he, dearest, be the Earl's boy any more?' 'Oh, that other boy,' said Fauntleroy tremulously, the next day, 'he will have to—to be your boy now—as I

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The undermentioned Men & Women of Letters
desire to express to
Mrs Frances Hodgson Burnett
their appreciation of the great service they believe she has rendered to British Authors by so strongly attracting Public attention to the unsatisfactory condition of Copyright Law in England, through her recent action at law to prevent the performance of an unauthorised Dramatic version of Little Lord Fauntleroy.

They are of opinion that her spirited action has done much to strengthen the hands of those who are striving to bring about legislative changes which shall give Authors direct protection against all kinds of piracy and they ask her to accept this Address and the accompanying Souvenir as an expression of the very general feeling which exists to this effect.

Grant Allen
James Baker
Walter Besant
William Black
George Meredith
James Payn
Oscar Wilde
John Strange Winter

Offices of the Incorporated Society of Authors
4 Portugal Street
London W.C.
October 1888.

J. S. Little
Arthur Stannard
Hon Secs.

IN ADDITION TO ITS OTHER CLAIMS TO DISTINCTION, "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" HAPPENED TO BE THE ROCK AGAINST WHICH THE CRAFT OF THE ENGLISH PLAY PIRATES WAS DEFINITELY SHATTERED. A CERTAIN MR. SEEBOHM, DISREGARDING ENTIRELY MRS. BURNETT'S RIGHTS AS AUTHOR, MADE AND PRODUCED A PLAY FROM THE STORY. MRS. BURNETT WAS IN ITALY WHEN SHE LEARNED OF IT. SHE WENT AT ONCE TO ENGLAND, WROTE A STAGE VERSION OF HER OWN, AND IN THE COURTS FOUGHT VIGOROUSLY FOR HER RIGHTS, AND WON. BY THE TESTIMONIAL WHICH IS HERE REPRODUCED, THE BRITISH INCORPORATED SOCIETY OF AUTHORS EXPRESSED ITS APPRECIATION OF HER SPIRITED ACTION AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON THE COPYRIGHT LAWS. AMONG THE NAMES THAT ARE SIGNED TO THE ADDRESS ARE THOSE OF GEORGE MEREDITH, GRANT ALLEN, OSCAR WILDE, WALTER BESANT, A. W. PINERO, JOHN STRANGE WINTER, EDNA LYALL, W. E. NORRIS, JAMES PAYN, JUSTIN M'CARTHY, AND HAROLD FREDERIC.

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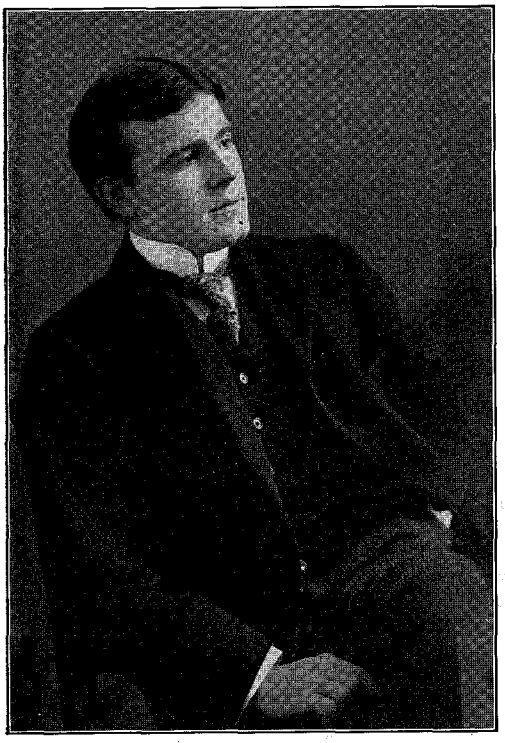
was—won't he?' 'No,' answered the Earl, and he said it so fiercely that Cedric quite jumped. 'Shall I be your boy even if I am not going to be an Earl?' he said. 'Shall I be your boy just as I was before?' But it was a real little heart that had beaten at the thought."

III

It all begins in the manner of the *Anabasis*. John Arthur Molyneux Errol, Earl of Dorincourt, had three sons,



VIVIAN BURNETT AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT HARVARD

Maurice, Bevis and Cedric. He was a hard, bitter, irascible old nobleman who spent his time abusing his relations, and he found little joy in the generation that was to succeed him. Indeed, he had little cause for pride in his two elder sons, who were dissolute, hard living young noblemen with all their father's evil traits and without the strength of his harsh but resolute character. The youngest son, Cedric, was a fine, manly fellow, as universally loved as his brothers were detested. This boy the old Earl secretly cared a great deal for in the depths of his proud, stubborn heart, but one day in a fit of petulance he sent him away to America, and when, six months later, he heard of Cedric's marriage to a penniless American girl, he was furiously angry, and wrote ordering his son never to come near his old home nor to write to his father or brothers again.

Cedric Errol, Captain Errol's son, is living with his widowed mother in comparatively humble circumstances in New York City. He is a very likable little lad of seven years of age, with easy and democratic manners, who counts among his most intimate friends Mr. Hobbs, the corner grocer, who proclaims a profound aversion for the British nobility, Dick the bootblack, and Bridget the washerwoman. There comes one day to the home of Mrs. Errol and her son a grave old gentleman who brings astonishing news. He is Mr. Havisham, the solicitor of the Earl of Dorincourt. Captain Errol's two older brothers have both died unmarried, and the little American boy is Lord Fauntleroy, and heir to castles and great parks and deep mines and grand estates and tenantry. The Earl has sent Mr. Havisham to America to arrange for the return of his grandson to England in order that the boy may be properly trained for his new station in life. The old nobleman looks forward to the coming of the heir with aversion rather than joy. He has not a very exalted opinion of American boys, and he rather expects to find in Cedric an ill-mannered cub, the true son of a raucous-voiced, pushing, underbred American mother. With his son's wife he has absolutely refused to hold any communication. Mrs. Errol is to have a house near Dorincourt Hall, an adequate income, and is to be visited freely by the boy, but the old Earl's hatred of her is so intense that she must never cross his path. Mr. Havisham is well aware of the opinions that the Earl has formed of his grandson and his son's wife and is amazed and delighted to find the well-bred gentlewoman and the handsome, generous-spirited boy. He keeps his impressions to himself, however, preferring the Earl of Dorincourt shall make his own judgment.

So Little Lord Fauntleroy, after dis-

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tributing largess to Dick and Bridget, and mentally arranging for a meeting between Mr. Hobbs, the grocer, and the grim old Earl in order that Mr. Hobbs may be led to a more charitable feeling for the British aristocracy, sails away for England and his new life and home. Mr. Havisham's opinion of the American boy and mother grows higher every day, and he learns many surprising things. Mrs. Errol firmly declines the income that the Earl was supposed to settle upon her, and urges that Cedric be told nothing of the Earl's dislike for herself. It would, she explains, make a barrier between the boy and his grandfather. All of which the grim old Earl eventually learns, although he is at first inclined to be cynical. After the arrival of the party in England the Earl sends for the solicitor and interrogates him about the boy. Mr. Havisham shrewdly suggests that it is rather difficult to judge of the character of a child of seven.

The Earl's prejudices were very intense. He looked up quickly and uttered a rough word. "A fool, is he?" He exclaimed. "Or a clumsy cub? His American blood tells, does it?" "I do not think that it has injured him, My Lord," replied the lawyer in his dry, deliberate fashion. "I don't know much about children, but I thought him rather a fine lad." His manner of speech was always deliberate and unenthusiastic, but he made it a trifle more so than usual. He had a shrewd fancy that it would be better that the Earl should judge for himself and be quite unprepared for his first interview with his grandson.

Finally Mr. Havisham goes on to say that he has a message from Mrs. Errol, and despite the protestations of the Earl that he does not want to hear it tells of the refusal of the income. His Lordship sneers that it is all done for effect, that it is only American independence, that she wants to give the boy a bad opinion of him and probably poisoned his mind against him already.

"No," said Mr. Havisham, "I have another message, which will prove to you that she has not done that." "I don't want to hear it!" panted the Earl, out of breath with anger and excitement and gout. But Mr. Havisham delivered it. "She asks you not to let Lord Fauntleroy hear anything which would lead to understand that you separate him from her because of your prejudice against her. He is very fond of her, and she is convinced that it would cause a barrier to exist between you. She says he would not comprehend it, and it might make him fear you in some measure, or at least cause him to feel less affection for you. She has told him that he is too young for him to understand the reason but shall hear it when he is older. She wishes that there should be no shadow on your first meeting."

The Earl sank back into his chair. His

THE REAL FAUNTLEROY AT THE TIME THE STORY WAS WRITTEN

deep-set, fierce old eyes gleamed under his beetling brows. "Come, now! You don't mean the mother hasn't told him!"

"Not one word, my lord," replied the lawyer coolly. "That I can assure you. The child is prepared to believe you the most amiable and affectionate of grandparents. Nothing—absolutely nothing has been said to him to give him the slightest doubt of your perfection. And as I carried out your commands in every detail while in New York, he certainly regards you as a wonder of generosity." "He does, eh?" said the Earl. "I give you my word of

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honour," said Mr. Havisham, "that Lord Fauntleroy's impressions of you will depend entirely upon yourself. And if you will pardon the liberty I take in making the suggestion, I think you will succeed better with him if you take the precaution not to speak slightingly of his mother." "Pooh, pooh!" said the Earl. "The youngster is only seven years old!" "He has spent those seven years at his

THE SECRET GARDEN

mother's side," returned Mr. Havisham; "and she has all his affection."

IV

And then the Earl looked up. What Cedric saw was a large old man with shaggy white hair and eyebrows, and a nose like an eagle's beak between his deep, fierce eyes. What the Earl saw was a graceful childish figure in a black velvet suit, with a lace collar, and with love-locks waving about the handsome, manly little face whose eyes met his with a look of innocent goodfellowship. If the castle was like the palace in a fairy story, it must be owned that Little Lord Fauntleroy was himself rather like a small copy of the fairy prince, though he was not at all aware of the fact, and perhaps was rather a sturdy young model of a fairy. But there was a sudden glow of triumph and exultation in the fiery old Earl's heart as he saw what a strong, beautiful boy his grandson was, and how unhesitatingly he looked up as he stood with his hand on the big dog's neck. It pleased the grim old nobleman that the child should show no shyness or fear, either of the dog or of himself.

This is the meeting that has been led up to, that is to have such far-reaching results, transforming the whole spirit of the House of Dorincourt, and inspiring in the old Earl the one noble emotion of his life. His pride is stirred by the boy's strength and good looks. He has always hated children, his own rather more than the rest, yet here is a child who from the first amuses him to the point that he even forgets about his gout. Cedric's obvious and disinterested affection, his naïve belief in the Earl's unbounded generosity and benevolence, his

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strange and not unpleasing Americanisms in speaking, bewilder and delight the old nobleman. Face to face with the hound Dougal, Cedric has shown a perfect fearlessness, and as they go side by side into the great dining hall the Earl further tests the boy's grit by leaning on him for support. But still he is a very little boy and it is only natural that as the night grows later he should feel the twinges of homesickness. He confesses to the Earl that it makes a person feel a strange feeling when he has to stay all night in another person's castle instead of in his own house. "But," he explains, "dearest is not very far away from me. She told me to remember that—and—and—I am seven—I can look at the picture she gave me."

He put his hand in his pocket, and brought out a small violet velvet-covered case. "This is it," he said. "You see, you press this spring and it opens, and she is in there!" He had come close to the Earl's chair, and, as he drew forth the little case, he leaned on the arm of it, and against the old man's arm, too, as confidingly as if children had always leaned there. "There she is," he said, as the case opened; and he looked up with a smile. The Earl knitted his brows; he did not wish to see the picture, but he looked at it in spite of himself; and there looked up at him from it such a pretty young face—a face so like the child's at his side—that it quite startled him.

Soon the countryside is buzzing with strange stories of Lord Fauntleroy and the curious changes that he is bringing about in the behaviour of the bitter old Earl. His Lordship had been a notoriously hard landlord, with little charity for his recalcitrant tenants. But when his grandson intercedes in behalf of a delinquent, the boy's faith in him as the source of all generosity is so genuine that he can do nothing but accede. So Fauntleroy is allowed to write to the agent an ill-spelled letter saying that the unfortunate Higgins is not to be disturbed, and the news of the deed is spread abroad, and Cedric straightway becomes a very popular little prince in his domain. His mother, too, by her quiet ways and kindly acts is proving herself very different from the sharp-voiced female of his lordship's early

MRS. BURNETT IN THE GARDEN

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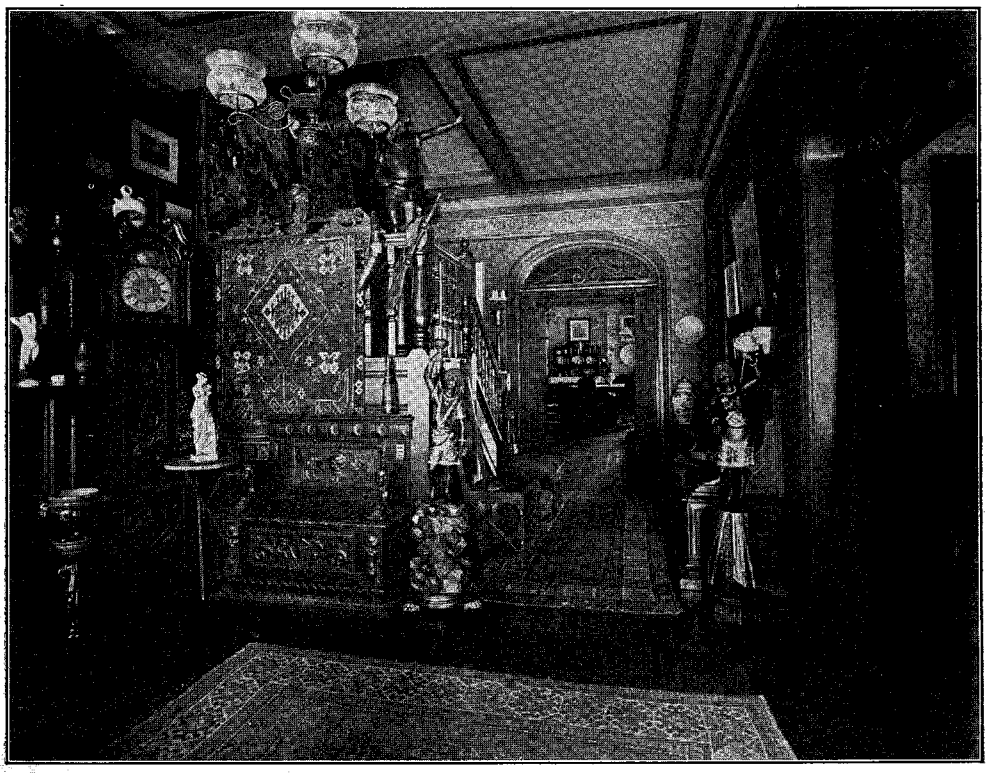
fears, while that nobleman himself has occasion to wear a grim smile so often that there are moments when it almost loses its grimness. He delights in taking long rides in company with his grandson. He institutes wise improvements and reforms on the estate, and finally gives a great dinner at Dorincourt Castle for the purpose of showing off to his own world the new heir of whom he is so proud. A guest at this dinner is the Earl's sister, whom he has not seen for many years, who shares the general favourable opinion as to her great-grand-nephew. "Well, Molyneux," she says after meeting Cedric, "it could not possibly be better than this!" And, after calling on the boy's mother she returns with the report. "Molyneux, she is the loveliest little woman I ever saw. She has a voice like a silver bell, and you may thank her for making the boy what he is. She has given him more than her beauty, and you make a great mistake in not persuading her to come and take charge of you." But for that reconciliation the Earl is not yet ready. There is a jealous pang when he hears Cedric speak of his mother. But it is not long before he has other pangs so much harder to face that he almost forgets, for the time, that he has ever hated his son's wife at all. And it happens in a strange and startling way.



ENTRANCE HALL TO MRS. BURNETT'S HOME IN WASHINGTON. IT WAS WHILE SHE WAS IN WASHINGTON THAT "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY" WAS WRITTEN

V

Mr. Havisham has been expected for the dinner, but he arrives late and agitated. When the guests have departed and the Earl, Cedric and the lawyer are alone Mr. Havisham announces the bad news. The Earl is uneasy and ill-tempered.

"Why do you look so at the boy!" he exclaimed irritably. "You have been looking at him all evening as if—see here now, why should you look at the boy, Havisham, and hang over him like some bird of ill omen!

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What has your news to do with Lord Fauntleroy?"

"My lord," said Mr. Havisham, "I will waste no words. My news has everything to do with Lord Fauntleroy, and if we are to believe it—it is not Lord Fauntleroy who lies sleeping before us, but only the son of Captain Errol.

REGINALD BIRCH, THE ILLUSTRATOR OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"
The admirable drawings in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" gave Mr. Birch a high place among our illustrators

And the present Lord Fauntleroy is the son of your son Bevis and is at this moment in a lodging house in London."

Mr. Havisham goes on to tell how a woman had come to his chambers that morning, claiming that Bevis married her six years before in London, and showing her marriage certificate. There had been a quarrel and a separation. She has a son five years old, is an American of the lower classes—an ignorant person—and had not until lately fully understood her boy's rights. But she had consulted a lawyer and found out that her son was really Lord Fauntleroy and the heir to the Earldom of Dorincourt; and she, of course, insists on his claims being acknowledged.

The Earl is aghast and furious. As he looks on the face of the sleeping child for whom he has grown to care so much he pours out the vials of hatred upon the heads of his older sons. "I should refuse to believe a word of it," he says, "if it were not such a low, scoundrelly piece

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of business, but it becomes quite possible in connection with my son Bevis. They were a disgrace to me from their first hour. I hated them both; they hated me. Bevis was the worst of the two. I will not believe it yet though. I will contend against it to the last. But it is like Bevis—it is like him!"

He came slowly back to the sofa, at last, and stood near it. "If any one had told me I could be fond of a child," he said, his harsh voice low and unsteady, "I should not have

MRS. BURNETT AT THE TIME OF THE WRITING OF "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY"

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believed them. I always detested children—my own more than the rest. I am fond of this one; he is fond of me. I am not popular; I never was. But he is fond of me. He never was afraid of me—he always trusted me. He would have filled my place better than I have filled it. I know that. He would have been an honour to the name."

Of course Cedric turns out to be Lord Fauntleroy after all, and the pretensions of the false claimant are overthrown through the agency of that very Dick the bootblack, who was Cedric's friend at the beginning of the story, and who having seen a picture of Bevis Errol's wife in an English illustrated paper, recognises her as the runaway wife of his own brother Ben, and goes to England to confront her with crushing evidence. Of course Cedric hasn't cared so much about the Earldom after all, as he has about his place in his grandfather's affection, and is quite resigned when he learns that no matter what happens he will always be the Earl's boy just as he was before. Of course, in the bitterness of his affliction, the Earl turns to Cedric's mother for sympathy, and finds her a very different person from the woman whom he had once so intensely hated, and the story ends with all round understandings and reconciliations. Finally, of course, the republican Mr. Hobbs not only becomes reconciled to the British aristocracy, but grows to be so fascinated with high life that he actually sells his corner store in New York and settles down to open a shop under the patronage of the castle, and though he and the Earl never became very intimate, as Cedric had once hoped they would, Hobbs in time becomes more aristocratic than his Lordship himself, and reads the Court news every morning, and follows all the doings of the House of Lords. As for America, he says "It's a good enough country for them that's young and stirring—but there's faults in it. There's not an auntsister among 'em—nor an earl!"

VI

All modern stories are in some way or other derivations of the old fairy tales, and *Little Lord Fauntleroy* may be traced back through various incarnations until its ultimate source is found in *Cinderella.*

Cedric Errol is the neglected maiden who slips off to the ball. Mr. Havisham might be likened to the Fairy Godmother, while the grim old Earl of Dorincourt must stand for the Prince. Mr. Stoddard wrote of Mrs. Burnett that her pathos was such that he was not ashamed to show the tears that it wrung from him. But the pathos of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is the pathos of sheer happiness. The old Earl has disinherited his youngest son because of the marriage with the penniless American girl; there is a brief moment when the story of the false claimant seems plausible, and Cedric's future appears in jeopardy—these are the catastrophes of the story. But these catastrophes merely stimulate our interest, they do not wring our emotions. On the other hand it is the manifestations of Cedric's sincerity and generosity, the heart of the old nobleman leaping with pride when he first sees the boy and finds him pleasing to his sight, the moment when it begins to dawn upon him that the mother is a very different person from the woman whom he had once so intensely hated, the triumphs of Fauntleroy in the hearts of those people who come to know him, and finally Cedric's genuine happiness when he learns that whoever may be Fauntleroy, he will still hold the place he has won in his grandfather's affections, that bring the gulp in the throat and the suspicious watering of the eyes. In the words that Mrs. Burnett has used in speaking of the real Lord Fauntleroy as a very little boy, the writing of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* meant a story that was read, and a play that was witnessed by tens of thousands of young people and grown up children in two continents, a very *jeune premier,* a fashion in dress, and many picturesque illustrations. It meant more than that. It meant the writing of one of those rare books that the hypercritical may condemn as melodramatic and over sentimental, but that somehow seem never to lose their youth or their power to touch the hearts of all but the dullest and most unimpressionable of readers.

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A LONDON BOOK AUCTION IN THE OLDEN TIME

BY WILLIAM LORING ANDREWS

VERY bibliophile faces the stern fact that, sooner or later, he must part with his cherished books. He must bequeath, give them away or sell them. If through either necessity or choice the latter alternative is presented to him, experience appears to show that a well-conducted auction sale most satisfactorily to all concerned accomplishes the dispersion of a library, especially of a well-known and important one. An auction sale, it is true, is a lottery to some extent, but it is on record that even in times of financial stress fine and rare books bring more rather than less than their original cost or present appraised value when offered at public auction, a method of selling books first introduced by the Elzevirs at Leyden and Amsterdam as early as the year 1604, but not adopted in England until seventy years later.

John Lawler, the principal book cataloguer in 1898 at Sotheby's in London, says in his *Book-Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century,* that the honour of introducing into England the method of selling books by auction belongs to William Cooper, Bookseller and Publisher at the sign of the "Pelican" in Little Britain. His first book auction catalogue, a small quarto volume of one hundred and thirty-seven pages, issued in October, 1676, was that of the library of Dr. Lazarus Seaman, which contained fifteen or twenty thousand volumes and realised about £3,000. In this sale a copy of Holland's *Heroologia,* with the portraits by Passe, brought 7s. Edward VI's *Prayer Book* of 1552, 16s. and Queen Mary's *Prayer Book* in Latin and English, 1555, 3s. These prices manifest, as Mr. Lawler observes, "the indifference, not to say contempt, with which that class of early English literature not theological, now so dearly prized and highly priced, was regarded by book collectors in the seventeenth century."

This catalogue of the Seaman library, like those which succeeded it for many years, is nothing more than a check list of the books destined to be passed under the auctioneer's hammer. Aside from some laudatory statements in the Preface of a general character, there is not a word to arouse the ardour of the book-buyer in the whole four hundred and fifty pages. An abbreviated title and the date and place of publication are mostly compassed within the space of a line of octavo text. It is catalogue-making simplified to the last degree. In these days our catalogue-makers go to the other extreme with glowing descriptions and facsimiles galore. Times change and we change with them.

William Cooper's method of disposing of literary property was promptly imitated by Edward Millington and other book-sellers in London and Oxford, Durham, Norwich and other cathedral cities. It at once became "epidemical," says John Evelyn in his diary, with persons wishing to sell their libraries and approximately one hundred auction sales of books had been held in England prior to the sale in 1698 of the library of Dr. Francis Bernard, Fellow of the College of Physicians and Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. This was one of the most extensive and perhaps the most interesting of the private libraries sold at auction in the seventeenth century, writes Mr. Lawler, who does not question the following assertion in the Preface of the Catalogue, "So there never yet appeared in England so choice and valuable a Catalogue to be thus dispos'd of as this before us, more especially of that sort of Books which are out of the Common Course which a man may make the business of his Life to collect and at last may not be able to accomplish."

Dr. Bernard's library contained about fifty thousand volumes, largely works on philology and medicine, "not an entire collection, however, of the latter, for

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who"—as the writer of the Preface asks —"could or rather would have one in 'Physick.'" Even, we may add, when, as in this case, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* London, 1660, is included in the "Libri Medici."

Mr. Lawler's copy of the Bernard Catalogue fortunately is priced by a contemporary hand, so that he is able to furnish a list of the very low prices realised. The twenty-two Caxtons in the sale (three of them imperfect) brought altogether £4 17s. To name a few of these English incumabula—*Jason and the Golden Fleece,* n.d., brought 3s. and 6d.; *The Book of Chess Moralized,* n.d., 1s. and 6d.; *History of Troy,* 1500, 3s.; Higden's *Polycronicon,* n.d., 4s.; *The Golden Legend,* n.d., 8s.; *Bartholomæus. de Proprietate Rerum* in English, £1 2d. Contrast these prices with the record-breaking ones in four and five figures obtained at the Robert Hoe sale last winter, and with the further fact that a single leaf from the least of these productions of the earliest English printer would now bring more pounds sterling than the entire book commanded in this seventeenth century auction sale.

In addition to the Caxtons, the library contained some twenty-five hundred English books and pamphlets printed before the year 1700, among them a number now exceedingly rare and highly valued, and also a sprinkling of books and pamphlets relating to America. Typical of the paltry prices paid for this Americana, we quote the following titles: *Smith's History of New England, Virginia, etc.,* 1624, 4s. and 2d.; *Hakluyt's Voyages,* 2 vols., 1598, 19s.; Morton's *History of New England,* 1615, 8d. Nine of the rarest books relating to New England, including Lechford's *News from New England* and Wood's *New England Prospect* in one bundle sold for 5s. and 2d.

The highest price obtained for a single book in the entire sale was £10 for a Bishop Brian Walton's *Polyglot Bible.* The lowest, 4d., the least Mr. Lawler judges at which a bidding might be started. It goes without saying that most of the books on law, medicine and theology (especially the medicinal books) would at the present time bring no more than the price of paper stock. Solomon of old declared that of making many books there is no end, and of all but a very small part of them it may be asked,

> "If I was so soon to be done for,
> I wonder what I was begun for."

With books as with all things in this world, animate or inanimate, it is a question of the survival of the fittest. The books that in recent sales have brought great prices and astonished not only the general public but also the experienced book-collector, have stood the test of time, and it is a reasonable assumption that their shadows will now never grow less but greater as the ages come and go.

The sale, held at Dr. Bernard's late dwelling house in Little Britain, realised about £5,000, the equivalent at the present day, it is estimated, of £15,000, an average of one dollar and fifty cents each for the fifty thousand books collected by this seventeenth century disciple of Richard de Bury, whose love of books and learning neither illness nor old age could quench. We have no criticism to make of the doctor as a bibliophile except the inference we are constrained to draw, that he was not over particular as to the condition of his books, for we are told that "he was not solicitous about their dress, 'twas sufficient that he had the book."

The catalogue, an octavo of four hundred and fifty pages, is arranged under subject headings called by the compiler "Faculties." Folios in the van, followed by quartos, octavos, on down to duodecimos. A classification still followed by the French in contradistinction to the alphabetical arrangement generally adopted by English and American catalogue-makers.

It was no padded sale—this book auction of Dr. Bernard—such as occurs not infrequently in these days, for the Preface to the Catalogue explicitly states that not one book is added of which the doctor was not possessed at the time of his death. In conclusion the writer of the Preface offers to his prospective buyers this excuse for any errors or imperfections the Catalogue may contain.

"It may be here expected that some apology should be made for the errors

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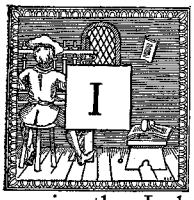
and imperfections in the Catalogue, but the reasons that occasioned them not being to be given without some violation of good nature or good manners; we must only in general beg the 'Learned and Judicious Reader's' excuse, and by way of compensation assure him that all imaginable care shall be taken in the sale that nothing shall be offered him unbecoming a gentleman and a scholar."

THE WEDDING DAY IN FICTION

BY EDNA KENTON



IT IS interesting to be sitting, an Observer-At-Life, in some crowded restaurant, and, as the blatant orchestra strikes suddenly into that most universal of all bridal music, the Lohengrin Wedding March, to watch the pairs of eyes that meet instantly in a solitude of feeling across tables; to look into the little momentary worlds of memory, of tenderness, of cynicism, or regret that lie in eyes that meet eyes, or that stare, solitary, into brief vacancy. One must catch it quickly, for the modern world lingers less and less over sentimental moments, but the involuntary clutch is there, even though it endures only through the first few bars. Birth, marriage, giving in marriage, and death—these are the universal moments.

So the novelist, even the insincere novelist with only his own axe of popularity to grind, is playing a safe game with his public when he halts the onward march of his narrative to linger for a page or a chapter on the Wedding Day. The melodramatic novelist and the cheaply sentimental novelist know this—it is a part of the secret of the vogue of the "thriller" and the saccharine successes. And invariably the finely-written, meaningful marriage scene in a novel that is worthy record of the human lives it draws will fill some of the unforgettable pages of the book. Particularly when it is marriage that is the book's theme do we find the novelist's sense of proportion demanding space for the marriage service. What matter if one wedding be very like another! What matter if the words be old—of all the words in any language the marriage service is furthest, at each new utterance, from banal.

It would have been strange indeed if George Meredith, in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,* had not given a chapter to his hero's marriage—the thrilling duet of young love that led straight to this moment demanded such a pause. But the Comic Spirit rules the chapter and the irony of the Lost Wedding Ring runs like a mocking laugh through the chapter—the ring that Richard, on his way to the church, had lost, and which his cousin Clare was wearing while the cumulative words were bearing Richard to that height from which he must be dashed down in horrid disgrace. Listen:

> At the altar stand two fair young creatures, ready with their oaths. They are asked to fix all time to the moment, and they do. If there is any hesitation at the immense undertaking it is but maidenly. She conceives as little mental doubt of the sanity of the act as he. Over them hangs a cool young curate in his raiment of office——
>
> Firmly the bridegroom tells forth his words. This hour of the complacent giant at least is his, and that he means to hold him bound through the eternities, men may hear. Clearly and with brave modesty speaks she, no less firmly, though her body trembles; her voice just vibrating while the tone travels on, like a smitten vase.
>
> Then comes that period when they are to give their troth to each other. The Man with his right hand takes the Woman by her right hand; the Woman with her right hand takes the Man by his right hand—Devils dare not laugh at whom Angels crowd to contemplate. . . .

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Their hands are joined, their blood flows as one stream. Adam and fair Eve front the generations. Are they not lovely? Purer fountains of life were never in two bosoms.

And then they loose their hands, and the cool curate doth bid the Man to put a ring on the Woman's fourth finger, counting thumb. And the Man thrusts his hand into one pocket and then into another, forward and backward many times, into all his pockets. He remembers that he felt for it, and felt it in his waistcoat pocket, when in the gardens. And his hand comes forth empty. And the Man is ghastly to look at!

It is of course a terrible moment. Richard saves the situation, of course, by demanding from his faithful nurse her wedding ring, which, with agitation, is handed over and the service proceeds with "With this ring I thee wed." Says Meredith: "They are prayed over and blest. For good or ill the deed is done."

In *Vanity Fair* Thackeray surmises with his reader on just how Becky and Rawdon were married. Not being a public affair it is kept, too, from the reader? But poor little Amelia's wedding day is given a certain amount of notice, with its rain and muffled sobbings and general gloom. "One gusty, raw day at the end of April, George Osbourne, looking very haggard and pale, although smartly dressed in a blue coat and brass buttons, came into old Slaughters' Coffee House." Here he met William Dobbin, the faithful, unthanked God from the Machine who was responsible for this hour, and after drinking two glasses of curoçoa the two drove down by Brompton to a certain chapel near Fulham Road there, where there was a coach and four in waiting. "In a word, George had thrown the great cast—he was going to be married! Hence his pallor and nervousness, his sleepless night and agitation in the morning." It is almost more George's wedding day than Amelia's, but we know she wore a brown silk pelisse and a straw bonnet with a pink ribbon, and over the bonnet a veil of white Chantilly lace. There was nobody in the church but Joseph Sedley and Mrs. Sedley and the landlady and her daughter with a few strangers. The rain came down in sheets and Mrs. Sedley sobbed in her pew. "Emmy's response came fluttering up to her lips from her heart, but was scarcely heard by anybody but Captain Dobbin." The rain drove into their faces as they passed to their chariot. "William Dobbin stood in the church porch looking at it, a queer figure. The small crowd and spectators jeered him. He was not thinking of them or their laughter."

There is an interrupted marriage ceremony in *Jane Eyre,* and as an effective lead up to that shocking moment the charge in the marriage service is given verbatim: "I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony ye do now confess it." There came the pause: "When is the pause after that sentence ever broken by reply? Not perhaps once in a hundred years!" And the clergyman was proceeding; his hand was already stretched toward Rochester as his lips unclosed to ask: "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" when a distinct and near voice said: "This marriage cannot go on: I declare the existence of an impediment." Rochester moved slightly, as if an earthquake had rolled beneath his feet, and said to the clergyman, "Proceed." But the brother of the insane living wife continued the revelation, and the wedding party left the church.

Thomas Hardy, in *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* pictures poor Tess's pathetic wedding, before very few people, the marriage by special license, the bride in the white gown and veil Angel Clare had given her—the whole service proceeding against the tragic background of Tess's confession to Angel, written but unread. Throughout the scene the Fate motif of the book sounds like a sombre bell.

John Halifax is married to Ursula March in one paragraph, but, the marriage being that of a gentlewoman to a waif of the world, his only title to birth being his dying mother's Bible with its inscription, "Guy Halifax, Gentleman," the paragraph counted for much in the period for which it was written:

They were married quite privately, neither having any near kindred. Besides, John held

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strongly the opinion that so solemn a festival as marriage is only desecrated by outward show. And so, one golden autumn morning, Ursula walked quietly up the Abbey aisle in her plain white muslin gown; and John and she plighted their faithful vows, no one being present except the Jessops and I. Then they went away for a brief holiday—went away without either pomp or tears—husband and wife together.

Dickens describes myriads of weddings, a glad, youthful one, when David Copperfield takes his Dora; a proud and smouldering one when Mr. Dombey married Edith. Here almost the entire marriage service is quoted. *Our Mutual Friend* has the account of Bella's quiet marriage to John Rokesmith, and there is the sad account of the elder Miss Pecksniff's blighted troth in *Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread* opens with a marriage at which Selma White and Lewis Babcock are guests, and their betrothal is ratified on their way home. Selma's first marriage is dismissed with a sentence; her second is given more space. Littleton proposes one afternoon immediately after her divorce becomes known to him, and thoughtlessly adds: "If I had my wish, darling, we should be married to-night, and I would carry you away from here forever." To which Selma responds, slowly: "It would be very nice—and very simple. You wouldn't think any the worse of me, Wilbur, if I were to marry you to-night?"

It was already late in the afternoon, so that the prospects of obtaining a license did not seem favourable. Still it happened that Littleton knew a clergyman of his own faith—Unitarian—in Benham, whom he suggested. They found him at home, and by diligent personal effort on his part the necessary legal forms were complied with and they were made husband and wife three hours before the departure of the evening train for New York. The suddenness and surprise of it all made Selma feel as if on wings.

Honora's second marriage, in Churchill's *A Modern Chronicle* is very similar. Chiltern calls for her at six one night, and takes her to a minister's home. As the license and other papers are produced, Chiltern says: "In order to save time, I wish to tell you Mrs. Leffingwell has been divorced." To which the clergyman replies smoothly: "Unfortunate mistakes will occur in life. Say no more about it." And his pronouncement: "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," falls with startling vividness on Honora's ears.

In *The Story of the Gadsbys* Kipling does a study of hymeneal hysteria in depicting the big, brave, brawny Gadsby turning seven sorts of a coward on his wedding day, fumbling the ring, choking over the responses, losing forever the respect of his best friend, as he betrays at every step the frightened, cowering soul within him.

There is a wedding scene in James Lane Allen's *A Summer in Arcady* whose memory lingers long. It was a runaway marriage, close to midnight of that day when Hillary and Daphne had "trusted themselves alone with Nature, who cares only for life." They had crossed the river to get into another State, and their boatman helped them as he had helped countless others, offered himself as a witness, and directed them to the squire's. This marriage service, a purely legal form, was told off in the tone in which the squire was wont to swear a witness in the court room: "Each of you do solemnly promise that you will love, honour and obey each other as a dutiful husband and wife; and, forsaking all others, cleave to each other alone until it shall please Almighty God to separate you by death. To this do you both agree?"

Hillary said "I do," thickly, nervously; Daphne, with a pathetic sense of loneliness and of the unlikeness of all this to a real wedding such as she had dreamed of. And then the squire opened his desk that held his rolls of marriages:

There they were—the rolls of the secret marriages of the people of Kentucky. Thousands upon thousands of couples. Many of them not much more than children, sometimes one couple a day, sometimes three or four. A long, gay pageant; some less gay than others, being desperately pursued; some less gay, not being guiltless; some most sorrowfully, bent upon the office of having the marriage

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performed and the date of it set back for the sake of the poor little life soon to appear in the world. If Daphne had but known it, hidden away on one of those yellow sheets were the names of her own father and mother.

Robert Herrick's *Together* opens with perhaps the most memorably significant wedding scene among modern novels. "She stood before the minister who was to marry them, very tall and straight—" is the opening sentence of the long chapter, and the unity of time is marvellously handled, as her mind and the reader's move along the seconds with the time and space annihiliation of a moment's dreaming. "I, John, take thee," and she hears not only this man's voice, but the voices of all the men who have so vowed as solemnly. Her voice as she repeats: "—and hereby I plight thee my troth," sinks to a whisper as of prayer, and she muses with the swiftness of those space-annihilating dreams, of all pasts and presents and all the future, of the broken contracts that were pledged as earnestly —above all, of the utter strangerhood of this man whom she is marrying.

"And who gives this woman in marriage?" As the clergyman asks the question she feels, resentfully, the primitiveness of the formula that binds a woman from one master to another as a perpetual possession, for she gives herself. The endlessness of the time that passes as the man makes his vows—the strangeness of her own clear voice as she makes her responses. She is still seeking for the answer to the fury of questionings that press her hard, when she hears the stir behind her, and knows the service is ended.

The thing was done; the priest's words of exhortation were superfluous. All else that concerned married life these two would have to find out for themselves. The thing was done, as ordained by the church, according to the rules of society. Now it was for Man and Wife to make of it what they would—or could. It was over, the fine, old, barbaric ceremony, the passing of the irredeemable contract between man and woman, the public proclamation of eternal union. Henceforth they were man and wife before the law, before their kind—one and one, and yet not two.

Thus together they passed out of the church.

The solemn institution of marriage is still regarded by the majority as changeless and unalterable. To the minority who seek out truth whatever it is and dare to question all things, even the unalterableness of that most human ordinance, marriage, the fact that, of all civilised institutions, marriage is changing its form and spirit most rapidly, has become one of the axioms of sociology. If any defiant protestor against this statement desires food for honest thought, let him consider this, that fifty years ago, such a chapter on the Marriage Service as Mr. Herrick wrote in *Together* could not have been written except by a very few men and perhaps two women who did not write it. The individual right to happiness had not then quite dared to attack the man-made and God-attributed citadel of Marriage; the idea that a human mistake in choice had an egoistic and racial right to rectification was too new to stand against the unsunderable bondage that man and the Church had made of marriage. Men had not thought it worth while to question women and women had not dared openly to question men in relation to marriage and happiness. A little study of wedding scenes in fiction, let pass the ensuing wedded life, is bound to convince the honest doubter that the interpretation of the Wedding Day to-day is not that of even a quarter of a century ago. As a matter of fact the Wedding Day was not interpreted until recent years; it was merely accepted with all its traditions, chief among which was the Carlylian creed of Duty and Renunciation, two very doubtful aids to the progress of the world. According to the modern creed the Wedding Day is only the beginning of life, and, according to the modern school of novelists, a terribly doubtful beginning at best. All of which, being true, is not an unhealthy fact to have made clear.

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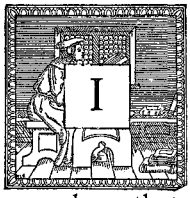
STORIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT BUREAUS

BY CATHERINE FRANCES CAVANAGH

IX—Strange Stories of the Internal Revenue Service



IT WAS with glee on the part of those who believe in man's liberty to smoke and drink as much as he pleases, and distress on the part of prohibitionists and anti-cigarette crusaders, that the annual report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, for the fiscal year ending June, 1911, was read. It showed it to have been a "banner year," the receipts amounting to $289,000,000—part of this collected on oleomargarine, playing cards, and mixed flour—but the greater percentage of it being for "smokes and drinks."

This proves either that smoking and drinking are on the increase, or that the attempt to defraud Uncle Sam of his revenue tax is decreasing. The latter appears to be true, when we learn that some of the judges in the moonshine countries of the South are dealing less leniently with offenders and are sending them to the penitentiaries, instead of to local jails, where they were able to breathe familiar air. Pity often prevented the judges from condemning these men of the mountains to city strongholds; but this compassion is frowned upon by Uncle Sam, who has lost too many of his trusty helpers at the hands of the desperate moonshiners, who do not hesitate to shoot in cold blood any intruder on their domains, if he cannot give an account of his business among them. So many men have been wounded in discharge of their duties as revenue officers that Congress was called upon to authorise the Secretary of the Treasury to set aside a contingency fund to pay the hospital or surgeon expenses of the victims of the moonshiners.

It is in gathering the evidence of an illicit still that these men incur the greatest dangers; for then they work practically alone. When they have worked a good case they call in the United States marshal and his men to help make the arrest. Even then the fight is often desperate—the whole community sometimes ranged against the Federal officers.

Kentucky and Tennessee, which used to rank as leading moonshine States, are now growing better; but North and South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia continue to give the revenue officers plenty of work. These poor people, as a rule, do not even make a living by their illicit manufacturing, so it is not solely for gain they carry on the practice. They seem to acknowledge no government; to deny the right of any man, or nation, to tax them for what grows on their own lands and what they make with their own hands. They are as different from the illicit distillers which have existed, and still exist in large cities, for the purpose of making vast fortunes, as the primitive man from the great corporations. It is because of the element of rude rebellion in their natures that even the most patriotic, well-behaved citizen is apt to cherish a feeling of admiration or sympathy for these men, who defend their rude home industries, as they do their hearth-stones, with the shotgun.

MOUNTAIN AMAZONS

The revenue officers often bring tales back to civilisation which makes us believe we harbour a race of Amazons in those southeastern mountains. Women moonshiners are not uncommon; and they fight with the combined energy of wild cat and rattlesnake when they are discovered. They tell of Betsy Simms, a beautiful giantess, who from the time she was sixteen until she was twenty-two engaged the attention of the revenue officers along the border of North and South Carolina, in efforts to catch her at the work which they were informed by some jealous women spies she was carrying

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on. At last, three deputies caught her and she was sentenced to the jail at Raleigh for four months. She set fire to the door of her room; but the smoke attracted the jailer, who, attempting to arrest her flight, was promptly stabbed by buxom Betsy. But not so badly that he failed to overpower her and place her in another cell. He never felt sure about Betsy while she was there; for she seemed to be a queen among moonshiners, having at her call a band of strong men, who more than once came to her rescue when she gave a peculiar cry, which chilled the blood of those who held her captive. This cry and the appearance of a band of rough men, who seemed to leap like bandits from the rocks, frightened more than one revenue officer into flight, leaving the mountain Amazon in the hands of her friends.

During the closing months of his administration, President Roosevelt pardoned Mrs. Adaline Rose, one of the most notorious moonshiners in southeastern Kentucky. She confessed that for seventeen years she had been actively engaged in moonshine work with an organised gang in the mountains of Jackson County. This gang made and sold whiskey in the open, and came as near being a corporation as any moonshine concern could and exist among the independent manufacturers in that wild district. She had many exciting experiences—eluding the revenue officers as she helped smuggle the whiskey from still to market; crossing the wildest parts of the Cumberland mountains to avoid meeting strangers. It was when her husband was killed by his brother-in-law in one of those famous Kentucky feuds, that the gang was betrayed by one of their number. That betrayer was later sentenced to prison for killing his sweetheart in a fit of jealous rage.

When Adaline Rose was sentenced to six months in jail and assessed a fine of one thousand dollars, she began to work for a pardon, in order that she might return home to her large family of children, the eldest of whom was then seventeen. They were without support and were scattered among poor but kind-hearted neighbours. She promised that, if she were released she would never again enter the moonshine business, but would devote herself to honest labours for the support of her children. After fully considering the petition, believing that the woman was penitent, and had already suffered much in the loss of her husband and the separation from her children, President Roosevelt commuted the sentence and cancelled the fine.

Mrs. Rose was employed as a cook when at the jail. When told of her release, she said she was very glad to go home to her children, but that she really had had a nice, peaceable time in the jail, sure of her meals, enjoying her domestic tranquillity, free from the thought that she was being watched day and night.

THE FIRST INTERNAL REVENUE TAX

Death and Taxes are tritely acknowledged to be the two certain features of this world; and as men have sought long and unceasingly for the elixir of life, so have they sought to avoid payment of taxes. Death may be welcomed sometimes, but the tax collector never. No sooner had the inhabitants of the United States felt free from being taxed by Great Britain than they began to murmur against taxes imposed by Congress. The first internal revenue tax was imposed by act of March 3, 1791, providing for a tax on distilled spirits of domestic manufacture. This tax was the cause of the Whiskey Insurrection in Western Pennsylvania; during which prolonged uprising a United States revenue officer was tarred and feathered and sent out of the community on a rail; the homesteads of those trying to carry out the law were burned, and many loyal families were exiled before the rebellion was crushed. Alexander Hamilton was credited with recommending the imposition of the whiskey tax, in order to test the power of the Federal Government; reasoning that, a small rebellion of this sort could be handled by the Government and serve as a lesson to the many dissatisfied sections of the country which were a menace to the union of the States. Many secret societies were organised to oppose this taxation, and their members by their methods may have suggested the Ku-Klux Klan, which terrorised the South in the aftermath of the Civil War. The first

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meeting of the rebels, July 27, 1791, was peaceful enough, though the leaders issued a warning that any person accepting an office under this odious law would be considered a public menace and dealt with accordingly. This attitude toward revenue officers holds good to this day in certain lawless communities, and it is doubtful if it will ever be changed. After enduring the intermittent uprisings for a couple of years, the Federal Government, seeing that the State of Pennsylvania was incapable of controlling the lawless element, called on the Governors of New Jersey, Maryland and Virginia for fifteen thousand men to march into the rebel districts. Washington was sick of war, and, wishing to give the enemies of the Government every chance to reform, sent commissioners to offer pardon to those who would submit to the law and promise future good behavior. The rebels were obdurate, and then President Washington gave notice of the advance of the troops. He accompanied the force part of the way and Hamilton advanced with them. Though the presence of the troops put down the rebellion, it was without actual warfare; for only two men were killed, and these in outside brawls with the soldiers who encamped in the rebel region during the winter of 1794. The practical demonstration that the Federal Government was capable of forcing disgruntled citizens into submission to the law of the land had its effect; and Hamilton was well pleased to note the rise in the Federal funds at the same time he witnessed the fall of the enemies of the internal revenue tax.

It is remarkable that, though from time to time internal taxes have been levied on such articles as snuff, sugar, candles, watches, boots, carriages, umbrellas and playing cards, such impositions never roused the ire and cupidity of the manufacturer and consumer as has the tax on whiskey and other intoxicating liquors. As the women from Boston to Annapolis resented the tax which Great Britain imposed on their favourite beverage, tea—so the men of the land have what might be an inborn grudge against the liquor tax.

The internal revenue officers state that prohibition has increased the number of illicit stills throughout the country. There can be no doubt about this; for when men could easily purchase liquor in their own neighbourhood they did so on such occasions as they wished it; and maybe they did not wish it so often that it harmed them. But if their community was within the prohibition zone, they speedily sought ways and means to get liquor without the trouble of having it shipped to them from afar, or making a day's journey into a wide-open zone. Where the making of wines was almost a forgotten art, the women on farms within the forbidden zones have mastered its secrets again; and though they may publish it abroad that they are merely putting up "grape juice" for medicinal purposes, it is ten to one they are manufacturing something with alcohol in it, and all is not cider that comes from the orchard, or "canning corn" from the corn fields. On the same principle that we take a medicine chest with us on our camping trip, when we never resort to its contents at home, so these forehanded folks believe in having strong liquors, or wines, on hand in a prohibition country "for emergencies."

From this it may be seen that there is reason for the increase of illicit stills in communities which never thought of using such before the prohibition wave struck them. The writer was staying for a short time in one such community in the Blue Ridge region of Maryland. The farm folks with whom she was boarding were temperate, industrious, and good citizens; but they saw no harm in exchanging some of their products for some of a certain neighbour's homemade wine or "corn juice;" or in buying it if need be, and it was done so innocently and openly that not even the writer, familiar with the law, thought of these simple people as "moonshiners," until a certain evening when they announced their fear that the revenue officers were watching the place.

THE COMING OF THE "DARK MAN"

One wild, rainy night in November, the simple folks, knowing that the writer was not averse to a "little nonsense now and then" in the way of telling fortunes by cards, requested that she do so; and,

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putting aside the interesting book she was reading, she read the cards for every one from the host to the hired boy. It was remarked, when all was done, that the first chapter, *"to the house,"* read in every instance that a dark, elderly man was coming there on business, and that he was an enemy to the inhabitants thereof. Jokingly, the fortune teller put aside the pack, admonishing the circle:

"Beware of the dark, elderly man who comes to the house on business!"

The next day was an ideal autumn one, and she, with the farmer's daughter, went riding about the country, gossiping here and there with the people, who were happy in the results of their harvests. But one and all told of a rough-looking peddler, dark and bent, who tried to get shelter with them on the night before. The excursionists exclaimed that they had passed such a man on the road from their farm and were glad they were in sight of houses, for he was an ill-looking traveller—as if he had some dark errand to do before his journey's end. They drove home at a swift pace, for fear of meeting him on the road in the dark; and when they entered the house the farmer's wife burst out:

"The dark man whom you told by the cards was coming *came*—he was a peddler, and wanted to sleep here all night! We remembered your warning, and Mr. R. would not let him stay, though he implored to stay—even in the barn. Then he said he had a pain in his chest, and asked for some whiskey. We have none, you know, but I gave him some hot tea. He went down toward King's. They have some whiskey—which they made last year—but I did not tell him that. He looks bad enough without whiskey. I'm afraid he is here for no good."

Two days later King, a poor "small farmer," burst into the farm kitchen with—

"Say, it's a good thing I was visiting here the other night when them cards was read. I remembered the warning about the stranger, and when that black-looking peddler offered to give me as much as a dollar for a drink of whiskey, I said I hadn't any; and when he was stuck on staying over night, I s'picioned something wrong and told him I'd set the dawgs on him if he didn't trot along—and he went. Say—he's a detective for the Gov'ment! It's all over the county this mawning—and he caught some, by jimpsy! Say, lady—" turning to the listening and aghast fortune-teller of the event—"you ought to make money telling fortunes that away—you saved us all by your warning of that *dark stranger on business*. That was it!"

"I ought to say a prayer of thankfulness because I was not arrested with a lot of law-breakers!" And taking the pack of cards from the mantel, the fortune-teller, repentant, laid them on top of the pine knots blazing within the sheet-iron stove, much to the silent distress of those who believed magic was contained in their messages.

THE WHISKEY RING CONSPIRACY

The fact that arrests are made in all parts of the country for illicit distilling proves that the Southern mountain States have not the monopoly of moonshining. In New York City, a couple of years ago, a secret agent, puzzling long as to where a certain suspected "joint" concealed its liquor, finally surprised the proprietor one night turning on the gas cock and obtaining strong whiskey from the pipe, which was connected with a tank between the ceiling and the upper chamber. And only a few months ago, a secret agent trailed a wagon load of sugar on the Brooklyn streets and located a well-equipped and taxless distillery.

"Let no guilty man escape!"

How often that slogan has been given during investigations of public frauds; and how few know that it originated with President Grant, who issued this injunction when he indorsed the papers in the Whiskey Ring conspiracy, formed about 1873, for the purpose of defrauding the Federal Government in the collection of taxes on distilled liquors. No less than two hundred and thirty-eight persons were indicted, including United States collectors, gaugers and clerks in the Washington service, among them the Chief Clerk of the Treasury Department, and distillers and dealers.

Five years after he was convicted as

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one of the members of the Whiskey Ring, John McDonald, formerly supervisor of internal revenue for certain districts of the Southwest, published a book on *The Secrets of the Great Whisky (sic) Ring,* in which he stated that "the original intention of the organisers, adopting suggestions from the highest authorities in the land, was to make the ring co-extensive with the nation, with headquarters in all the large cities, for the purpose of raising a campaign fund with which to advance the interests of President Grant in his aspirations for a second term. So far as my personal knowledge extends, the money received from the distillers and rectifiers was used according to the original intention of the members, until Grant's re-election when, the purposes of the organisation having been accomplished, but with the management of the colossal fraudulent undertaking thoroughly in hand, it was decided to continue the appropriation of the revenue and to make the members of the Ring the beneficiaries of the fund."

The fraud was perpetrated by secret shipments of whiskey reported as stored. In McDonald's district alone, during six years, no less than $2,786,000 due the Government was appropriated by the Ring and divided among its members—many of them men in high places. Some of the vast sums stolen by way of St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Peoria and New Orleans were used to found political papers. Matters were working smoothly for the rogues when, in 1874, suspicion was aroused among the honest officials of the Treasury Department by the discrepancy between the shipment returns of the Merchant's Exchange of St. Louis and those of the revenue officers. Benjamin H. Bristow, Secretary of the Treasury, began investigations by ordering a change of supervisors in several of the large cities, and knowing that they were almost discovered, there was consternation among the gang of dishonest supervisors. Every political wire that could be pulled to prevent this order being carried out was pulled with vigour; with the result that President Grant revoked the order of change of supervisors. Whereupon the Secretary determined to collect the just revenue, decided to work as secretly as possible in his next campaign against the malefactors. On May 7, 1875, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Solicitor, who had been working together, called on President Grant and gave him enough evidence to show that the traps had been set well for the offenders, and by July the Grand Jury was convened to try the cases. It was on the 29th of that month that Grant made his famous indorsement, which, however, was not fully carried out, because political intervention was too strong. It was the year of the Presidential election, and the party had no wish to brand as thieves so many of its prominent members. Among those implicated was O. E. Babcock, President Grant's private secretary, who was placed on trial February 8, 1876, and acquitted February 24th. His conviction would have been a charge against Grant, whom many of the Ring tried to pull with them when their guilt was established. Those convicted were not long in prison, their pardon being secured through strong political influence, which could not be overlooked in those corrupt days.

Among those whom Grant made no effort to have pardoned was Colonel John A. Joyce, at one time employed as a clerk in the Internal Revenue Office, and who later, when acting as secretary to General John M. McDonald, one of Grant's intimates, was on friendly terms with all at the White House. Joyce was considered a very intelligent man, who could reel off verse as glibly as he could talk, and was noted for the brilliant editorials he furnished the Republican press throughout the country. On the 13th of November, 1875, when Joyce—one of the scapegoats—was sentenced to three years in prison and fined $2,000, he arose and addressed the Court in a heroic style, which called to the minds of some of the listeners the fervid oratory of Burke; while others, with bowed heads, the Celtic blood in their veins thrilling beneath the fire and poetry with which the address teemed, likened it to the speech which young Robert Emmet delivered in the face of death. But the poet-politician did not pine and die in his cell. He was released after serving less than two-thirds of his time, and for many years lived in Wash-

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ington, enjoying a certain prominence on account of his flowing locks and his capacity for writing poems by the yard. If he committed a sin by "not reporting in writing his knowledge of the frauds against the Government," he paid for it; and this knowledge made him hold his massive head proudly amongst those who were guilty and who did escape. General McDonald was so incensed because he was deserted by the party that he wrote a "confession" of the whole plot; and it is needless to say that he tried to pull Grant down to his level. The strange feature of this soul-sickening crime against our Government is that nearly every one of those indicted for fraud believed himself a martyr in the cause of the party. None seemed to regret the crime against the Government under which he lived and claimed protection.

MASKED MEN

Something must be said of the brave and honest revenue special agents during this time of general corruption. They could not be frightened or bribed into the Ring, and their lives were often marked on this account. New York City, being one of the big centres of fraud, likewise swarmed with these private detectives, many of whom pounced upon the liquor dealers when they least suspected inspection; had the spirits gauged by dishonest Government gaugers regauged, and proved that the Government was being defrauded of a large percentage of its taxes through the short-measure method. One such honest agent, who had been a colonel in the volunteers of the Civil War, exposed so many dishonest gaugers and corrupt distillers that he was marked for death—the assassination to be at the hands of a gang of toughs who had been hired by the distillers. A friend heard of the plot, and was about to warn the colonel when he found that he was too late—he had already gone to the suspected distillery. Re-enforcing himself with several policemen, the friend proceeded to the distillery. It was almost midnight of a dark night, and as they approached the scene they heard sounds of a conflict within the building. Bursting into the room, which was dimly lit in the centre and dark in the corners, they saw that the conspirators were fighting among themselves—the cause being disputed points in a game of poker which they were playing to pass the time, not knowing that the man for whom they waited was hiding in one of the dark corners. He came out when the policemen and his friend entered, and the fighting poker players were so surprised that they surrendered without attempt at defence; and the honest agent, instead of losing his life, went about the work of putting more cash in Uncle Sam's chest.

In all fairness to Grant's administration, it should be stated that whiskey frauds existed before the funds were diverted for political purposes or used by Government officials. An agent of the Treasury's Secret Service stated in 1869 that the quantity of whiskey annually consumed in the United States reached three hundred million gallons, and that if the revenue on same could be honestly collected it would yield one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, sufficient to defray the current expenses of the country. Those were days when men drank whiskey straight—even in the sacred precincts of the United States Capitol—and made no apologies for the habit, and the pity of it was that so long as it was consumed it did not help lighten the big debt which hung over the nation as an aftermath of the Civil War.

PHILADELPHIA "STILLS"

In 1867 the United States District Attorney and Marshal were called upon to suppress the great number of illicit distilleries which existed in a certain crime-reeking section of the City of Brotherly Love. A number of private detectives were engaged to fraternise with the gangs in different localities for the purpose of discovering the stills. They had to play the part well—drinking all sorts of vile concoctions, cheering on dog and rooster fights, indulging in wild reels in dancing halls, after the manner of the inhabitants of the under world. It was not their purpose to act independently by seizing the stills as they found them, but to work in concert, and when all the

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stills had been found, to make one raid backed by the power of the Government, which even these toughs feared when it fell with a blow. They found bars concealed behind walls formed of strong-smelling and honest enough soap, in grocery stores. In some cases large barrels were labelled "Apple Cider"—actually containing that beverage at the top, separated by a stout partition from wine or stronger spirits at the bottom, to be drawn from a spiggot beneath the barrel, safe from the suspicion of the average agent. In a stable without any chimney were found two large copper stills. It had been running for two years without being suspected by the ferrets of the Government, who could see no way in which whiskey could be manufactured when there was no outlet for the smoke. They were to be enlightened by one of their smart pack, who discovered that a wooden pipe over two hundred feet long carried off the smoke to an adjoining hillside, where a little shack surrounded by pig pens gave the cursory passer the impression that poverty here struggled to maintain a footing, when in reality the owner of the place was reaping fortunes not two hundred feet away. Another agent discovered a still in a tan-yard, at the expense of a wrenched ankle, when he trod on a loose board which broke under his weight and revealed the mash beneath.

When the hour came for the agents to strike, the surprised manufacturers rushed to save their tubs and stills, while women and children, infuriated at the sight of the source of their wealth, or mere living, being confiscated, armed themselves with brooms, rakes, hoes, shovels, and even hatchets and charged the revenue officers. Some of the women sacrificed their choice bits of stone china, hurling them at the heads of the invaders. At first the officers hesitated to shoot and used their batons effectively. Later they were compelled to resort to shot, and in the fray killed the ringleader, Tom Lanney. This took the heart out of the rest of the gang, who retreated in a panic.

Unwittingly, no doubt many of us have in our youth been violators of the tobacco tax law, when we begged of the tobacconist "an empty box for my pencils and other school things," and many a lad bending lovingly over such a box filled with a choice collection of marbles had not any idea that in possessing the box to which adhered the revenue stamps he was liable—in case some law-hunting officer should wish to resurrect the statute—to be fined one hundred dollars and separated from his beloved "agates" and "Mexicans" for not less than twenty days—and maybe for one whole year. But such is the case—though some call it a dead-letter law. It never would have been in existence but for the frauds perpetrated on Uncle Sam, by those who seek to use the boxes with their stamps, over and over again. But despite this the Revenue Bureau is not compelled to employ nearly so many inspectors in the tobacco branch as it does in the liquor and oleomargarine branches.

TOBACCO AND OLEOMARGARINE

Former Senator Beveridge—who always commanded the attention of the galleries, at least, when he spoke in the Senate—thrilled some men with indignation at thoughts of how they were being cheated by the tobacco companies, when on May 14, 1909, he exposed their method to the listeners, showing that when the war tax of 1898 was raised the tobacco companies, in order to even matters, got permission to reduce the size of their tobacco packages. In this way they collected the tax from the people. When the war was over and the tax again reduced, they still sold the reduced size of tobacco, collecting a tax from the consumer—and put it in their own treasuries.

The internal revenue fields were increased when the Oleomargarine Act became a law August 2, 1886, providing for the inspection and regulation of the manufacture and sale of certain dairy products to be designated as oleomargarine, and for a tax on same, and no person may engage in the selling of such products until he has paid the special tax therefor and received his special tax stamp. This tax is at the rate of $48 per year for retail dealers who vend oleomargarine artificially coloured, so as to deceive many purchasers into believing it

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is butter—though the law requires that the word "oleomargarine" shall be printed or branded conspicuously on the wrapper in which same is delivered to the consumer—and the rate of $6 per year on oleomargarine free from artificial colouration. Every person intending to engage in the business of retailing oleomargarine must register with the collector of internal revenue in his district, and purchase his special tax stamp. This tax, like the tax on tobacco and distilled liquors, was resented by thousands who had been reaping a livelihood by the sale of imitation butter, and a large percentage of them sought ways and means to cheat the United States Government, as well as their customers. They would laugh uproariously if they heard that, during the year previous to the passage of the Oleomargarine Law of the United States, Florida passed a law which decreed that guests at hotels must be notified if oleomargarine or other spurious butter is used; or, in scanning the anti-colour law of the different States, learn that South Dakota, Vermont and West Virginia enacted laws demanding that spurious butter be coloured pink! Now, while pink is a beautiful colour under ordinary circumstances, the average person is apt to have the same repulsion toward pink "butter" that he has against drinking wine from a soup ladle; and Uncle Sam, understanding this, wishes to impose no hardship on the poor man who must eat oleomargarine, and who likes it golden-coloured to help his sight deceive his taste, and so he does not insist on the oleomargarine being natural white, or coloured pink, so long as the product is properly branded.

According to the statement of Mr. Royal E. Cabell, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, before the House of Representative Committee on Agriculture, in April, 1910, the enforcement of the oleomargarine law is the worst one with which the Internal Revenue office has to deal; and that if the Bureau used the whole appropriation it could not catch all the violators; because the law as interpreted by the courts provides that in order to convict a man it must be proven that he manufactures and sells the spurious article without the special tax, receipted for in the form of stamps, which are to be affixed to the tubs, boxes or firkins in which the oleomargarine is sold. When these receptacles become empty, the law requires the stamps to be destroyed. The courts have decided that so long as any of these receptacles contain a salable quantity of oleomargarine they are not empty—and here is where the cheat has an opportunity to outwit Uncle Sam, which he does by buying a number of cases of uncoloured oleomargarine, taxed at the rate of a quarter of a cent a pound, colour it and pour it into the receptacle bearing the ten cent stamp; by which system he robs the Government of $5.85 on every sixty pounds of oleomargarine sold, and he also robs the consumer more often than not by selling the stuff for genuine butter. These illicit colourers of oleomargarine are termed "moonshiners" by the revenue officers, and their capture is often attended with as much danger as that so long associated in the public mind with the capture of the daring mountaineers who manufacture and sell whiskey.

An internal revenue agent, having good reason to believe that a man in his district was engaged in this scheme to defraud the Government, secured the necessary search warrant from a United States commissioner, before whom he made known his purpose, and re-enforced by other officers, rushed into the place where the oleomargarine trade was carried on and found four men there, their arms bared, and smeared with the colouring matter which they were using to convert the white oleomargarine into yellow; the churn busy, and about three thousand pounds of oleomargarine waiting to be coloured and placed in the tubs bearing the ten-cent tax and containing a few pounds of the yellow product on which the proper tax had been paid. The culprits were indicted, the strong evidence was presented, but, in spite of that, the judge said that, while there was a presumption that the men were not colouring three thousand pounds of oleomargarine for their family use, still the revenue officers could not prove that they had made sales, and were, therefore, wrong in making the arrest. When one hears such stories as this, and also that men have

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been shot down or badly beaten for intruding upon the premises of supposed illicit manufacturers of oleomargarine, he does not wonder that the officers consider oleomargarine stalking the most difficult and unsatisfactory of all the hunting expeditions of the Internal Revenue Service.

THE MANAGER AND THE MANUSCRIPT

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

NEW YORK, July 10, 1911.

Thompson Buchanan, 53 Washington Square, New York City.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly advise us by return mail where we may send your MS. of *According to Fate?* We thank you very much for submitting it to us and regret we found it not suited to our use at this time.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) —— AND CO.

NEW YORK, July 27, 1911.

Messrs. —— and Co., —— Theatre, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: Replying to your note of July 10, 1911, just forwarded, regarding the MS. of a play entitled *According to Fate,* submitted to you, if memory serves me right, eight years ago, please send manuscript some time during 1911 to my present address, No. 158 Waverly Place, New York City.

Thanking you for your promptness and careful consideration of the above play, the story of which I have completely forgotten, and assuring you that I will be only too glad to pay the storage bill, as I do not want any more "first efforts" exposed to managerial gaze, I remain,

Very thankfully yours,
(Signed) THOMPSON BUCHANAN.

Thompson Buchanan, who now occupies a prominent place among the younger school of American playwrights, whose comedy *A Woman's Way* and whose Hoytian satire *The Cub* are probably fresh in the reader's mind, and who has written two plays that will be produced during the current season, has granted the present chronicler the right to reprint the above letters. "These letters," he supplements, "will give what you have termed the 'United States of Playwrights' a very fair idea of the manner in which their submitted dramatic manuscripts are frequently 'read.' These letters also will serve to eradicate in a measure the prevailing impression that plays get a quick hearing if only a known signature be attached to them. These letters, finally, will indicate at least one significant phase of the great and swift art of managerial play manuscript reading and may suggest that a new little light thrown on the subject might not be out of order in the eyes of a curious and aspiring world of anticipatory dramatic writers."

In order to give the vast army of as yet unknown playwrights an intimate peep into the mechanics of the play-reading sanctums, to narrate to them the secrets that lie back of the rejection slip, it was agreed that present writer should assume the task for two fairly well-qualified reasons. In the first place, the present writer has never submitted a dramatic manuscript to any theatrical manager and may, therefore, be charged by none of these gentlemen in the current debate with having an axe (or tune) to grind. And in the second place, his profession has brought him into close and frequent touch with the producing *modus operandi* of the managers and, alas! the non-producing *modus operandi* of the aspiring young native dramatists. Mr. Buchanan, because he is *not* an unknown dramatist, affords a really fine introductory illustration of the comparatively enormous difficulty constantly experienced by less known dramatists to get a hearing for their wares. With the preponderant majority of this latter class, it is truly a case of all work and no play—

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for a play that never sees the light of day may be said to be no play in the same sense that a light that is seen by no one may be said to be no light.

According to Fate, the dramatic manuscript mentioned in the correspondence, was written by Mr. Buchanan eight years ago. It was one of his first efforts in the way of playwriting; was begun and finished during off hours from newspaper work and was submitted with a heart full of confidence and expectancy a few days after it had been completed. Eight years from the time it had been received by the managers, it was returned with the conventional note of regrets. Where had the manuscript reposed all that time? "From my acquaintance with the general play-reading situation," says the playwright, "I believe it reposed in a dusty chest with several hundred other play manuscripts, and when the firm removed its offices recently, I suppose it was dug out by some office-boy and returned with all its brothers and sisters unread." The "unread" is not the vital point here. The question and issue is one of carelessness and neglect in considering the possibly meritorious work of the unknowns. And the firm of producers in point stand by no means alone! It is practically the same with almost all of them. Before going further, it is due Mr. Buchanan to repeat his words that *"According to Fate,"* as I vaguely recall the manuscript, is probably the worst play ever written. "But," says he, "I doubt whether the managers in question know it. What would have been the case if it had been a *good* play?" And in this latter query rests the general point of this article.

From a general knowledge of the situation as it obtains to-day and from information gained at first hand from numerous playwrights, both established and unknown, it may be said emphatically that the unknown playwright who mails his completed manuscript to a manager for the latter's consideration stands the following approximate chances:

I. One to three hundred that the manager (the man with the final word as to the disposition of the manuscript) will read the submitted play in its entirety.

II. One to two hundred that he will not read it at all unless it is called to his attention in some manner by one of his assistants or associates or through some uncatalogued accident.

III. One to one hundred that if he does pick the manuscript up he will read enough of it to adjudge its merits accurately within a reasonable period of time. In the matter of "reasonable period of time" the same standard of comparison has been employed that associates itself with the "reasonable period of time" holding true in the instance of the magazine office and its decision on submitted story and special article manuscripts.

IV. One to fifty that even if his favourite play-reader recommends the unknown manuscript to him, he will consider it seriously. Play-readers, hear ye what ye may to the contrary, are employed for purposes of rejection rather than acceptance. In proof of which may be chronicled the fact that not more than one play, at the very most, out of each three thousand submitted *impersonally* through the mails by unknown playwrights and shot through the play-reader chute by the manager has been accepted in any sense by a manager in the last three years. Mr. Charles Frohman's office is said to receive fourteen hundred unsolicited manuscripts a year from unknowns in various parts of America. Not one of these plays has seen the light on the Frohman stages in the last three years, at least. As far as mailed play manuscripts from unknowns go, the same thing holds true in equal proportion with the other producing managers, with Wagenhals and Kemper, Klaw and Erlanger, the Shuberts, the Lieblers, Belasco, Savage and so forth. And, by way of establishing the fact even more firmly, the general force of the present case would not be diminished were the records to reveal a casual production—which, indeed, they do not.

To sum up the preliminary argument in a single sentence, it may be set down that the dramatist unknown to the theatrical producers who mails his manuscript to the offices of the latter does not stand one-three hundredths of the chance *for consideration* that he would stand if he

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were a short-story writer and submitted his work in the same manner to an editor.

The question here must not be confounded with the other phase of the same question that finds its way into the periodical prints every now and again. It is a matter not at all of the intrinsic merit or lack of merit in the submitted manuscripts. This must be repeated so that the reader will not lead himself into error. *According to Fate,* by the admission of its author, was one of the worst plays ever written—but it took eight years to get it back again; and there was the additional mystery as to whether it had ever been read! The issue, the question to bring up, relates to the practical impossibility of getting a proper hearing for any play manuscript that is mailed by an unknown playwright to a producing manager's office. And our constructive purpose is to suggest what is said to be the only way in which to correct the state of affairs that obtains.

Emphasising the points that Mr. Buchanan has made in regard to the general carelessness in the matter of reading submitted dramatic compositions, Mr. Charles Nirdlinger, author of *The World and His Wife, Dolly Madison* and a half dozen other plays, makes the following statement: "To say that the man who sends his play casually by mail to a manager, for the latter's consideration, stands one chance in three hundred that the manager will read it is to exaggerate. One chance in five hundred would be nearer the mark. Let me offer you an example to show you to what an extent this carelessness goes. After I had completed the manuscript of *The World and His Wife,* I was called upon to make a hurried business trip abroad. I had one day left before sailing and mailed the manuscript to a certain metropolitan producer. While abroad I had a conversation with Mr. William Faversham, learned that he wanted a new play, told him of *The World and His Wife*—the fundamental idea of which had previously appealed to him strongly—and closed matters by signing a contract with him then and there to produce my effort the next year. Having disposed of the play, I began immediately on my return to this country to work on a new play for Mrs. Leslie Carter and forgot all about the manuscript of *The World and His Wife* that I had sent to the manager before leaving. Exactly nine months later I recived a stereotyped note from the manager's office (not the manager himself, you will notice) asking me whither I wished my manuscript to be sent as (I quote from the typewritten letter) 'the firm was at present overstocked with plays for production during the coming season and could not consider any new plays.' I replied at once that there was no necessity of returning my play to me as it was then playing—not far away from the manager's office—in a Broadway theatre. And I subsequently learned from the manager himself that he had never known the play was in his office!" Concluding, this dramatist says, "By no means ever enclose stamps with a play manuscript! If you do, the office-boy may appropriate them and you will be out just that much more."

So much for a rapid survey of the play-reading conditions in so far as they relate to manuscripts mailed by knowns and unknowns alike. Having observed the disease, consider the cure. It may seem a paradox, but the fact remains that despite the negligence of the theatrical managers in reading carefully the manuscripts that are offered them, they are *one and all* on the constant alert for good new plays whether from the pens of known or hitherto unknown writers. It makes one smile, does it not? But it is true. The moment one of these managers is made to see what seems to him a desirable piece of work he goes after it and gets it for himself. Mind the "is made to see!" The manager does not usually *see* the desirability himself. He must be made to see it. He is absolutely without prejudice whether the merit is from the hands of an established or a new dramatist. The day of managerial worship of "big names" is, to all intents and purposes, pretty well past. Here and there, there remains a suspicion, but the complexion of the managerial attitude has changed. The list of productions of any recent year is sufficient proof of this. But the theatrical manager, like the shopkeeper, must be made to see the

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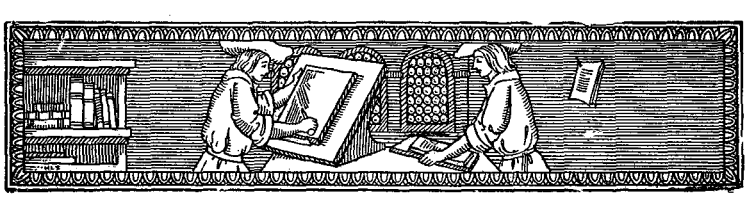
value of the wares he is offered. The playwright must be a good salesman. If he is not, there is small chance that he will get the proper (and possibly deserved) opening for his "goods." Sales cannot be made by mail. There is only one case on the records recently—one case out of several thousand—where a play mailed to a manager's office has been accepted for production, and even this sale was accomplished by trickery. Astute salesmanship might be another term for it, but it was a very highly developed form of sales craftsmanship—that much is certain. One of the most successful of the younger native dramatists is said to be a better salesman than he is a playwright, which has accounted for his success. No play, remember, can be a successful play unless it has been produced. And no play, very obviously, can be produced unless it is sold! One of the nation's greatest dramatic writers is a salesman *par excellence*. And one of the nation's worst dramatic writers—a playwright with fully a dozen productions and not one success to his credit—is also a salesman of the first water. Good or bad (still remember, please, that quality is not our main issue), a play is not "accepted" as a magazine story is accepted. A play is—and must be—*sold*. Now, how to sell it?

We have discussed the question with six playwrights of various degrees of accomplishment—playwrights good, bad and indifferent—who have sold their wares. It is their consensus of opinion that is here presented. In the first place, say these writers, if you were a different sort of salesman and wanted to sell a haberdasher one hundred dozen red cravats, you would not show him the entire one hundred dozen, would you? You would show him a sample of the lot. If you endeavoured foolishly to lay out the entire one hundred dozen before him, he would become impatient and would probably have nothing further to do with you, unless the cravats were remarkable cravats, which cravats (and plays) seldom are. With a play, it is the same. Show the manager the sample, the scenario. A scenario is quick and to the point. A manager can read it in a few minutes. A manager is a busy man and has no time to spend reading a strange manuscript of thirty thousand words.

In the second place, see the man to whom you wish to sell your play *personally*. It may take a year to accomplish this, but the delay is eventually worth the wait. No new salesman ever made a sale of any importance over the long-distance telephone or by mail. And when you do see the manager, do not assure him that your play is "the greatest ever written." It may prejudice him. He thinks he knows better than that. Let him see your scenario. If he says "No good!" do not debate the question. Go elsewhere. If he appears impressed, urge an advance payment to secure the option on your work. If he is disinclined to make the payment, you may know that you are wasting your time—and his—because you have failed to interest him sufficiently in your "goods." Thank him and depart.

In the third and last place, if you fail to sell your play, print it in play form in a small book, at your own expense if necessary. The cost is not heavy. If the work possesses merit, it will be noticed in due time in the literary reviews and a second assault may be made upon the managers.

The day of "submitting" plays has passed. To-day plays must be sold like so much baking powder, neckwear or machinery. And it is not a "mail order" business, either. Wherein lies the fact of a recent curious and significant change in the dramatic trade of America.



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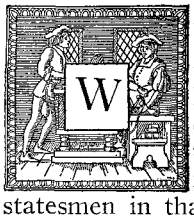
MEN OF LETTERS IN THE SIXTY-SECOND CONGRESS

BY GEORGE HENRY PAYNE



HEN the late Thomas Wentworth Higginson was elected to the State Legislature of Massachusetts one of the taunts with which he was frequently met by fellow-statesmen in that august body—a taunt crushing enough in view of the fact that it was the truth—was that he had written a book. The foreign habit of placing men of literary turn of mind in public office had not yet invaded this country to any great extent and one can well imagine the trepidation of the practical politician, who saw in the election to the legislation of a man who was confessedly an author the first step in a flight that would some day lead to the awful condition of affairs when a novelist—and who knows but a poet—might break in on the sacred precincts of governmental privilege.

Recently a story was telegraphed from Washington to the effect that Congressman Edward W. Townsend, while at a dinner to which he had been invited as a simple—and truthful—representative of New Jersey, dumbfounded a distinguished statesman by admitting that not only was he related to the Townsend who wrote the "Chimmie Fadden" stories, but that he himself did them with his own hand. The telegraphic tolls prevented an adequate description of the statesman's surprise, but it is safe to assume that he thought the fact extremely amusing and wondered what a peculiar district the Seventh Congressional of New Jersey must be.

Probably his surprise was no greater, however, than the amazement of those who knew Mr. Townsend in the days when the "Chimmie Fadden" stories were first coming out would have been if they had been told that some day he would mix with his fine ability in a literary direction, an ambition to straighten out the country on the tariff question or plug the holes in the monetary system. The man who taught young society girls to say "Wot'ell" seemed destined to more exclusive company than that in the Halls of Congress, but the wide gamut of Mr. Townsend's writing is probably an explanation of his sympathy with the things political and his present averation.

E. W. TOWNSEND AND LI HUNG CHANG

Vance Thompson used to tell of the time when he and Edward W. Townsend, Julian Hawthorne and a dozen other reporters went one morning at eight o'clock to interview Li Hung Chang when that statesman was passing through this country. His Excellency's secretary announced before the newspaper-men were admitted that questions must be asked by but one person and that the selection of the spokesman would have to be made by the reporters themselves before Li Hung Chang would see them.

"I will ask the questions," said Hawthorne, "I am Julian Hawthorne." Townsend and Thompson amused, said nothing, until Hawthorne had asked a number of questions that led His Excellency to remark that the reporters were a "queer lot"—questions about the weather, and so forth—when Townsend suavely and politely, interposing his shoulder between the distinguished Chinamen and the volunteer interviewer, asked the one question—as to the real object of the stateman's visit to the Krupp Gun Works in Germany—a question that changed the whole interview from a useless discussion on the weather and impressions of America, and made it not only a real "front page" story, but an event of international interest. Doubtless his handling of Li Hung Chang had something to do with the springing of Mr. Townsend's ambition to wear the yellow jacket and peacock feathers of his own country.

There is an old and familiar story of Lewis Carroll to the effect that when

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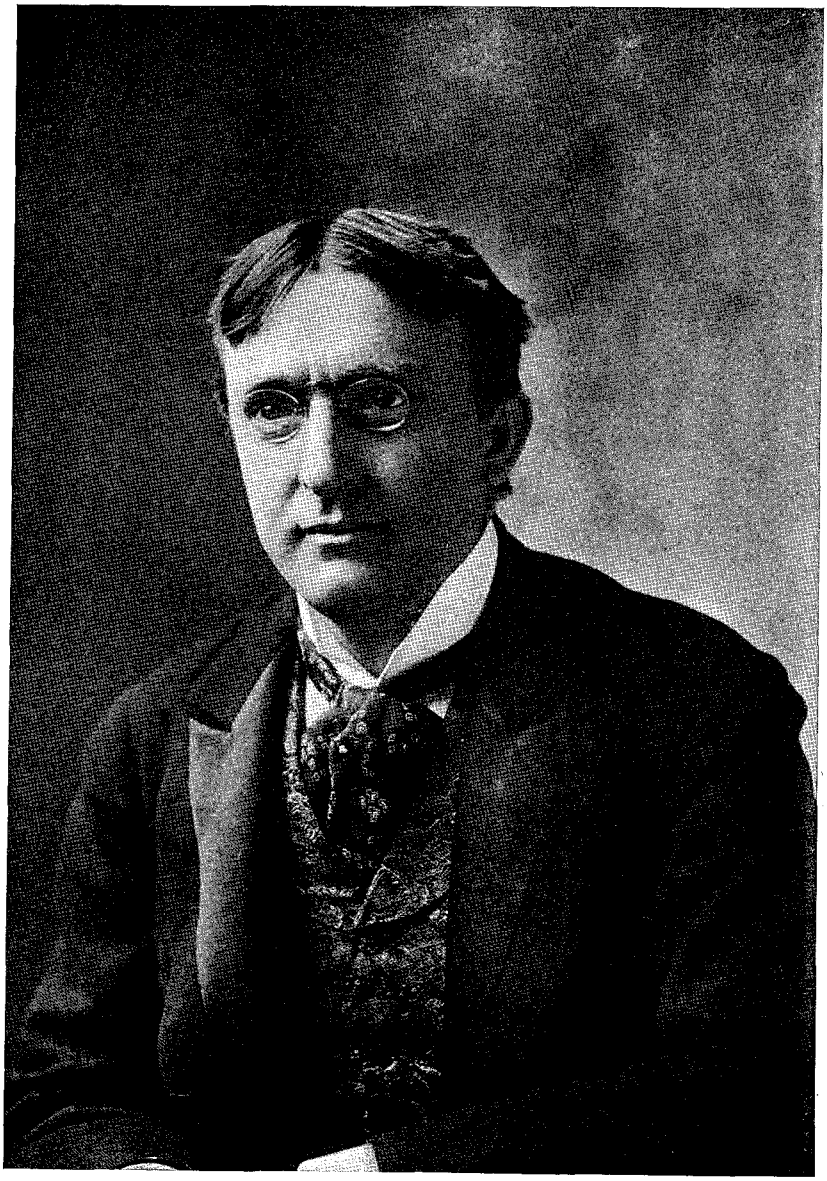
once Queen Victoria had read one of his *Alice in Wonderland* books she expressed a desire to see thereafter anything that he might write. Immediately the author sent her his book on mathematics. In a minor way Professor Robert Wood of Johns Hopkins repeated the same joke on President Roosevelt who, after reading Wood's book of nonsense verse on *How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers,* asked to see more of the author's writing and receive by the next mail a serious volume on *Light.*

CONGRESSMAN AYRES ON BRIDGE

From Edward W. Townsend one would expect a certain type of book, but what would be the surprise of the aver-



CONGRESSMAN EDWARD W. TOWNSEND OF NEW JERSEY

The creator of "Chimmie Fadden" is now the representative of the Seventh Congressional District of New Jersey.

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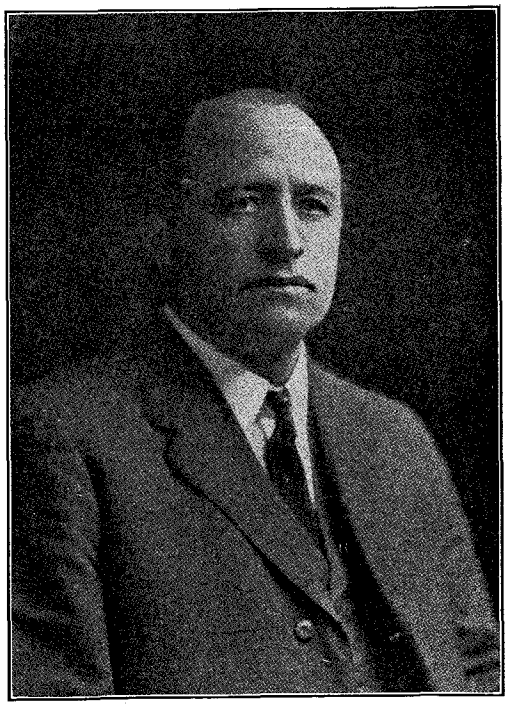
Portrait by Clinedinst, Washington

STEPHEN B. AYRES OF NEW YORK

Congressman Ayres has written a book on "Bridge," and many articles about old New York.

age constituent who, when asking Congressman Steven B. Ayres for a copy of his book, would receive a volume on *Bridge*. While it is hardly possible that the average constituent would appreciate the novelty of being served and represented by a congressman who had written a book on bridge, it is quite possible that he would be consoled by the fact that this is not Mr. Ayres's sole literary activity, but that he has written a number of articles on old New York and regards bridge only as a recreation in those moments when he tires of digging in his library on Old Manhattan, a library that is said to be one of the best in New York City on that particular subject. Be it explained that Mr. Ayres is a man of means, having made his money not by literature—Heaven forbid that such an anomaly should happen—but by selling lots in that same Manhattan to which he devotes his spare moments in the line of historical study. Thus do the wise profit by their learning, or perhaps thus does learning profit by the wise.

The man who plays bridge will agree that Representative Ayres's book is a clear, lucid book of instruction. After all that is the main thing about a book—that it meets the requirements of the people for whom it is intended—only poets and philosophers have the vague idea that a book should be intended for, not the people who are living, not the people who have lived and are dead, but for the people who haven't ever been born. Wild, foolish idea—like lighting a fire in the grate to heat the North Pole. Curious sins committed under the mantle of what is so easily called imagination, one of the most flagrant of which is writing for what is called the future, whereas how much more imagination it would take to write a book for the past. Instead of writing for a lot of dumpy children who will grow up to be bricklayers and bartenders, think of the inspiration of writing a book for Athenæus, Plato, Cæsar, Homer, Jack Shepard and Brillat-Savarin. With the inspiration of writing for all the glorious dead how strange it



ASCHER C. HINDS OF MAINE

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is that so many authors think that they find inspiration in writing for the inglorious future!

But however unimaginative may be a book on bridge, Mr. Ayres has at least the credit of knowing the worst thing that has been said about card players and he quotes that same statement boldly and confutes it—at least for the bridge player.

"In that charming essay of Arthur Schopenhauer which he calls the Wisdom of Life," says Mr. Ayres in his chapter on the "Play of the Second Hand" "he declares that 'in all countries the chief occupation of society is card-playing, and it is the gauge of its value, and an outward sign that it is bankrupt in thought.' Perhaps this is more severe than the fact warrants; because at least in American life, card-playing, like the theatre and the strawberry festival, is mostly the occasion for bringing people together socially, and giving them the chance of expressing and exchanging what thoughts they have. And while card-playing is a trifle, not to be compared in importance with many other things which are necessary for our life, there is satisfaction in doing well whatever is to be done. I fancy therefore that if Herr Schopenhauer could have mastered the play of the second hand at Bridge, he would have decided that the subject required a certain amount of mental quickness."

Clever if not convincing; but we wonder what old Schopenhauer would have said to Mr. Ayres after he had read the above passage.

MR. HINDS'S LITERARY ACTIVITIES

No more interesting one-book man is there in Congress than Asher T. Hinds of Maine, who was for years the parliamentary clerk of the House. In 1894 Hinds was appointed clerk at the Speaker's table by Speaker Reed, who made it a condition of the appointment that Mr. Hinds should inform himself on that subject as thoroughly as possible before the meeting of Congress in December. Mr. Reed was himself an accomplished parliamentarian, from eighteen years of experience on the floor of the House as a party leader, and did not at once need or expect from the Clerk at the table a minute or profound knowledge of the whole subject of the law of the House. He did, however, ask him to use every effort to master the subject.

"The necessities of the position," said Mr. Hinds, "as well as the injunction of the great Speaker impressed upon me the necessity of constant labour. There are always many bright and able lawyers on the floor of the House, who study with great care the particular portions of the rules bearing on the question in which

HENRY GEORGE, JR., OF NEW YORK
Congressman George is the author of "The Life of Henry George," "The Menace of Privilege," and "The Romance of John Bainbridge."

they are interested. The Speaker looks to the Clerk at his table to be supplied at once on any point with as much or more of information than the Member who raises the point may have.

"To meet this demand, I began in the summer of 1895 to collect the precedents of the House, writing them out, largely with my own hand, in order that the reasoning might be accurately but concisely expressed, in form to be bound into scrap books. This involved an exhaustive

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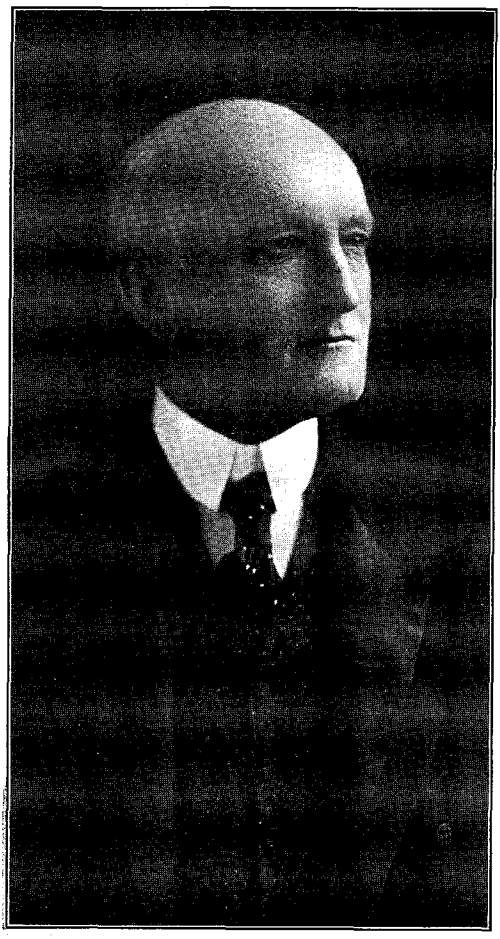
search of hundreds of volumes of debates, journals and reports. I carried on the work during the days and evenings when the House was not in session, even during the sessions of the House when the nature of the pending business would permit, and during recesses of Congress at my home in Woodfords or my summer home on Chebeague Island. As fast as



HONOURABLE S. W. M'CALL OF MASSACHUSETTS
Author of the "Life of Thaddeus Stevens."

completed, a precedent was classified in the scrap books so as to be available in the daily business of the House. The field of the House's procedure is so wide and varied that the task of collecting the precedents was not completed until 1908, making a period of thirteen years for the work, and when they were published with an index digest, they comprised eight volumes of about one thousand pages each. The foot-notes to the text number by themselves many thousands. The work is used by the National House and Senate, by State Legislatures, and has been cited in the courts, notably in some recent cases in New York and Pennsylvania."

THE BLIGHT OF THE BOOK

Some years ago when the writer was young enough to be restless under the impression that the future of the country rested on his taking an active part in politics, his name was presented to a convention held in the reception room of a district club as a candidate for the New York State Assembly. In the course of the usual eulogistic recital of the writer's ancestral and individual claims to the office, the kind friend who had prepared his speech (with the candidate's assistance), laid marked emphasis on the fact that he had written a book, dwelling on this further reason for sending the candidate to Albany with so much enthusiasm as to suggest to the eulogised one—who was listening in an ante-room of course—that the orator had read the book and was thus squaring accounts.

When the time came for the rival candidate's name to be presented a faithful ward worker mounted the platform and in his first few sentences showed how irreparable was the damage done by the first speaker, by pitching into this obvious defect in the literary candidate's character.

The speech happily was preserved stenographically.

"I ain't got nothing to say," he began, "against the other candidate who's father seems to have won all the battles of the Civil War, but what we want is men who do things. My candidate, Mr. Levy, is a home man and has three children. Has your candidate any children?"

(Civil War candidate in ante-room writhes and admits to himself with curses that he is not even married.)

"And then this book business. My candidate is a practical man, the kind that we need in the community—he is a real estate man—he rents houses. We all have to live in houses, don't we? And that's why we want to send Mr. Levy to

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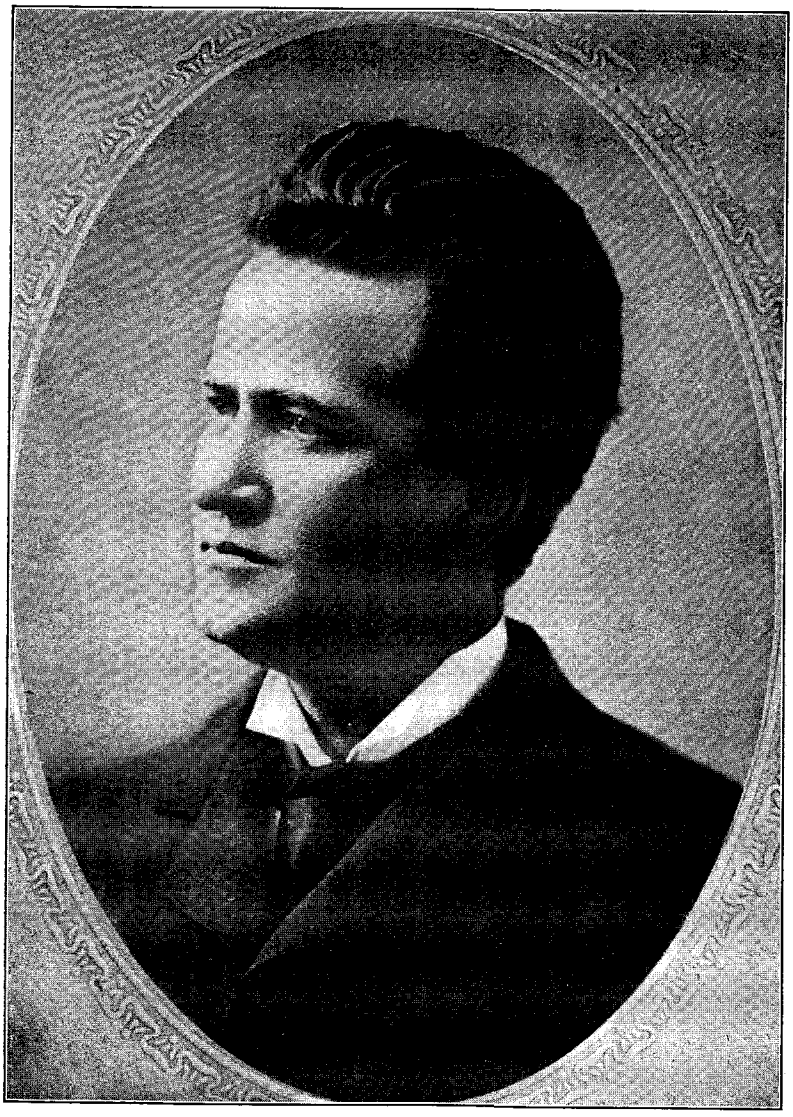
the Legislature. What use have we in this district, where a lot of hard working people live, for a man who writes books. What could he do for us in Albany? If we want books we can go to the library, can't we? etc."



SENATOR ROBERT LA FOLLETTE OF WISCONSIN
"Battling Bob" is one of the six "best sellers" west of the Mississippi

It is hardly necessary to say that the real estate man with the three children and homes to rent won. And perhaps justly so, although on that particular night it did seem to the defeated candidate that literature had received a blow from which it would never recover and that the dark ages had descended on American politics.

THE NEWSPAPER MAN IN CONGRESS

The almost solid phalanx of lawyers, professional orators, farmers, etc., has been occasionally broken into the list of national legislators by newspaper men, seldom by downright authors. And the few men in Congress to-day who write and are identified with the accursed book

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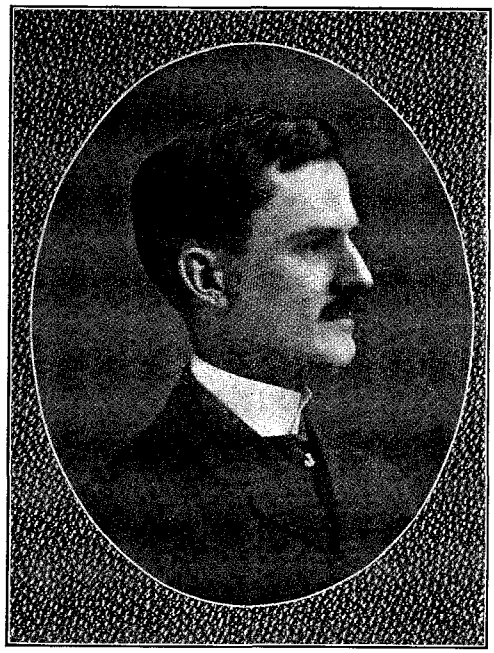


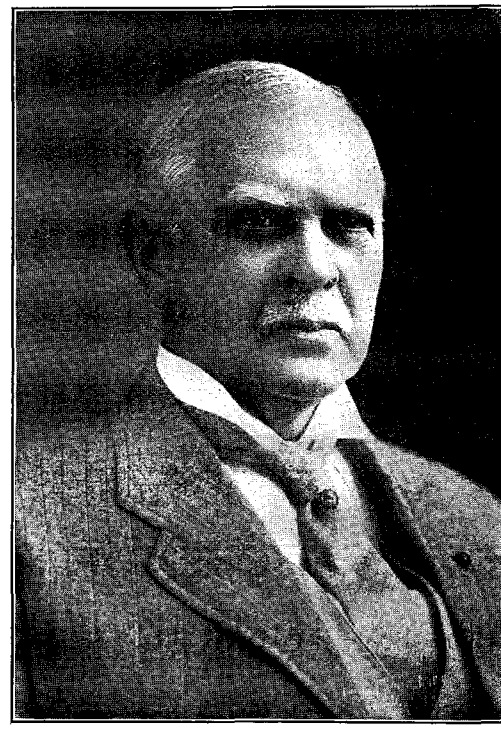
J. HAMPTON MOORE OF PENNSYLVANIA

Congressman Moore is the author of "History of Our War With Spain," "History of the Five O'Clock Club," "Prohibition a Failure," and "With Speaker Cannon through the Tropics."

are mainly those who have been able to disguise their inclinations in matters literary to such an extent as to overcome the objections of the electors. Some of the men in Congress who are identified with the world of letters, waited until after they had been elected to disclose any propensity in this direction, thereby awakening no distrust on the part of their constituents and insuring themselves the true joy of the author—publication, for there are no rejected manuscripts in the domain where the *Congressional Record* is the official organ.

There cacoethes scribendi—or disputandi—reigns,
And writers' cramp has cold tea for its pains;
No slip of blue of redacteur of flint—
It is the joyous land of "Leave to Print."

The newspaper man has gotten into Congress despite his profession and not because of it. Pariah at the gates of politics he has been accepted because he seems to be inclined to cover up his sins whereas the real literary person flaunts his vicious tendencies with a spirit that apparently knows no regeneration. While there is a suspicion in some political quarters that the newspaper man is allied zoologically and professionally with the real author, there is a feeling that he is able to disguise this peccancy and appear before the public, on demand, in the light of a wholesome American frock-coated citizen whose character had not been undermined by the rivulets of original inclination. His experience, in the eyes of political managers, has in a way atoned for the fact that he is apparently capable of writing and thinking, and of writing what he thinks—dangerous thing in politics—and the fact that he is a "good mixer" the *sine qua non* of American politics. As a newspaper man he has had to meet people, the author is essentially shy; in the eyes of the political bosses he has had at least enough contact with the "real people" to "stand the gaff"* of a political campaign, when he



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GENERAL ISAAC R. SHERWOOD

*It is interesting to note that the expression current in politics about "standing the gaff" has a deeper significance than one would ordinarily attach to it. To a certain extent it is father

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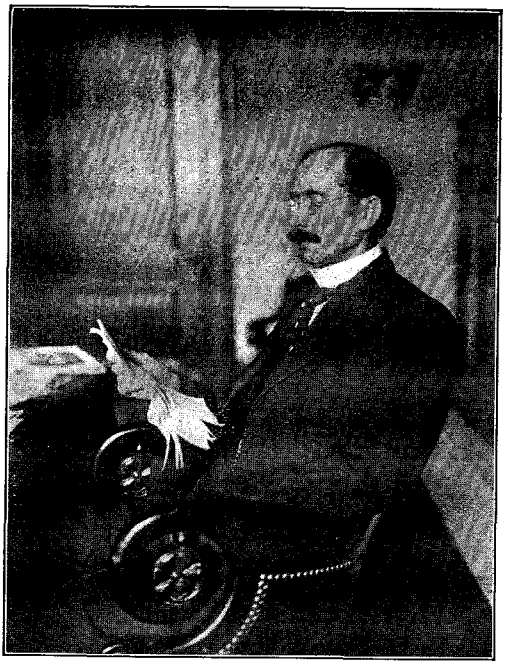
is obliged to pretend to be interested in the personal and political woes and discomforts of thousands of people whom he has never met before, give and lend money with apparent unconcern as to where it came from and as to where it is going, say many pleasant things to many unpleasant people, and finally to kiss the babies. Imagine a poet of the passions, or a novelist of the New School kissing the babies—unless they were over eighteen.

HENRY GEORGE AND OTHERS

Undoubtedly the man with the most interesting name among these newspaper men is Henry George, Jr., a name that indicates how great has been the change in sentiment in the past decade or two. In addition to his newspaper work he has written several books, including a life of his father, *The Menace of Privilege, Who are the Criminals?* and *John Bainbridge,* a novel.

SENATOR BOIES PENROSE OF PENNSYLVANIA



SENATOR BRISTOW OF KANSAS

If the public were still interested in the old question "What is the matter with Kansas," there would undoubtedly be found some one to reply that the Sunflower State had almost half of her Congressional representations consisting of newspaper men, including the Senator Bristow, and fiery Victor Murdock, who has acquired a sort of "Eat 'Em Alive, Jack" reputation among the conservatives, who trace part of his obstreperous reform nature to his red hair, part to his newspaper training, and part directly to

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of many slang expressions, such as "get the hook," a phrase made applicable and visible with monetary success in the cheap vaudeville theatres, to the extent that men and women were hired for the express purpose of demonstrating to a believing public that they were "getting the gaff," or the "hook." The political application of the phrase, however, is not for the person who has ever been through the campaign experience, when it is realised that a gaff was "a theatre of the lowest class, the admission of which was generally a penny," and that these penny gaffs were such hotbeds of vice and were so disreputable that the London police closed them in 1832. The French sailor when he speaks of "Faire la gaffe" generally means that the man is a fool-politician.

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the Devil. J. Hampton Moore was once a reporter on the Philadelphia *Public Ledger,* but recovered in time to achieve some prominence in Philadelphia politics and has since written *History of our War with Spain, History of the Five O'Clock Club, Prohibition a Failure,* and *With Speaker Cannon Through the Tropics.* The last two books are not sequels or corollary productions. Thomas L. Reilly, of Meriden, Connecticut, was not only a reporter, but a city editor, until he was elected Mayor of Meriden. Richard E. Connell, who represents Poughkeepsie in the House, was a political reporter before he went to Congress, which made the descent easy. He has also written some poetry, among which he enumerates the following: "The Forgotten Song," "Come Back to Me at Night," "Ode to Orpheus" and "An Ode to St. Cecilia."

HENRY CABOT LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS

Lodge's literary style, like Lodge's senatorial style, is lofty and frigid, some one having once said that he was a senator and an author because both things were good Bostonese.

Some one has called Samuel Walker McCall, of Massachusetts, a member of the New England oligarchy, and he certainly has a great many traits that individualise the New Englander and possibly some of those that make the New

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Englander disagreeable, if one must speak so plainly of our reverend ancestors. Really a man of superior ability, much culture and high character, McCall has a way of standing aside for his own brothers and criticising the cut of their tailoring. His life of Thaddeus Stevens is an excellent narrative and philosophical study of the Civil War and the period of reconstruction. It is written in judicial temper and there is much in it to instruct the Southern men who, incidentally, need instruction on this subject; most of the professional Southerners that one meets in New York seeming to have an idea that the Civil War ended only after the Northerners had been ignominously defeated and the South had agreed to surrender simply to save the North from further humiliation and defeat.

HENRY CABOT LODGE

In the Senate the leader of course of the men of letters is Henry Cabot Lodge, who unfortunately leads little else, since his fellow Harvard graduate went from the White House, and since Butler Ames began rocking the boat up there in Massachusetts, where for so long Lodge was the impressive scholarly leader whose word was not to be doubted. He was even considered a worthy successor to the great Hoar. Like other statesmen who have written about history, his books represent the pencilings of a man who was more interested in politics than the products of a man interested in research for its own delight. If it were not for his position as Senator he would not be considered a very popular author and at that he is a much more popular author than he is a Senator. Lodge's literary style, like Lodge's senatorial style, is lofty and frigid, some one having once said that he was a Senator and an author because both things were good Bostonese. Aside from this Lodge is undoubtedly the best read man in the Senate and the only one who gives his profession as that of literature, in his autobiography in the *Congressional Record,* although he started out in life to be a lawyer and was admitted to the bar.

His own list of his works, as also given in the *Congressional Record,* is interesting in many ways, one being that aside from Congressman Chimmie Fadden, he has written more books than all the other Congressmen combined.

"BATTLING BOB" LA FOLLETTE

From Lodge to Senator Robert M. La Follette is a long jump, for La Follette has never been anything else but a lawyer and reformer, and his studies, researches and writings have been the result of his desire to get a large audience for his ideas and his reforms. "Battling Bob" and "Bumps" the New York *Sun* calls him, but there is no gainsaying the fact that he is one of the six "best-sellers" west of the Mississippi. Whatever may be the rough qualities of La Follette's style, it is dramatic and even those who don't like his ideas admit that when he starts to do up a subject he leaves no part of it uncovered. His magazine, which is pretty nearly all about himself and the things he is fighting for, is as a rule clearly and simply written, for it is intended mainly for the farmers who like to see the System marked with a great big S and the Interests get a double dot over the I.

People who read the Eastern papers will probably have the idea that the senior Senator from Wisconsin is a great talker, that he is always in the Senate Chamber waiting for an opportunity to make a speech. As a matter of fact, he talks very seldom and for days at a time will not be in his place unless there is to be a vote. As the leader of the Insurgents, as the owner and editor of his magazine, and to a great extent its principal contributor, he could occupy his time every day without even going to the Senate, but he spends a good part of the day in his office in the Senate Office Building preparing and digging for his next speech. His friends hope to see him President some day and he is not unwilling.

BRISTOW, TAYLOR AND PENROSE

Senator Joseph Little Bristow, of Kansas, is another insurgent who found that literature was a good (second) handmaid of politics, and after finding that his enemies failed to succumb to his oratorical attacks decided to see what cold print would do to them. Apparently he calculated well, for five years after he

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purchased a paper in Kansas he stepped into the United States Senate after a bitter contest. Senator Theodore E. Burton of Ohio is the author of two volumes, *Life of John Sherman* (1906), and *Financial Crises and Periods of Industrial Depression* (1902). A friend of the Senator's, who furnished this information, suggested that both of these volumes could probably be found in the New York Public Library.

An interesting character in the Senate is "Fiddling Bob"—otherwise Senator Robert L. Taylor, who fiddled himself into the governorship of Tennessee and then into the Senate. Poet Bob, too, he is known as, for he has written verse, much of it, and printed in his own magazine—*Bob Taylor's Magazine.*

Taylor arrived in the Senate after a long and kaleidoscopic career, including a campaign for the governorship of Tennessee, when his brother Alf Taylor was his opponent on the Republican ticket and his father, N. G. Taylor, came very near being the candidate on the Prohibition ticket. Alf Taylor knew very well that if his brother Bob, with his fiddling, poetic, histrionic and oratorial ability, were nominated against him he would have very little chance of election and he appealed to their mother to keep Bob out of the race. She had the two brothers to dinner when she made the plea and she begged Bob not to go before the Democratic Convention as Alf had already received the Republican nomination.

"Mother," Bob replied, "I will neither attend the convention, nor will I make any personal effort toward securing the nomination. And if my friends persist in nominating me any way, I will make you one more solemn promise."

"And what is that, my son?" asked the delighted old woman, believing that it would be a renunciation of proffered honours.

"I promise you that that son of yours over there will be a long sight more bald-headed than I am when I get through with him!"

The mother collapsed.

One of Bob's favourite stories, illustrating his own faith in the Democratic party under difficult circumstances, was of a small boy who was so wicked as to take advantage of a good old elder of his Sunday School who swallowed the Bible "from kiver to kiver."

The boy pasted two leaves together just where the elder's Bible reading was next due. Then the old man read as follows: "When Noah was 120 years old he took unto himself a wife who was" —here he turned the page—"140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood and covered with pitch inside and out. . . ."

The good man read it, remarking in some astonishment: "My boys, this is the first time that I ever came across this in the Bible, but I accept it, boys, as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

The reformer and the progressive will doubtless be surprised to learn that among the men of letters is Senator Boies Penrose, of Pennsylvania. One has become accustomed to thinking of the radicals and the ultra-dissatisfied as the authors of the books, in fact when the writer was an election district captain sitting in at the counsels of the politically great it was always assumed that the man whose avocation or profession was that of writing anything but checks was politically "unreliable"; he could always be counted on to do the least desired of things political—"split his ticket."

There will, therefore, come with something of a surprise and possibly of a shock to those who think that they have the psychological grasp of the world political to realise that Boies Penrose, who is very near the leader of the conservative, stand-pat, don't-budge-an-inch Old Guard Republicans, once wrote a book. There will be this relieving clause in the mind of the radical progressive wing—he only wrote half of it.

It was in collaboration with Edward P. Allinson that Penrose, then an humble member of the Philadelphia bar, wrote and had published by the Johns Hopkins University, a study of the city of Philadelphia that in its nearly four hundred pages had never as much as a suggestion of practical politics and would not in any way have disqualified him from the most exclusive reform societies. Whether it was the companionship of

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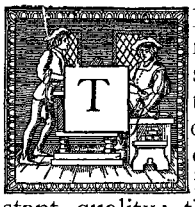
Mr. Allinson, a gentleman whose association with Mr. Penrose is his sole claim to political fame, or whether it was a mature sense that led him to disregard reform ideas, it is fairly certain that at the present time Senator Penrose is not so inclined to look on the up-lift tendencies as he was at one time. In a single collaboration such as this is it is difficult to say who is responsible for the style of the book, but the fact that there has never been any quarrel as to the division of the credit is doubtless due to the fact that the book had hardly more than one edition, and although a careful and thorough work and one valuable to the student of the government of municipalities, it is not one that would ever reach the position of one of the six "best sellers" of even the books of politicians.

TEMPERAMENT UNDER PRESSURE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



HERE has been occasion more than once in this series to discuss the theory held by some otherwise intelligent novelists that individuality is more or less a constant quality; that if you once understand how a certain man or woman will act under ordinary circumstances, you can work out with the mathematical accuracy of the parallelogram of forces just how they would act under extraordinary circumstances. Or to put it, as a certain acquaintance of the present writer has always been fond of insisting, character is like a stream of water from a hose: turn the hose upon the window at the east end of the room and if the pressure is strong enough to break the glass, then you may similarly break the glass in the window at the west end; but if it will not break the first window, then the second will remain unharmed. I have always cheerfully admitted that this is a very pretty little theory and that it has every element in its favour excepting the essential one of truth. Temperament under pressure acts very much after the fashion of gases when you compress them—and what happens to gases you may learn in any elementary text-book on chemistry or physics. Gases behave in quite a normal way as you increase the pressure and lower the temperature, or the reverse—until you reach a certain so-called critical point—and just where that critical point is reached can be determined only by experimenting separately with each new gas. And the same rule holds good for human temperament. You never quite know what is going to happen when fate applies an unexpected pressure; you never know when a nature which for years has consistently and beautifully illustrated the familiar law of physics that change of motion is directly proportional to the applied force suddenly asserts a will of its own and resists with an explosive violence. "I would never have believed Susan could act like that!" you will often hear people say. "It is utterly unlike her, the girl must be mad!" but of course she is not mad, but on the contrary quite normal—only the degree of external pressure has passed the critical point.

Probably the oldest tale in the world involving a study of temperament under pressure is contained in the Book of Job; and as a matter of fact, the first rough notes for the present article started with the caption, "The Lesson of Job." Job was a man whose temperament was about as nearly a fixed and permanent quantity as may be attributed to a human being without robbing him in the public eye of all human semblance. He comes pretty near to being an incarnate virtue instead of a man; he is patience personified, a walking, and breathing Acceptation of Things as They Are. Now, there is no object, for our present purpose, in recapitulating the Book of Job; it is quite suffi-

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cient to note that even the Devil himself was at fault in attempting to foretell how Job's nature was going to act under pressure. But however bad a prophet the Devil may have been, he was an able experimenter and knew how pressure should be applied—and there came a time when the critical point was reached, and Job cursed the day that he was born.

Now, this theory of temperament under pressure is not put forth as a scientific doctrine. It probably would not stand the test of experimental psychology. It is advanced simply as a convenient working principle, a novelist's thumb rule. Whatever the underlying reason may be, the fact remains that you may make your hero or heroine do almost any unexpected, rash and unadvised deed, if only you make the apparent outward strain sufficient to warrant it. Hamlet is the living symbol of inaction, the man who accomplishes nothing because he stops to weigh both sides. Yet there comes a moment when he weighs nothing, but stabs Polonius through the arras. Here again the pressure has reached the critical point. Many a man or woman goes through life with a perpetual frown, holding an habitual grudge toward the world at large. The underlying cause may be chronic dyspepsia, or haunting poverty, or perhaps some youthful disappointment that has never been quite lived down. In either case, it is a matter of pressure, persistent, enduring. The effect is analogous to that of a criminal instinct begotten by a blow on the head and a sliver of bone depressed upon the brain. Lift the sliver of bone, and you may cure the criminal instinct; but while the pressure lasts, you are wasting your time in preaching the Ten Commandments. Remove your despondent hero out of the grip of penury, send him to Carlsbad and cure his dyspepsia: let him find the lost love of his youth, or provide him with a new and better one—remove the pressure, whatever it may be, and you turn him from a misanthrope into an optimist. But the novelist who shows me a human being, living on in the wonted environment, the same conditions as before, and yet suddenly, greatly, permanently metamorphosed for good or for evil—the novelist who does this wastes his best efforts: he fails to convince me. That, as I personally see it, is the fundamental weakness of such a story as Dickens's *Christmas Carol*. There is no doubt of the pressure brought to bear upon old Scrooge in the course of his triple nightmare; it is easy to understand that in his sleep he writhed in impotent remorse; it may even be conceded that in the first hour of his awakening, with the grim vision of Christmas yet to Come still haunting the background of his brain, he might have been surprised into one or two deeds of unwonted generosity. But to pretend that a mere dream has wrought a reformation, that Scrooge, the same man physically and mentally as the night before, should be a changed man morally, henceforth and forever, is romanticism pure and simple. As a Christmas tale, an allegory, a sermon against avarice, *A Christmas Carol* holds a permanent place among English classics. But as an interpretation of human nature it cannot be taken seriously. Temperaments, like gases when pressure is removed, tend always to return to their former state.

"The Glory of Clementina"

One of the numerous gifts which have won Mr. William J. Locke his well-deserved popularity is an instinct for knowing what men and women are likely to do under abnormal circumstances. His characters are frequently whimsical to the border-line of the grotesque; his situations are exaggerated almost to the point of farce comedy; and yet he succeeds in endowing them with so much flesh-and-blood human nature that you never think of his stories as either grotesque or farcical, but simply as genuine and actual, divided as life is divided somewhere between smiles and tears. The present reviewer has had occasion more than once to point out a certain falling off in Mr. Locke's later volumes since the big general public discovered him; and it is not likely that he will ever again produce another story so unique, so refreshing, so inimitable as *The Beloved Vagabond*. But to turn from the mediocrity of *Simple Septimus* and *Simon the Jester* to his latest story, *The Glory of Clementina,* is to experience a very genuine and

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unexpected pleasure. Despite its title, *The Glory of Clementina* is quite as much the story of a man as of a woman; and both the man and the woman have reached that point in life which thoughtless young people are apt to regard as middle age but which nevertheless still has many of the best years ahead of it. The man is in many respects a twentieth-century Job—the credit of this comparison is due, not to the reviewer, but to Mr. Locke himself—like Job, he has always prospered abundantly; the good things of life have come to him without effort, and no disappointment or deception has ever shaken his child-like faith in the fundamental kindliness and honesty of his fellow-men. At the opening of the story he is a widower of some years' standing and nominally senior partner in an old and highly respected law firm, the practical management of which he has for years entrusted to the junior member of the firm. His own time is pleasantly filled in with archæological pursuits; and a newly arrived case of flint arrow heads or some fragments of a cave-dweller's skull afford him the keenest enjoyment that his placid life has known. All of a sudden, as in the case of Job, the even tenor of his life is interrupted. His junior partner absconds, leaving a mountain of debts, a stain of dishonour upon the old firm name, and an unpleasant question as to criminal negligence on his own part. The ungentle treatment that he receives during the course of the trial which ensues, the unpleasant personalities indulged in by the newspapers, the cold reception that he meets from former friends all begin to undermine his faith in human nature; and when, close upon the heels of these misfortunes, come first the news that a rich old uncle has disinherited him and secondly the discovery of a letter which convinces him of the faithlessness of the dead wife, around whose memory he has built a sort of shrine, the critical point is reached and a series of explosions is the inevitable consequence. On the other hand, we have in Clementina a woman whose illusions all died in early youth. She has gone through the years which followed with no expectation of happiness, no belief that the world has anything in store for her excepting such material gain as she can wrest from it with the work of her own hands. By profession she is a portrait painter and is already recognised as one of the most able and most popular in all London. She can command her own price; she has means to live where and how she pleases, to dress herself regally, to be an important factor in the social world. But instead of this she chooses to remain in her old Bohemian surroundings, wear shabby, out-of-date clothes, twist her hair into any sort of a coil that will take the least possible trouble, and altogether allow herself to grow old before her time. These two human beings, the man in whom pessimism is a new-born and abnormal trait, and the woman who for half her life has known no other attitude toward the world are thrown together by Mr. Locke through a series of whimsical associations skillfully calculated to bring to the surface whatever latent tenderness might be left in either of them—and any one familiar with Mr. Locke's methods can make a fairly accurate guess as to the final outcome. One cannot resist, however, the impulse to add just this one word: that whereas many another writer has depicted the rejuvenating power of love, no one has ever done it in a bolder or more brilliantly spectacular manner than Mr. Locke in the chapter showing us Clementina in all her glory presiding at a banquet especially designed to enhance her own charms and throw her one rival everlastingly into the shade.

"Virginia of the Rhodesians"

It is devoutly to be wished that as the younger novelists of England are successively discovered by America we might get their volumes in something approaching chronological order in place of the happy-go-lucky and confusing method now in vogue. Cynthia Stockley was first brought to our attention in this country by that exceptionally strong and mature piece of work entitled *Poppy* and more recently we have had occasion to review a second volume from the same pen, namely *The Claw*. This month a third story, and to all outward appearances, a new one, has made its appearance, *Vir-*

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ginia of the Rhodesians. Like the other volumes, it bears the stamp of a certain assured knowledge of human nature, a sort of worldly wisdom that has in it more than a touch of cynicism. And yet, as one reads one inevitably questions how it could happen that an author capable of producing a strong, big, comprehensive book like *Poppy* could be content to waste time and material on a story which with all its cleverness is palpably so much less worth while. If one takes the trouble to glance back through the files of the London *Athenæum* or *Academy,* to the reviews therein contained of *Poppy,* the mystery is promptly cleared: *Poppy,* these reviews agree in declaring, abundantly justifies the promise of the author's earlier and slighter book, *Virginia of the Rhodesians.* Taking it then as an earlier effort, this study of a young woman with a precociously cynical outlook upon life and a rather saddening tendency to see the worst motives behind every human action is not a book to be dismissed casually. As in all of Cynthia Stockley's work, the action takes place in southern Africa; the social atmosphere is that with which many another colonial novel has made us familiar, curiously heterogeneous, made up largely of men and women with questionable pasts, spending their time in feverish pursuit of some sort of excitement to kill the boredom of self-imposed exile and alternating between reckless flirtations and equally reckless slandering of their neighbours. It is not a pleasant or a wholesome picture of life that we get from *Virginia of the Rhodesians;* but the glimpse that from time to time we are allowed to have of one woman's inmost thoughts—and that woman under the breaking strain of daily hiding from a gossiping world the hopelessness of ever winning the man she loves—is sufficient to make the book worth while. Don't make the mistake of tossing it aside, half read. Its mechanical make-up is misleading, having every appearance of being a volume of short stories. The first story, serving as a sort of prologue, seems to begin and end nowhere in particular, like a fragment of some episode that you glimpse for a moment while your train halts at a station and the sequel of which you lose as you are swept onward. Beginning with the second chapter, the story is told in the first person by Virginia herself; and you have to wait at least until the half-way point before learning what earthly connection chapter one has with the rest of the book. And if you stop there you have wasted your time because whatever strength the story has is concentrated in the closing chapters.

"The Woman-Haters"

A discerning friend remarked the other day that he really did not see why it was necessary to read a volume by Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln in order to review it because, with a general knowledge of his methods and with the title of his latest book before one it was quite simple to say everything the occasion demanded. Now, while this is not quite the way in which a book should be reviewed, the suggestion that the method could be successfully employed in the case of Mr. Lincoln is in the nature of a compliment since there are few writers whose work is so uniform in quality that the general tone of a new volume can be safely assumed without reading it. As a matter of fact, *The Woman-Haters,* Mr. Lincoln's latest production, might really have had full justice done to it without going beyond the title-page. One might have said by pure guesswork that here was another characteristic volume with that inimitable flavour of the New England sea-coast, that tingle of salt spray in the air, the tireless roll of ocean waves beating on the rock and the all-pervading native wit and wisdom of certain quaint and weather-beaten sea-faring folk that he sketches in with such a shrewd and unfaltering touch. Furthermore, one would have ventured the conjecture that some one or more of these hardy coast fishermen had had certain unfortunate experiences in the matrimonial line and openly avowed their mistrust of all womankind—and in all this, as it turns out, one would have been fairly correct. It remains only to add that the two woman-haters in this particular story are first, a certain lighthouse keeper who has deliberately chosen this particular calling because it most effectually isolates him from all things feminine; and secondly a young man

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from a radically different social stratum who has his own private reasons for wishing to be thought dead; and having one night quietly dropped overboard from a passing steamer and been washed ashore upon the light-house rocks, he cajoles the keeper of the light into employing him as assistant and thus giving him also a safe asylum from the pursuit of their common enemy, woman. As may be inferred from the above, the whole story abounds in a whimsical vein of humour that more than once suggests the characteristic manner of another typically American novelist, Frank Stockton.

"A Book of Dear, Dead Women"

It is a rather rare treat nowadays to come across a volume of short stories in English that gives one a pleasurable sense of something new and unexpected. The reader of French and Italian fiction is likely to experience this sort of agreeable surprise at rather frequent intervals, but the American short story, differing sharply from the American novel, is supposed to be cut upon certain definite and rather narrow lines giving small opportunity for innovations. This in part explains why a volume such as *A Book of Dear, Dead Women,* by Edna W. Underwood, brings to a reader of wide catholic taste a thrill of very genuine joy. And yet it is precisely the sort of book which it is most difficult through the medium of a review to pass on to others; the sort of book whose quality is as elusive and volatile as the scent of some rare flower. The publishers have kindly noted on the volume's outer wrapper a few personal and biographical details regarding Mrs. Underwood, and among other details, mention the fact that the lady is familiar with the literature of France, of Russia, of Italy, and of Germany, "as well as that of England." Really, however, they might have saved all that printer's ink; no writer, nurtured only on English-born short stories, could by the remotest possibility have written these strange, bizarre, and in a sense, exotic tales of Dear, Dead Women. Not only Gautier, but Barbey D'Aurévilly, Maupassant, a whole sequence of strange, weird, essentially alien writers have passed through the crucible of Mrs. Underwood's brain, in the making of these stories. To analyse any number of them would be to defeat the purpose of this review, which is meant first of all to stimulate a well-deserved curiosity about these stories and to lead such readers as care for something unusual in tone and finished in technique to make a personal acquaintance with them. "The Painter of Dead Women," "The Mirror of La Granja," "Sister Seraphine," these and others must be read in order to be appreciated; the merit of them lies not in the bare central idea but in the workmanship. Lava is cheap, but from a broken fragment of it many a priceless cameo has been carved. There is one story, however, "The Opal Isles," which merits the risk of a clumsy and inadequate retelling. Imagine, if you please, a world-weary man, self-exiled from choice, who finds himself cast away upon some savage and uncharted island in the Pacific. He and his comrades in ill luck are taken captives by a cannibal tribe; but a native young woman singling him out for favour, secretly leads him to an underground passage, supplies him with abundant food and sends him forth into mystery. His measureless descent through utter darkness, his endless journey along paths carved in the rock under fathomless depths of ocean, his final emergence into starlight and the welcome breath of heaven occupy unnumbered days. He finds himself in the Opal Isles. What he sees there, what he does, what he thinks, it would be idle to rehearse; it may all be summed up in the one word, Iridescence. Everywhere, in the strange dream city wherein he finds himself, in the sky that arches over him, in the waves that lap the circle of the island, in the draperies of the room he occupies, in the very form and substance of the woman whom he meets and loves, there is the all-pervading shimmer and fire of the opal, flashing, blazing, full of glamour and enchantment. The secret message of this story is this: perfect faith and dauntless courage are demanded by perfect love and happiness—and in this respect the man in this story is weighed and is found wanting. And this is why, in his old age, living in lonely exile in his castle at home, with no child to carry on the suc-

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cession he treasures in vain the strangest gem that humanity ever imagined, an opal shaped in the form of a recumbent woman, life-sized; and sometimes, when his faith was strongest, the woman within the opal would quiver and almost awaken and the old-time smile would dawn upon the congealed lips; and to the day of his death the question which haunted him was whether within the stone his lost love —lost through his own lack of faith— was or was not still living.

"Billy"

Billy, by Paul Methven, contains an amount of understanding of human nature utterly out of proportion to its foolish little title. To begin with, it preaches an eloquent sermon on the amount of damage that the well-meant interference of one's relatives may bring about in matrimonial affairs. Imagine, if you please, a young man and a young woman, both consistently and resolutely averse to matrimony and daily hectored by parents, aunts and uncles on the subject of finding a partner for life. Fate one day brings them together; they exchange confidences, discover that they have a grievance in common, and hit upon what they think is a happy solution, namely, a marriage in name only, a purely business alliance, which will leave them free, each to go his and her own way. The experiment has been tried before, and usually with the same result. When people try to defraud nature, nature has a certain nasty habit of getting even with them; and in this particular case, while Billy, the wife, is industriously flirting with other men and trying to fool herself into the belief that she is happy, the husband is painfully aware that he has made the disastrous mistake of falling in love with her. Now, to set things straight again all that is needful is for her to discover that in spite of his lack of good looks and some other deficiencies, he is really a pretty decent sort of fellow. He is fairly well qualified to make her happy; but Billy, bright enough in other ways, is singularly stupid in this one point; and it takes nothing less than a divorce engineered by the husband's overzealous relatives to disclose to her what has really been in the depths of her heart from the beginning.

"The Wastrel"

The Wastrel, by Arthur D. H. Smith, seems at first sight to have little to distinguish it from a host of other and, many of them, stronger books. There have been altogether too many stories that begin with the casual acquaintance of a little boy and little girl, in which the little girl has all the advantages of wealth and position, fresh ribbons and starched petticoats, and the little boy is not only shabby but further handicapped by the shady reputation of his father. In this particular book the father's reputation is well-deserved; and there is, moreover, an old and well-founded feud between him and the father of the little girl—all of which sounds discouragingly familiar and hackneyed. Nevertheless, Mr. Smith has a few ideas to express, a few new twists to give to old material; and the best proof of this is that in spite of its well-worn theme, *The Wastrel* somehow or other sticks in one's memory.

"When the Red Gods Call"

Temperament in a state of almost primordial rawness is given to us abundantly in Elinor Grimshaw's Polynesian story, *When the Red Gods Call.* There is a good deal of grimness and cruelty in this book for it shows quite remorselessly how the inborn savage that still lurks pretty near to the surface veneer of culture under which we have most of us hidden him bursts forth triumphantly in those jumping-off places of civilisation where law and order are unknown and might perforce has to make right. The sum and substance of this rather exceptional novel is the vengeance which one white man takes upon another on a remote and lawless island in the Southern seas after that other man has robbed him of his native wife, burned his home, the making of which represented the pleasant toil of many years, and devastated the plantations which were just beginning to bring him in a rich return. But for this other man's treachery, one cannot help realising that the hero would have settled down permanently to a semi-barbaric life, content in the sole companionship of an ignorant, half savage Papuas girl who in time would have given him children as

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dark skinned and primitive as herself. Instead, the tragedy drives him back in a measure to civilisation; and on one of the islands which has begun to enjoy a semblance of Anglo-Saxon colonial rule he meets the daughter of the newly-appointed English Governor, and for the first time in all his wandering years wishes that he had a cleaner record to offer her—wishes especially that his past was not stained with the shame of a native marriage and that his hands were clean of the blood of a white man. So large a portion of the spell which this book casts upon the reader is due to its narrative interest that there is no object in spoiling the surprises it contains by telling them in advance. It is sufficient to say that it is a case where a man's dead and buried past unexpectedly rises again to confront him in what ought to have been his happiest hour. But besides the story a cordial word of praise must be said for the setting. You get a sense of strange, exotic regions, luxuriant tropical growth, warm, sunny, languorous days, a pervading impression of a fair corner of the earth where life is so simple, so lazy, so delightfully untrammeled that one feels greatly tempted to look up time-tables and ocean routes and discover at once just how soon the next available steamer will be sailing.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Pierre de Coulevain's "The Unknown Isle"*

England is the "unknown isle" and she is surveyed through the eyes of a French lady of middle age who mingles her impressions of actual people and things with a love story which she invents as she goes along. It is easy to understand the popularity of Pierre de Coulevain. She is the most genial of international impressionists. She has a keen sense of current literary values and never fails to present that aspect of a subject which will appeal to a large part of the reading public. Her style is extraordinarily lucid, easy and simple. She writes with entire confidence in her hundreds of thousands whose point of view is identical. She is optimistic, sentimental, mildly humorous, full of compliments to Progress and Humanity, greatly concerned about the "masses," but quite sure of the increasing purpose that through the ages runs. She is "not blind to our faults," the British reviewer would say, with easy magnanimity, for she makes sure that every fault shall be overbalanced by a virtue. She professes a philosophy in which Nature and Providence figure very largely, but it is merely the novelist's philosophy of the happy ending applied to all human affairs. No matter what happens, she will remark benignantly that it "serves Nature's plans." She is sure that "Nature, which is always so admirable, has found a way to make it produce good." This remark, by the way, was *à propos* of British snobbishness.

> The more I consider its effects and its results, the more convinced I am that it is necessary for the Anglo-Saxon race. It is a fundamental force and such forces are needed for stirring enormous masses.

There was a time, she says, when she saw only the ridiculous and vulgar side of snobbery, but on closer study she perceived that it was

> a force created by Nature for curbing a crowd of violent instincts in our neighbours, and at the same time for holding them in and refining them. An individual who plays at being a gentleman becomes something of one. A woman of low birth who endeavours to look like a lady succeeds more or less in her attempt. She puts a damper on her own voice, watches over herself from morning till night, and practises generosity. There is a certain progress in all this.

The serious reader requiring earnest

*The Unknown Isle. By Pierre de Coulevain. (Translated from the French by Alys Holland.) London and New York: Cassell and Company. 1911. Pp. 434.

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purposes will find two of them underlying the entire book. In the first place it aims at every point to applaud the ways of Providence. Probably Providence never had from any other admirer such constant congratulation as from Pierre de Coulevain.

It is not unintentionally that Providence has placed the English and French opposite each other,

she says significantly. Had he been careless France might be full of Zulus and England of Patagonians. But for Providence, she herself might have been a coloured woman. Her gratitude is boundless. In the second place she feels herself the agent of Providence in promoting the *entente cordiale* between England and France, and she believes that the best way to do it is to establish this thesis which she insists upon steadily throughout the book, namely that France is feminine and England masculine.

The masculine and feminine element must exist through all the universe even with the Creator.

* * * * *

The Chinese wall, which ignorance had erected in the midst of the Channel, is gradually getting lower. When it has disappeared, both French and English will be surprised to discover that there were so many worthy people behind it. The work of demolition began some time ago. By offering these pages of my diary, written in the Unknown Isle, I am giving my little blow with the hammer.

Such in brief are the aims and the philosophy of Pierre de Coulevain.

The book is written in the form of a diary, wherein Pierre de Coulevain notes her impressions of English manners and institutions and at the same time follows the love affairs of three pairs of young people. She visits an imaginary family of the upper class and small means who are living in Wimbledon, but who later come into a large estate. The scene shifts from the suburbs to London at the height of the season, and thence to an aristocratic English country house. She is mainly occupied with the upper class, but all ranks of society pass in review and she tries to seize what is characteristic of each. Her fictitious characters offer a convenient means of underscoring her own reflections by their expressions of approval and astonishment.

"People read more in England than in France," I continued.

"Really?"

"Yes, that is a fact. . . . You certainly read more but your literary food is pitifully poor. Your novels, for instance, are nothing yet but patent foods for children."

Rodney laughed out at this, but with perfect good humour. "Patent foods for children," he repeated.

* * * * *

"I like Marie Corelli and Ouida for their audacity and femininity. But you will never be really great except in poetry," I added. "You lighted your torch at pagan and sacred poetry and that is why you got so high a flame."

"I am glad to hear you say that," put in Rodney.

"In England, in France and everywhere, there is a lack of great writers, of great artists. The gods are guiding our efforts most visibly in the direction of science. They want to enable us to acquire fresh elements, a deeper insight. The ideal faculties are at rest just now with the Terrestrians. They will come into activity again later on and they will then have acquired breadth. Nature requires a long time to produce a Shakespeare."

Rodney gazed at me in astonishment, and then smiled. "Your way of looking at the things of this world is a trifle disconcerting. In order to keep up with you, one has to change shoulders for one's gun."

"Change shoulders, by all means; if that will rest you. In your modern literature a formidable movement toward emancipation is to be felt. If it should increase, it will be dangerous for your girls."

My host looked pleased.

This innocent little trick is repeated every few pages, but strange to say it does for the moment create an illusion of importance about her remarks. Sleepy sayings, twaddle about Nature and Progress, seem suddenly to take on new life through the astonishment of her listeners; and when the characters are nearly dying with laughter, it is for a minute hard to realise that nothing at all funny has been said.

"Oh, yes, your marriages are generally quieter than ours and I rather like this. I envy your novelists. With your manners and customs, there are a whole crowd of situa-

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tions and effects for them to work upon. With us, there is nothing of this. We are obliged to fall back upon psychology, and, by way of relief, we have scarcely anything but adultery."

Rodney burst out laughing. "That is quite true," he said.

She sees only what an average educated person would see and she thinks only average and familiar thoughts, but she has an extraordinary faculty for making her reflections and observations seem significant. If read with sufficient rapidity, it can be read with great pleasure from beginning to end. But think twice, and there is an end to the sport, and to turn back is as fatal as it was to Lot's wife. In other words it is exceedingly pleasant and clever journalism of the frivolous sort that sums up the races and seizes the national types. She is better than Max O'Rell and as good as Mr. Price Collier.

Naturally she abounds in comparisons between the French and the English. She observes that the English, male and female, are more "virile" than the French. She is constantly struck by the Englishman's protecting air toward women. In France, she says, it is the other way; the woman feels a protective instinct toward the Frenchman; he appeals to her maternal side. She sees or imagines a great difference between English and French conjugal love.

The former seems to me like a beautiful river, very wide and deep, flowing gently but surely, between flat banks, to the sea. The second is like a tumultuous stream with constant swells, flowing between steep banks, springing over obstacles and forming billows.

The metaphor runs on further but is not explained.

The Englishman has such difficulty in exteriorising himself that he is rarely a good talker. He has no general ideas, but is a born specialist. . . .

In Parliament, in the pulpit, and on the electioneering platform, the Englishman is saddled to one idea, and that idea is in all his phrases. By sheer force of repeating it forever, he drives it like a nail into the brains of his audiences. The oratorical art, which is dry and monotonous here, is intended for convincing and not for charming. In France, we endeavour to charm, in order to convince. How wonderful all these subtle differences are between the inhabitants of the earth. The Frenchman has a religion and the Englishman the religious sentiment. Spirituality is at the bottom of the latter's soul. His concentrated mind is either conscious of God or it may remain refractory, and he is then openly agnostic. His worship of his Creator seems to me very manly and very dignified.

Contrasting the personal appearance of Frenchmen and Englishmen, she says her fellow-countryman is never so plain as an Anglo-Saxon and he is never so handsome. She finds more intellectual force in French foreheads and eyes, more weakness and sensuality in French noses, chins and mouths. She has made a close study of the French moustache, which, she says, is absolutely characteristic of its possessor.

It is daring, witty or vain; it puts a grave, acute, or circumflex accent on his face, and indicates his state of mind infallibly.

She is impressed especially by British snobbishness and by the vanity of the male. She denies that snobbishness prevails to any such degree in Latin countries. It pervades all British classes. She delights in instances and cites many good ones. She observes a placard on the door of the room next to her own in a hotel bearing in large letters the words: "Visiting at C—— Castle." Lunching with some very correct people, she remarked that she had been visiting friends at Wimbledon.

This caused a little cold current, which although invisible, could be felt. It is not *chic* to have friends in the suburbs, and it should not be owned. Mrs. Winthrop hastened to add that my friends were the Wilkeses of Loftshall, a county family, and that they had come into their inheritance whilst I was with them.

This explanation warmed the ambient atmosphere again in the most miraculous way, and as soon as my American friend had found a way to let the honourable company know that I was staying at Claridge's, the thermometer went up still higher.

In England people in one class try to mount by copying the class above them. In France she finds little snobbishness of that sort. The lower class rather wish to drag the higher classes down to their level and they detest the *bourgeois*. They scarcely take their hats off to their Presi-

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dent, but remark that, "After all, he is only a *bourgeois*." Nor do they line the path of their nobility with peering faces or treasure the smiles of a lord. There is nothing in France to compare with the parades in Hyde Park and in certain fashionable restaurants. Aristocracy lacks spectators in France. The common people mind their own business. The omnipresence of the British snob and flunkey, the universal love of a lord among deferential tradesfolk and awe-struck middle classes, supplies her with endless amusement, and her descriptions are full of life. In France, she says, people of the lower middle class

do not trouble much about social conventions. The Frenchman likes to be comfortably well-off, so that he need not be fettered in any way, so that he may live in his shirt-sleeves, as it were. The Englishman of the same social rank appreciates a little money, so that he may put on a black coat and appear to be a gentleman.

She regards the Englishman as the vainest creature under the sun. She is at one with Mr. Price Collier in viewing England as a paradise for husbands, where wives are adoring, submissive and very badly dressed while their mates luxuriate in valets and clothes, although she does not go so far as he does in attributing the expansion of the British Empire to the male's domestic predominance. She found men talking incessantly about coats and neckties. The young men of the better class seemed to her like tailors' models. They worship their boots, bright uniforms and even underwear. The reason for the surprising disappearance of the British moustache some years ago was that certain leaders of fashion discovered that their lips were well cut.

Frenchmen look at women, but Englishmen delight in making women look at them. Before and after luncheon they are on parade in Hyde Park, Piccadilly, and Bond Street exhibiting their shiny hats, their boots, of the latest style, and many of them turn into their tailor's for a final brush-up before this parade. They walk along in their regular way, apparently indifferent, but in reality enjoying the admiration they cause. An English lady asked where smart Frenchmen could be seen, and I was obliged to answer that they had no special place of exhibition.

It is interesting to compare this picture with the comment of Matthew Arnold on well-dressed New Yorkers who, he said betrayed

a consciousness of their clothes that would have been fatal in Pall Mall.

The women are sensitive about men's clothes and a woman of the lower class will go without a dress herself that her husband may have a well-made black coat. On the other hand the man does not care in the least how dowdy his womankind are. In addition to vanity in his physique she notes of course the Englishman's pride of race. She says that in talking to a man of Latin race he has always an irritating smile on his lips—"the smile that he reserves for women and children." Most of the men in "Smart Society"

think of nothing else but to keep themselves in form and capture dowries. The heiress is their big game. For this kind of hunting very great ladies frequently undertake to beat up the game, and are very well paid for their services. In any society, when poverty is on the man's side and wealth on the woman's side, very ugly things take place. The influence of these modern ways and customs is evident. The Englishwoman has lost much of that straightforwardness which was her particular charm. Her hair is rough, as though she had forgotten how to use the brush. Her clothes have an untidy look and are badly put on. All this is a striking contrast with the correctness of former days. I have never seen so many made-up faces, so much dyed and faded hair, so much false hair, imitation jewellery and lace—so much sham.

But she finds these faults trivial when compared to the splendid virtues of the English. She denies the Continental charge of Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy, save as regards the British foreign policy, which, she says, has always been perfidious. In his home politics as in his private affairs, the Britain is straightforward and honest. There is a direct contrast with France, where home politics are tortuous, incoherent and corrupt, whereas French foreign policy is honourable. As she does not cite any historical or modern instances, her conclu-

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sions on this point are valueless. But she does cite instances in plenty to show the superiority of the English in such matters as care of the public health, poor relief, general observance of the laws of hygiene, administration of hospitals, proper bringing up of children, humane treatment of animals, and in many other practical affairs. On visiting a great London hospital with its excellent equipment, enlightened administration, orderliness, cleanliness, and numerous devices for the alleviation of suffering, she recalls a visit to the Hôpital de la Charité in Paris. She found a knot of coarse-looking and very untidy women in the courtyard playing games. They were the nurses. Inside was a large yellow-painted room which showed no traces of care or thoughtfulness. The beds were too close together and all of them were occupied. Everywhere was noise and disorder. She afterward inquired of a well-known physician who was responsible for the condition of the Paris hospitals.

"The Public Charity Organisation," he replied.

"I thought as much," I observed. And then I described our visit to the Hopital de la Charité.

The doctor went on calmly eating.

"Have you seen the Laënnec Hospital?" he asked.

"No."

"The additional ward of the Hôtel Dieu Hospital?"

"No."

"Oh, well, they are both worse."

"And you doctors do not protest, you do not insist on things being different?"

Dr. M—— shrugged his shoulders.

"We doctors are tired of protesting. I never take strangers to any other hospital than the Boucicault, as that is the only one which does us any honour."

"Well, then, you are the culprits!"

"Perhaps so, but you can have no idea of the obstacles in our way. We have plenty of intellect and science, we know what is necessary for improving public health, we know how to lessen the mortality, but we cannot apply all this. We are always hindered by politics and we are always running up against them. Politics are ruining France."

"At any rate, you might refuse the help of such women as I saw at the hospital. Physical and moral cleanliness is necessary at the bedside of sick people."

"It is even an agent of healing," agreed the doctor. "We had this with the Sisters of Charity. The people have been persuaded that the Sisters prevent other women from getting their living. With this bait, votes have been obtained, and now we have these other women. They have no scientific knowledge and they are not disinterested. They are ill-paid, and the patients who cannot give tips are cruelly neglected."

"The Public Charity Organisation is wealthy enough to pay the people it employs though, surely?"

"An administration where there is such waste can never be rich."

"And cannot this waste be prevented?"

"No, because it serves private interests. You must remember that those who supply the hospitals are electors, and they must make their fortune. The Public Charity Fund might be called the Political Charity Fund. There is nothing to be done."

Another thing that stirs her envy is what she calls the "institution of the nursery," which she says is practically unknown in France. She contrasts the great care bestowed upon the English children's health, the separate and well-appointed quarters for them, their wholesome discipline, and the superior character of nurses and governesses, with the ignorance or carelessness that prevails among parents in France in such matters. Intellectually the French children are further advanced, but morally and physically they are comparatively neglected. She attributes much of the coarseness of French life and the pornography of the public prints to the practice of entrusting the care of young children to irresponsible and ignorant women of the lowest class. *J. H. Bell.*

II

LILIAN WHITING'S "BOSTON DAYS"*

Referring to the extraordinary abundance of letters, diaries and memoirs that deal with Boston's distinguished men and women of letters, the author of this volume says:

Whenever two or three Bostonians met to-

*Boston Days. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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gether in the home of culture they seem to have always gone home and written down their respective remarks. In one of Louisa Alcott's diary records she notes of an evening: "Mr. Parker [Theodore Parker] came to me and said, 'Well, child, how goes it?' 'Pretty well, sir.' 'That's brave,' he said."

In all the diaries of the Alcotts, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, James Freeman Clarke, Sophia Hawthorne, and Miss Peabody, the reader constantly finds recorded the remarks some one has made during a call or meeting. "I met Mr. Emerson by the large tree near the two roads. He said, 'It is a fine day,'" is a typical specimen hardly exaggerated. It illustrates the serious way that they all took themselves and each other.

Far from taking warning by this example, she herself revels in the formalities and commonplaces of these people. She quotes not only the insipidities of talk and correspondence, but the deadly memorial stuff of funeral orations, inscriptions, and odes addressed to the recently departed. She likes to say:

> The beautiful words of Mr. O'Reilly were on the air.
>
> "Come brothers here to the burial! But weep not, rather rejoice,
> For his fearless life and his fearless death; for his true, unequalled voice,"

and so on through a dozen lines of utterly mediocre verse. Thus, on the death of Margaret Fuller, Longfellow tenderly remarked: "A tragic end to a somewhat troubled and romantic life." At the funeral of Wendell Phillips, Frederick Douglass said brokenly, "I came not here alone only to see the remains of my dear old friend; I wanted to see this throng, and to see the hold this man had on the community. It is a wonderful tribute." And the Rev. Samuel Longfellow made a prayer in which he blessed the Lord "for all that lifts up our lives to a nobler plan and a worthier aim; for the heroes, the saints, the martyrs, who lived by faith in ideas, in principles, in the things unseen, but most real, etc." As to the thoughts of Boston's remarkable men, she likes best to quote those which seem to show that the men were in no wise remarkable. Dr. Edward Everett Hale "was a very spiritual dynamo," she says, but she quotes as one of his treasured sayings, "Sleep is the first of the physical duties; good sleep, and enough of it."

It is one of those very numerous volumes of reminiscences which illustrate the dangers of a too hospitable mind. It leaves the impression that great people are as thick as huckleberries and nearly as much alike. One loses all sense of personal distinction, as for example, between Margaret Fuller and Joan of Arc or John the Baptist and Theodore Parker. That is the trouble with this amiable rule of giving a kind word to everybody. The word soon ceases to be really kind to anybody. To use a superlative on Edward Everett Hale spoils it of course for use on Emerson. But such considerations would seem grudging or invidious to this beaming and even-tempered lady, quoting with equal rapture, the worst verses of Boyle O'Reilly and the best of Holmes, blessing every Peabody she can find and adoring all the Winthrops. To her one Bostonian is as good as another, and there is a sweet and satisfying music in their mere names. So the bare list of those present at dinners and receptions interests her deeply. She gives the list and says it was a galaxy of the rarest talent and there the matter ends.

Thus, a meeting was held at the home of William Barton Rogers, brother of George Edward Rogers. Among those present were Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Ednah Cheney, Elizur Wright, the Peabodys and Boyle O'Reilly. It was an impressive occasion. Longfellow's birthday was celebrated by an unusually brilliant dinner. Among those present were Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Ednah Cheney, Elizur Wright, the Peabodys and Boyle O'Reilly. It was a constellation of America's greatest and best. Edward Everett Hale once remarked at an important social gathering, "Forward and not back; up and not down." Seldom have so many bearers of famous names been found united under a single roof as on that occasion. Among those present were Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Ednah Cheney, Elizur Wright, the Pea-

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bodys, and Boyle O'Reilly. On the ancient platform of the Dorchester railway station may still be seen the beautiful memorial tablet dedicated to the famous Boston poet Peterwood Johnson, and lying on the precise spot where the poet was accustomed to place his hand-bag while waiting for the train. It contains these lines, doubtless known to every literary pilgrim:

> Bag of Johnson, where thou lay,
> Let the lights of Heaven play,
> Stars by night and sun by day,
> Bag of Johnson, where thou lay.

The dedication ceremonies were very impressive. Among those present were Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, Theodore Parker, James Freeman Clarke, Ednah Cheney, Elizur Wright, the Peabodys and Boyle O'Reilly. This is by no means exact, but it reproduces something of the spirit of the narrative.

Lest it be thought that the above summary does not fairly represent her standard of taste, especially as regards poetry, we present this passage on Alcott and his family:

> The "Orchard House," where the Alcotts lived so long, is one of the homes cobwebbed with memories. The stately trees vocal in the evening wind; the orchard embalmed in the "Concord Days" of Mr. Alcott; "May's Studio," where sweet May Alcott sketched and painted and dreamed; the shaded grounds where the four "Little Women" played,—all make up a beautiful picture that still lives in memory. Associated with this home are those exquisite and touching poems of Mr. Alcott and of Miss Alcott when the shadow of sorrow fell, and the artist-daughter and sister had gone from them to that far, fair country, where flowers are fadeless and where love is deathless.

Then follow Alcott's verses on his daughters. Now, poetry was never within reach of Alcott's peculiar genius, even in his prime, and as he grew old his verse sank deeper into mediocrity. And these verses, however deep and pure the feeling that inspired them, not only jingle very heartlessly indeed, but are of doubtful literacy—

> Ah, gentle May!
> Could'st thou not stay?
> Why hurriest thou so swift away?
>
> No,—not the same,
> Nor can it be,
> That lovely name,
> Ever again what once it was to me.
>
> Broken the golden band,
> Severed the silken strand,
> Ye sisters four!
> Still to me two remain,
> And two have gone before;
> Our loss, her gain,
> And He who gave can all restore.
> And yet, oh why,
> My heart doth cry,
> Why take her thus away?

And instead of apologising for the poor old philosopher's literary weakness (for the staunchest of his admirers, even Emerson himself, always declared that Alcott could not write, but only talk) she adds this preposterous comment:

> When one reflects that these tender, beautiful lines were written by the silver-haired sage in his eighty-first year, the purity of his life is realised anew in being thus in tune with "the holiness of perfect thought."

It seems rather unscrupulous—a sort of hypocritical *reductio ad absurdum*—but of course her intentions are beyond reproach. It is merely that words do not mean anything to her.

In any such indiscriminate compilation many good things are necessarily turned up along with the bad, and the philosophic reader will trust to luck and plod along and thank his stars when he finds them; nor will he much care if the author herself does not seem to know the difference. She has read or skimmed with prodigious industry and with genuine if miscellaneous enthusiasm. The book contains scores of condensed biographies, extracts from lives and letters, genealogies, facsimiles, scraps from here, there and everywhere, including many from the writers themselves. These bits are all stirred together in the most remarkable way, and the effect is very confusing, but when the mind grows accustomed to the muddle, and waits passively for something interesting, it is sometimes rewarded. The book is not confined to literary matters. It has much to say of Boston's religious, intellectual and social leaders. Nor is it limited to a narrow period of time. It begins fairly with

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Cotton Mather and meanders down to Nathan Haskell Dole. No man could define the scope of it and none dare say why some things are in it and others not. In the first half it seems intended as a *vade mecum* for the traveller on the higher plane, got together in frantic haste, but with lofty purpose. In the latter half it seems rather to combine the features of a contemporary *Who's Who* and of a local guide-book, dealing impartially with Howells, Higginson, electric transit, tunnels, Jamaica Plain, the Emmanuel Movement and the inauguration of President Lowell. One turns again to the preface in the hope of guessin the *raison d'être*.

It is not the design to attempt any history of literature, or specific biographical record,—but only to read backward, like the Chaldeans some of those "delicate omens traced in air,"—to interpret some of that mystic handwriting on the wall which, traced in the invisible ink of spiritual record by the great and good whose theatre of action was in this city, yet reveals itself as in letters of light, to the vision of sympathy and of reverence.

The author's purpose still remains inscrutable, but in spite of the absurdity of the results, there can be no doubt of her seriousness. The queer effects are due to the impartiality of her reverence, which is bestowed evenly on the doings and sayings of Bostonians, however silly they are, or wise. But despite her faculty of miscellaneous veneration, she does draw one important distinction. Remarkable as Boston men were, the women were more wonderful. One feels that though the flight of Emerson was high, the flight of Lucy Stone was higher. It is impossible, indeed, to think of Emerson without a shade of discontent after contemplating Mary A. Livermore.

To one with any fancy for tracing out the correspondences and the significances of life, there is something impressive in the way that Mary Ashton Rice and the Rev. Daniel Parker Livermore first met. It was in Duxbury, a seacoast town down on what is called the "South Shore" from Boston, on Christmas eve. Mrs. Livermore (then Miss Rice) had gone out for a walk. The sea was at floodtide and the radiant moonlight traced its broad track of silver across the bay. She found herself near the Universalist Church, when, as she says, "a triumphant burst of song rang out out on the night air. 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace and good will to men!'" Again was the glad song repeated, "as if the singers were unable to repress their joy," she has said, "and I listened till the anthem was ended. Should I enter?"

What a picture in this moment and what a crisis it was—the point, indeed, which determined all the future life, the marvellous influence and work of the nation's divinest helper, Mary A. Livermore. Here was the hour of destiny—the hour freighted with that intense significance of life which is seldom recognised except from the perspective of the long years to come. Should she enter? The church portal was the "open door" of her life. If she had not entered, it would have been much the worse for the world and for all who live in it. But when a nature is held in constant loyalty to God and the Divine will, the leading is sure and the angels hold their charge concerning the life which keeps true to the heavenly influence. Such a life was that of the young girl just entering her early twenties, who paused in the moonlight on Christmas eve with the silver track of light on the ocean before her, with the choral music of "Glory to God in the highest" in the air, and with clouds of witnesses unseen above. Was not that moment one whose exaltation well initiated the noble, far-reaching, and profoundly significant influence upon the world that for more than fifty years has been exerted by Mary A. Livermore?

She entered. A blond young man of twenty-five was in the pulpit. *C. M. Francis.*

III

G. Stanley Hall's "Educational Problems"*

There are certain characteristics which are invariably to be noted in any book by President Hall. In the first place, it is sure to be a *magnum opus* in at least one sense of the term, for which see his *Adolescence*. When he is not writing a book on end, but is gathering together the oddments of his fluent talk, he still takes care that he shall gather enough to make the book impressive from its

*Educational Problems. By G. Stanley Hall. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company.

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size. The volumes now before us are a good example of that, with their fourteen hundred pages. He has, indeed, given a pretty acute auto-criticism in the Introduction, where he says:

For twenty-five years I have lectured Saturday mornings to teachers and to students upon Education, and this book is the final revision of parts of this course up to date, ending February, 1911. The result is not unlike Uncle Tobey's (*sic*) coat made over and over, part by part, in not only new fabrics, but new fashions, so that nothing to suggest the original remains. During these years I find that I have given over seven hundred outside addresses on educational subjects, to all kinds of audiences, and written several score of magazine articles, and have drawn freely upon all this material, although the chapters as they stand have been newly written within the last ten months, with the printer at my heels, so that I have not been able to observe the obviously proper orders of chapters.

This frankness is delightful, and it is also characteristic of Dr. Hall. Why he misspells Uncle Toby and changed it into "Uncle Tobey" he does not explain, though probably it is because, in Chaucer's phrase, his study is but little on *Tristram Shandy*. He prefers to ferret out the peculiar habits of adolescent Polynesians and strange childish tricks of the Bushmen.

Not but what Dr. Hall has an admirable vocabulary, as may be seen for instance in his chapter on "The Pædagogy of Music," where he speaks of music as being "catchy," "tuney," "sugared off," "marchy" and "dancy." Likewise he mentions airily in one sentence "the mucker," and a little later "the psychogenetecist," a charming word which shows that Dr. Hall devoutly believes in the study of Greek.

Then Dr. Hall is always saying something clever and sometimes a *mot* that is just a bit impertinent. As an instance of the first, listen to this passage again from his discourse on music, an art which he regards as "the art of arts, because most prehumanistic."

Though man has lost many of the old and subtler responses and perhaps has shed a whole series of ascending rudimentary organs for them, the human ear is the result of a longer development process, which has made it the highest and the most specialised organ of response to vibrations. But the influence of all these buried reactions still whispers among man's central neurons; and, in his appreciations of pure music, reverberations are still awakened of the immemorial past when his personality was not yet so sphered and specialised out of the cosmic whole. Thus, in music, man may to-day dimly revive the most ancient elements and experiences in the history of his soul. If heredity is cell-memory, the æsthetic response to music is the awakening of echoes far older than the earliest acoustic organs; and, in this process, man remembers the earliest as well as the subsequent stages of his evolution.

Man's central neurons will be more or less tickled by President Hall's survey of the not far distant past, when child-study was unknown, when psychology had no recognition, when Superintendent Philbrick challenged all comers to find any imperfections in the schools of Boston, when State Superintendent Dickinson had a philosophy, every problem of which was contained in four blackboards, when Dr. W. T. Harris was rapidly acquiring "an almost papal authority," and when Dr. Hall's own appointment to a chair in a prominent State university was cancelled because to discuss the fundamental principles of education would be "unsettling." At present, Dr. Hall thinks that the true university is only half developed, and if not "rotten," is still in crying need of radical revision. This matter of administration and financial methods will be taken up by Dr. Hall in a book which he has already partially prepared. We shall be glad to have him treat it with the same frankness and humorous pungency that he has displayed in the present work. It is a matter of common belief that university presidents now constitute a sort of trust, and that each is, by an unwritten law, pledged to stand by the other, even when the weightier matters of the law are vitally involved. But Dr. Hall is not the sort of scholar who cares for "administration," as that word is generally understood in most of our universities. It will be a pleasure to see him dash the dry-rot into pieces and up-

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hold the claims of scholarship as against a tame conformity, a barren mechanism of thought, and the active use of rubber stamps and tables of statistics. Surely, the harvest is ripe and awaits only the sickle of a vigorous student of education, who thinks that he should really educate, and does not puff himself up as a "publicist," whatever that interesting word may mean. The author, in this book, gets in, as a preliminary canter, an amusing quip at what he calls "educational knick-knackery and jim-crackery."

In a book so diversified and so full of excellent things, it is difficult to select particular portions for commendation and quotation. Otherwise we should far extend the space at our disposal. We may, however, especially mention the chapter which treats of the educational value of dancing and pantomime, the chapter on the pædagogy of music, the caustic comment on Sunday schools and the religious training of children, and also Dr. Hall's interesting theory about lies that are told by children. These chapters are all contained in the first volume. We do not find anything quite so good in the second.

And here we may file a protest against the three chapters that have to do with the psychological and physiological phenomena of sex. "The Pædagogy of Sex," and "The Budding Girl" exhibit the same characteristics that we deplored when *Adolescence* appeared. What we object to is not the statement of facts, though we think that even here Dr. Hall has gone too far; but rather the tone and manner in which these statements are delivered. Intended as they are for young men and young women, and placed in libraries, high schools and colleges, they do not produce upon the youthful student the effect which ought to have been intended. We miss the purely scientific treatment, the absolute lack of erotic consciousness, and the gravity of the wise and thoughtful teacher. Instead we are disagreeably conscious of a sort of grin which verges on the satyric. Our mentor is winking slyly at us as he narrates just what he has to say; and thereby he is in danger of stimulating in the average mind either a certain prurience or else a tendency toward forbidden themes.

With these exceptions we can heartily commend the work of President Hall for its originality, its courage, and especially for its stimulating qualities, which compels those who read his thoughts to do some thinking for themselves.

R. M. Barrington.

IV

Brander Matthews's "A Study of Versification"*

To produce a text-book of English Verse which shall be clear without eccentricity and comprehensive without confusion is at this time no inconsiderable task; for Literature more than any other art has suffered from a foggy agnosticism about its underlying sciences, and of these none has been more densely obscured than the science of verse. We do not question the validity of perspective because the Japanese get along without it, nor despise the whole system of harmony because Debussy makes effective music in no particular key. But the only people who have held steadily to one sane and certain system of metrics are the great body of our English poets; and these, unfortunately, have not written manuals of their technique. A few specialists like Poe and Sidney Lanier have urged vainly upon the general art their own peculiar methods; entangled pedants like Dr. Guest have spun webs of laborious assumption inextricably complex and fundamentally untrue; and later and simpler laymen, with a few excellent exceptions, have gone in fear and trembling, with an apology or a qualification treading upon the heels of opinion. To bring out of this chaos an orderly system of versification simple enough for the beginner in Poetry and for those more numerous students who would understand in order to appreciate, and to set forth that system with sufficient conviction for solid reasoning thereupon, demands intellectual courage no less than scholarly analysis. Obviously, the teacher who does not dogmatise does not teach: from being told that the sun went round the earth, mankind has discovered that the

*A Study of Versification. By Brander Matthews. New York: Houghton Mifflin and Company.

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earth goes round the sun; but if we had been told from the first that there was no saying which went round the other, we should still be enjoying suspended judgment. And if the best teaching is to be dogmatic and right, the only second best is to be dogmatic and wrong.

Professor Matthews's book is from beginning to end admirably simple and admirably dogmatic. He declines explicitly at the outset to concern himself with historical or controversial matter: under the safe assumption that modern English verse is primarily accentual, he avoids discussion of its origins or of how far quantity may be involved with accent in producing its effects; and he uses the familiar macron and micron to indicate the presence and absence of metrical emphasis, without troubling the student about the precise nature of that emphasis or the scientific applicability of these signs. This is exactly what is wanted by the beginner in verse and by the lover of poetry seeking to understand its artistry: what the poets have done lies before them; and they need to know in the simplest way how it has been done. The central principle of the whole book is the obvious one, nowadays too easily obscured, that poetry is primarily for the ear: not long ago it was made only to be physically heard; it is still intended to be heard imaginatively, as one reads; and its technique is now and always a question of how things sound. So stated, this appears like a truism; but if scholars and students alike would remember that all verse-structure inheres in the natural reading for the sense, and that a scansion disagreeing with this is no scansion at all, we should have an end of many complexities. Prosody is not a difficult science: it is less so than the kindred science of Harmony; and we should find it so by realising that verse must read as naturally as prose, and that every question about its structure is only a question of the poet's pronunciation. Again, Professor Matthews lays especial emphasis upon the fact that he never pretends to declare how verse ought to be written: his endeavour is to show how verse has been written by poets who have enriched our literature, and not to lay down arbitrary rules by his own preference. This also, in theory, would appear obvious; but to realise its necessary soundness, one need only read a few other books on the subject. The value of the present volume rests upon these foundations, the appeal to the ear and the appeal to the poets; for the law of any art is only the practice of its masters, like the law of any nation; and from this the only appeal is to the common sense of the multitude.

The faults of the book are merely instances of its merits overreaching themselves. It is admirably simple; but it is now and then too simple for the subject. The simplest statement of the magnetic needle is that it points to the North; but that statement unmodified would be somewhat confusing to navigation. Professor Matthews says that the Dactyl, the Anapaest, the Trochee, and the Iambus are probably the only feet possible in English verse. Of such lines as

> The long *day wanes;* the slow *moon climbs;* the deep
> *Moans round* with many voices.

he would say that the italicised feet are not Spondees, because the flow of the verse gives to *wanes* and *climbs* and *moans* a slight preponderance of emphasis, and in lines like

> To pun*ish a* false wife in her own house

he would explain the Pyrrhic in the same way. The trouble with this is that you and I and every one naturally read and hear the two syllables alike in such cases: in the first example, we accent both; in the second, neither; and to do otherwise is to strain consciously our pronunciation. Similarly, Professor Matthews takes no account of the mixed rhythms: he would call "The Burial of Sir John Moore" and Swinburne's "Dolores" either anapaestic or, iambic; and Mr. Kipling's

> There's a regiment a-comin' down the grand trunk road

he would describe as trochaic, like "Hiawatha" and "Locksley Hall." But it does not sound so: it sounds like a different rhythm altogether; and if we are to make the ear the supreme court of metrics, we must not tamper with the bench. There is a simplicity which destroys itself. And there is also a dog-

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matism which is not good teaching, because it is evidently, even to the student, a thing personal and partisan. Such a case is Professor Matthews's insistence upon absolutely perfect rhyme, and his treatment of all inexact and so-called "allowable" rhymes as mere poetic license to be condoned at most but never imitated or admired. Now a license consistently practised by every English poet and accepted as agreeable by generations of their hearers, cannot at worst be very licentious. And for Professor Matthews to condemn as an irregularity what the masters regularly do, and to stigmatise their readers' pleasure therein as "perverted" is hardly consistent with his fundamental appeal to the poets and to the ear. And when, moreover, the whole chapter on Rhyme is permeated by eager attacks upon our ordinary spelling, the personal bias stands revealed. Thoughts to which a wish is father have a hereditary tendency to wandering.

These and what lesser imperfections appear in the volume may be traced to the omission of one principle fundamental not only in Poetry but in all the arts: that law of strangeness in the proportion without which is no truly excellent beauty. The province of all arts, as Stevenson says, is to make a pattern: it is by this that they are arts. Now the technical excellence of any art-work whatever lies in such variation about and within the pattern as enhances without obscuring it: in playing the game to the limit without breaking the rules, in showing the greatest freedom within predetermined bounds, in preferring above the rigidity of the stick the springy straightness of the sword. Thus a succession of perfectly regular verses is wearily monotonous; and the whole craft of the metrist is to make his verses variously irregular without ever letting the normal rhythm vanish from the ear. Up to the point of confusion irregularity is not license but merit. The rope-dancer must not fall; but only in the imminence of falling is his performance more interesting than walking upon the ground. Professor Matthews's omission of this principle is of course conscious and intentional, and it may be wise. For although this law be fundamental, yet it is no simple matter to expound. Moreover, no student has any comprehension of eccentricities until he has located the centre; and perhaps, in an elementary book of this sort, it is better teaching to adhere rigidly to rule than to risk confusing or debauching the beginner by too much emphasis upon elasticity. Certainly of the two possible errors this one is upon the safer and saner side.

Professor Matthews's book is a valuable contribution, not to the science of English verse, but to the popular study of that science. It will not help scholars to any new discovery other than, perhaps, the discovery that they are misdirecting a certain amount of endeavour; nor will it initiate the young poet very deeply in the secrets of his craft. It is not intended to do these things. What it will accomplish is to open an easy gate to such as wish to appreciate poetry understandingly. And this work needed thus simply and directly to be done.

Brian Hooker.

V

Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown's "British Costume During Nineteen Centuries"*

This sumptuous book would seem to be as exhaustive as its range allows. It is also readably written, though as necessarily it consists largely of descriptive matter, it is addressed to the student and to a special interest rather than to the general reader. There is probably as much embellishment and anecdote as space will permit, but the author's intention was definiteness and lucidity rather than entertainment. She has—with the attractive assistance of over five hundred illustrations of various kinds, from the original manuscript and from missals and brasses and effigies—amply realised her aim. By a strict chronology and an adequate system of classification she has escaped the confusion of earlier books on costume. At this period of numerous pageants, the large volume should be of additional value.

The ancient Britons of the southern coast probably dressed like the Gauls of

*British Costume During Nineteen Centuries (Civil and Ecclesiastical). By Mrs. Charles H. Ashdown. New York: F. A. Stokes and Company.

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the Continent—in loose-fitting, sleeveless tunics dyed with many colours, and trousers either close fitting or loose; those of the interior wore skins, stained their bodies with woad and tattooed designs upon them. In the Saxon period, says the author, our information becomes more reliable, but not until after the time of St. Augustine do we get an actual description. The nation changed its style of clothing upon its conversion.

The tunic was the striking feature of the early Saxon dress, and the smock of the present-day English carter is its direct descendant. It was the mantle which gave room for individual taste, and people of distinction wore it of great length and beautifully decorated. The Saxon passion for embroidery and their knowledge of it were noteworthy. The looseness of their clothing, too, gave opportunity for many brooches. A Saxon lady was buried with all her jewellery, no matter how costly; and chatelaines have been dug up from which depend scissors, combs, tweezers, knives in decorated sheaths, and purses. The head-dress of the women remained unchanged for some centuries succeeding. It consisted of a piece of silk, cloth, or linen, about two and a half yards long, sometimes held in position by a narrow circlet over the head. Probably it was considered a disgrace for a woman to appear in public with her head uncovered, and some sensitive ladies even wore their head-rails to bed. The men, as in all Scandinavian nations, wore short trousers, with loose cross-gartered stockings. Even the rustic wore shoes though he often went stockingless; and only the lowest classes had their hair cropped. The loose sleeves of the tunics in both men and women protected the hands in cold weather; and there is actually a picture of an Anglo-Saxon umbrella as a protection against rain.

The Saxons absorbed the Danes sartorially as well as otherwise, for until the Danes came to England their preference was for sober black; but after a while they soon became as gay in their clothing as those they had conquered. They never, however, imitated the Saxon carelessness about combing their hair. With Edward the Confessor the Norman styles came in, and it proved one of the chief causes of disaffection among the Saxon nobility. Though the costume was about the same, shortening of the tunic and loading the arms with golden bracelets and trimming the hair, imparted a dandified appearance eagerly imitated by the younger Saxon generation, much to the disapproval of the old.

The Crusaders exerted a great influence upon the dress of all Western Europe, for the native costumes seemed crude and barbaric to men just returned from the Holy Land. One of the new materials brought home was samite, a silk embroidered with gold and silver thread. Under King Rufus the elaborate twist of the pointed shoe began to excite the wrath of monastic historians, especially a new kind which curled up like a ram's horn. The ladies, too, were now lengthening every part of their garments and soon developed a fantastic grotesqueness of dress which also greatly scandalised them. Nevertheless, their women were by no means the first, as the monks thought, to practise the diabolical arts of tight-lacing. But they did invent a new head-piece which they called a wimple—they added a coquetry to the time-honoured head-rail by stretching tightly under the chin a cloth of white or saffron and tying it over the head and then placing the head-rail above the whole structure. They retained, however, their ancient modesty about letting any of the hair be seen, and only a queen might expose her locks. That this hiding of the hair was really a bulwark of propriety can be seen from the fact that when in the reign of Edward I it became customary to lay aside the head-rail indoors, the coiffure naturally came in for some attention and the ladies showed an increasing reluctance to conceal it; and, still later, the emergence of the hair was followed by the exposure of the neck! The beautiful draping of the medieval dress is notable; the material was always soft and clinging and there was plenty of it, for the skirt was cut in a perfect circle and the robe rested on the ground a full yard all round the wearer.

It is under a weak or effeminate monarch that costume develops to excess, says the author, as the reigns of Edward

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II, Richard II, Henry VI, Charles II, and George IV may testify. Yet Elizabeth was certainly not weak and her reign was as extravagantly enthusiastic over dress as over everything else, while that of James I on the other hand showed no initiative whatever. At any rate, however, Edward II brought in many fopperies, including the fashion of wearing and carrying gloves. From this reign dates the habit, too, of emblasoning arms upon the robes and mantles of ladies. Edward III was "the king who taught the English people how to dress and left them a characteristic national costume." The long robes of their fathers hampered sons who were continually fighting with France, and this was the chief reason why masculine garments began now to follow the lines of the figure. It was in 1363 that Parliament, in order to curb the prevailing extravagance in dress, passed the first sumptuary law and regulated material and decoration according to income. The people under Richard II, however, paid no attention to it. He was "the greatest fop who ever sat upon an English throne," and one of his garments was valued at twenty thousand pounds in modern money. Chaucer loudly declaimed against "the superfluitee of clothing" and the cost of all this waste. In this respect the men were the worse sinners, especially in their hats and boots. The toes of the latter were sometimes so long that they were fastened by chains to the knees or even to the waist so that their wearers might get about. The ladies began to build out their hair in a gold-meshed framework, but they still deemed that any appearance of the hair outside of this network was highly indecorous. The stern Henry IV at once passed a more drastic sumptuary law to check the effeminacy of Richard II, but the people were now so enamoured of dress that it made little difference to them. The head-dresses in particular kept growing more and more fantastic until with Henry VI turbans came in and reached their zenith in the grotesque horned head-dress of gigantic proportions. Lydgate told the women that horns were given beasts for defence, a thing contrary to femininity, and he besought the ladies to cast them aside, for—said he—"the Virgin Mary never wore them." To admit them, the doors of apartments had to be enlarged and even then the ladies had to turn sidewise. Afterward, by a slight modification, the horned head-dress became heart-shaped or forked.

The reign of Edward IV began the era of the tailor. Up to this time a dress-maker had cut out and fitted the men's garments. The short clothes which now came in were of German origin. The beaux of Henry VII had to knot a scarf under their chin in order to keep on their enormous hats, surmounted with stiffened feathers of preposterous length. But their plight was nothing compared to that of the ladies. The forked head-dress had become a steeple, the weight and general inconvenience of which was further increased by a voluminous veil attached to its very peak just where its maximum of tension could be secured.

The fashion of Henry VIII mildly prefigured the Elizabethan monstrosity of extreme breadth combined with extreme narrowness. The men's breeches were now bolstered, and they had "so many pleats upon their breasts and such puffed sleeves," says a contemporary, "that they could not draw a bow when habited in their coats." All the Holbeins present the men with short hair, but this did not prevent them from wearing "a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold." Nor did Anne Boleyn have her head removed until it had set a new fashion, that of the flat coif tied under the chin. She wore yellow mourning for her predecessors, and Henry wore white for her. The custom of black mourning was growing, however, and finally became established at the Commonwealth. The strong-minded Elizabeth went her father several better. She was the first one to introduce native innovations in dress, and they were such as made the Continent think England quite demented. Her idea was a frank distortion of the human frame; and her clothes stood out boldly not only from the figure but from all the costumes which preceded or succeeded. Being exceedingly long-waisted and narrow-chested, her figure was imitated only by means of the pointed stomacher and the long corset (of which the ladies had

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by no means a monopoly!). She began to wear false hair about the middle of her reign, and at one time had eighty suits of it.

James I confined his innovations largely to hats, and an extraordinary variety of beards. The mask for ladies now became essential to modesty on all public occasions, and ladies who dared appear without them were termed "barefaced." With Charles I came in simple and elegant costumes, which once more followed the lines of the body. This was partly on account of the better taste of the king and queen, and partly because of the inconvenience of such inflation. The only trace of the fashion of the last reign was patching, which the ladies practised to a ludicrous extent. The love-lock of the Stuarts was anathema to the Puritans, and to get as far away from it as possible they shingled their hair; yet the Roundheads were as inordinately vain of the simplicity of their clothes as were the cavaliers they despised. The burst of joy with which England welcomed Charles II conspicuously showed itself in dress. The new monarch naturally introduced the French costumes. These completely departed from the previous styles, and were distinguished by the surcoat and petticoat-breeches for men, and for women a studied negligée in place of stiff and distended formality. Periwigs now for the first time became fashionable, and gallants combed them in public. These styles lasted through the reign of William and Mary. Under them the tailor became absolute and wigs grew so valuable that they were sometimes stolen from incautious heads.

With Anne the woman's dresses became flounced and furbelowed, and in 1710 the distention was assisted by hoops. During the first Georges men's clothes altered very little, but the women's costumes changed constantly as the hoops increased at the sides or diminished in front or back. The last atrocity which the hoop occasioned was the *sacque,* which hung free from the shoulders and gathered up in great folds over the hooped petticoat.

Under George III the style of men's clothes remained comparatively simple except for the large quantity of laces used. But the founding of the Macaroni Club changed matters. The Macaronis began to decorate excessively; they carried two watches and wore lofty toupees with rolled curls at the sides. Afterward, the Macaronis introduced the style of the French Revolution. The true Macaroni fashion of hairdressing reached its acme with the ladies. It was a colossal mound built up with powder and pomatum, and dripping all over with curls. This coiffure was so elaborate that it had to suffice for a fortnight or so at a time. As a grotesque feature, it was constantly engaging the ridicule of the press. "How long is it," said a hairdresser to a lady, "since your head was opened and repaired?" "Not above nine week," she answered. "That," he replied, "is as long as it can well go in summer." The female Macaronis also adopted the style of the French Revolution, in which—as a lady's journal of the time says—"the petticoat is tied round the neck and the arms put through the pocket hole."

The author throws up her hands when she comes to the nineteenth century. "To deal with it justly would necessitate a separate volume," she says, and precipitately takes her exit. But the long procession of folly has been sufficiently illuminating without it, and we know we ourselves are none other than our great grandfathers and great-grandmothers.

Algernon Tassin.

VI

Mr. Yone Noguchi's "Lafcadio Hearn in Japan"*

It is with no little expectation that one takes up *Lafcadio Hearn in Japan.* The attractive Japanese binding and drawings, the names on the title-page, seem to assure one that he will find here what he has long sought—the precise Japanese estimate of the man and of his Japanese books.

Yet in its attitude toward the man—at least as far as Mr. Noguchi's share in

*Lafcadio Hearn in Japan. By Yone Noguchi. With Mrs. Lafcadio Hearn's Reminiscences. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Kakamura: The Valley Press.

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the book goes—one perceives little difference from that of his extreme Western admirers. Like them, he wants nothing but good published of Hearn; and the man is still his property, not the world's. Dr. Gould's biography was largely, he thinks, but an awful exposure of the author, and his denunciation of Hearn was also a denunciation of Japan. Physiological psychology does not appear to him a proper vehicle in biography, since in following detail it leaves the general effect untouched. He agrees with Dr. Gould that the publication of Hearn's letters was a sad affair, but his biography only emphasised the sadness. The sacredness of private letters should be protected. This, however, does not keep him from publishing a dozen written to Mrs. Hearn, which can only have been included because of their privacy—playful, spontaneous little scraps about nothing at all, such as many men away on their summer vacation are at this moment writing to their wives. He admits that Dr. Gould presented many a point which came as a flash of truth, but castigates him loftily with the remark that one does not talk much of personality in Japan and silence about a man both living and dead is poetry and a virtue. Hearn must be judged as a writer and not as any other kind of man. The reader is consequently not surprised to come upon a conclusion quite as pontifical as if it had emanated from the Hearn cult at home: "One must have another Hearn to understand and appreciate Hearn."

The reader (although not a Hearn!) is glad to find that his opinion of the Japanese work is confirmed in Japan. He hopes Mr. Noguchi's praise is none too high when he writes that "it spoke in perfect accord with the glamour of Old Japan, where the sea of reality and the sky of vision melted into one blue eternity—the land of ghosts." No greater appreciation of Japan exists than *Azure Psychology,* he says, and under his transcendental rapture Japan was baptised afresh and its forgotten romances were brought again to quiver in the air. Mr. Noguchi opposes those who rate highest the fire and enthusiasm of his earlier Japanese work—it was too free and spendthrift to be quite characteristic. In Tokyo, receiving no inspiration from without, his soul found it easier to shine within. He thinks Hearn barred the door against his earlier friends to maintain the solitude absolutely essential to him. But he should not have barred it against his chief literary helper and disciple or against the students who were trying to have him reinstated at the University. There, they admired him from a distance as if he were some old China vase; but in the class-room he was unreserved and made them feel quite at home. His hold over them was tremendous. It was his Greek passion for beauty which made the East and West meet, and through beauty he understood Buddhism. He had no inventive imagination, but he had the highest kind, which transports. His most important merit was to remain marvellously in the state of simplicity of the early age. Those things which disappointed him most in Japan at first were her real points of distinction, the blue-greyness of the atmosphere and land and people. It was Mrs. Hearn who gave him the key to the inner beauty of Japanese life, and perhaps half the admiration given to him should be given to her. Her "quiet grey and blue way" emancipated him.

Mrs. Hearn's part of the book is by far the most valuable, not only for its natural uniqueness but, for its intimate revelation of the man. She does not seem impressed by that silence concerning a man's personality which Mr. Noguchi remarks (in another connection of course!) as peculiarly Japanese; and indeed it must be owned that he seems as glad of her lack of reticence as is the reader himself. What she says is said tenderly and in perfect taste, but rarely has a Western wife talked of her husband in this tone of impersonal minuteness. One feels that here—not in Mr. Noguchi's prudent appreciations or in his own consciously artistic letters to other literary admirers—we have the real man at last.

His two hobbies were buying expensive books and Japanese pipes. The latter he had a box made for and he carried it everywhere about the house. He had

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more than two hundred of them, and it was the task of one of the maids to clean the dirty ones every night. While smoking, he seemed always in the depth of meditation. Mrs. Hearn made it a custom to tell him every happening in their beloved garden; his heart was disturbed terribly even by a single shiver of a roadside weed and he cried with the falling of a flower. She had some of his favourite trees transplanted to his grave. "You cannot imagine," said she, "how he loved them." He forbade the children to tease or kill any insect, even the flies. In his manner of every day life he was outlandish and not seldom he looked a madman. Once she asked a friend if he did not think Hearn had gone crazy. But she found afterward it was only the time of enthusiasm in thought and writing. The mosquitoes would swarm upon him when he wrote, and yet he did not notice them. She believed that his thought never left, even for a minute, his writing. "How sorry I am you are suffering," he would say to her as the birth of her first child drew near, "I will atone with my writing." His love for his eldest boy was so great it frightened her. At the table with his children he was a perfectly different man; he talked and laughed boisterously and sang. He grew more childish every year, and when he sang children's songs he would hop about the house on tiptoe. She could never tell him anything as a mere story (he was always getting her to tell him stories); he took every one seriously and felt that he was in it. When he grew very interested, he became deadly pale. For a year before his death he was almost unbearable under the oppression of loneliness and would cry when she left the house. He returned to his babyhood after his fiftieth year, and blew so often a snoring blast on a conch-shell that she feared the neighbours would think him crazy. Although he always loved travel passionately, he could not bear to go where any foreigner had stepped. He never had any patience with children or animals when they acted improperly: she thinks he cried all night over dismissing a cat which had devoured one of her newborn offspring. Not seldom he abruptly placed her in a position of great discomfort, as when he said to a caller: "You are not my guest. Good-by." Of his understanding of women and his attitude toward them, she has a most beautiful memory. The Japanese, he thought, did not reverence them enough. Before engaging a *rikisha* man, he would ask, "Do you love your wife?"

The book has other personal testimony almost as rare in quality and value. It is from the keeper of the fish-shop at Yaidzu. "Five times a day would he be in the water. He was almost a fish, and would even smoke while swimming. When he returned he was the happiest man in the world. He was the friend of all who worked hard and were simple, and his sympathy with any weaker thing was wonderful. He always listened gently to his wife and said her word was law. He delighted to see his face growing brown. So considerate was he that he made me frequently uncomfortable. In one word, he was the only perfect man I ever came across."

The value of the book, both to the Hearn cult and to those who, greatly cherishing the artist, seek by all aids to rate him at his proper worth, is unquestionable. Furthermore, it has much unpretentious and delicate charm, which is not unassisted by its occasional quaint pictorialness of phrasing. "His foreign origin," says Mr. Noguchi, "flickered in a broken smoke at his desire to be changed into a Japanese. His later work had a deliberation strange and positive and a translucence milky and soft." The yellow binding and the sketches have not misled us—it is Lafcadio Hearn in Japan. *Graham Berry.*

VII

H. B. Wright's "The Winning of Barbara Worth"*

A well-known man of letters, after listening to a prominent magazine publisher for an hour or so, once remarked that he had never heard any one talk so much about making money and doing good, at the same time. The reviewer

*The Winning of Barbara Worth. By Harold Bell Wright. Chicago: The Book Supply Company.

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is forced to recall this comment, which contains an acute comment on a certain phase of our civilisation, after reading Mr. Howard Bell Wright's latest novel, *The Winning of Barbara Worth*. Here the real hero—for the several younger claimants to this title scarcely count—a rough-and-ready Western financier whose face is a cold and expressionless grey mask, becomes convinced of the selfishness of a great corporation's reclamation enterprises, and sets out at once to combat the company and to afford an example of beneficent exploitation. By a combination of strategy and good luck he secures a valuable section of land in the very centre of "The King's Basin," in Southern California, with water rights which are to transform the whole desert region into a fertile abode for man.

To tempt settlers to his town site, he offers all sorts of valuable privileges and concessions. The question naturally arises, what is he to get out of it himself? Or, as Bill Watson, the teamster, puts it: "That sounds good all right, Mr. Worth; but it ain't reasonable that you're leaving yourself out of this deal. Where do you come in? Who's the joker in this little game?" When Worth had explained that he hoped to make his money from the rise in land values due to the prosperity of his ranchers, some one suggests to Bill that Worth is thus simply playing to use him to gain his own ends. To which Bill replies: "You're damned right he is, and so am I usin' Jefferson Worth to gain my ends, ain't I? I might work for the company a hundred years and never get a cent more than the wages that you're payin' now. Jefferson Worth, he pays me the same wages and gives me a chance to get my share of all that comes out of what I do. I don't care a damn if he makes ten millions out of the country, I hope he will, because he is giving us poor devils, who ain't got nothing now, a chance to get a ranch an' do somethin' for ourselves. . . ."

Jefferson Worth is, in fact, about as fair-minded and honest a financier as we have ever encountered in the pages of fiction. That it is possible to present a capitalist of his class in so favourable a light and yet preserve the balance of vice and virtue which must be maintained in the modern novel where the monied interests are ordinarily the oppressors, is due to the introduction of a second genius, of much greater calibre, Mr. James Greenfield, of New York, against whose heavy Wall Street backing Worth valiantly pits his comparatively meagre resources. It is this ingenious device by which capital, even if in a limited sense, is invested with virtue, that gives Mr. Wright's book whatever originality of conception it possesses. To tell the truth this is not very great. In works of this kind it is only the setting that changes radically. There are always the fixed types of good men and bad, and there is always the same general scheme of a plot in which a certain number of difficulties arise and are overcome by pluck and perseverance, against which not all the forces of nature can prevail—far less, the forces of evil in man's heart.

This is not even the first story to draw its melodramatic inspiration and material from the work of reclamation, though perhaps it seizes this phase of national development in a more comprehensive manner and with more visionary enthusiasm than any which has preceded it. It has, indeed, in its scale and scope, much of that vague epic quality which occasionally redeems in a measure the crass physical crudity of contemporary American fiction. In all this flood of books, one major phenomenon stands notably forth—the attempt to interpret as a mighty spiritual conflict upon which the destiny of the nation depends, the work that is going forward in every tract of land where men, in toiling for themselves, toil for the future of the race and of the country.

To insist overmuch upon the latter aspect of their work, and, as in the present case, to couple it with the beneficent influences of feminine spirituality upon masculine materialism, is almost always to lapse into sheer sentimentality—a vice which infects the very fibre of Mr. Wright's mental fabric and which, constituting no doubt, a prime virtue for his admirers, goes far toward explaining his popular success as a novelist. The conventionality of his sentiment, however, goes even further, since its excesses are those which are rendered sacred by the

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standard of thought and conduct accepted by millions of Americans. Here the average reader may find himself not merely reflected, but magnified and exalted, in all his socially shaped moral being, in all his intimate attitudes of self-conscious probity, nobility and heroism. To the picture of life thus so flatteringly presented conviction is lent by the superficial realism of the method employed by the novelist. Any question concerning the probability of a sentimental conversion, or of an act of superhuman self-sacrifice, is steadily shoved aside by the actualities of business and industrial enterprise exposed in all their engrossing detail. Thus the elements of idealism and realism, though they may seem to conflict, in reality complement and reinforce each other. The fiction makes the dry facts palatable, and the facts give an illusory appearance of truth to a presentment of life that possibly might neither convince, nor even interest, if reduced to its bare essentials. *W. A. Bradley.*

VIII

MAY FUTRELLE'S "THE SECRETARY OF FRIVOLOUS AFFAIRS"*

If an author sets out deliberately to write a good hammock companion it is only necessary that it should be interesting; if some charm and cleverness of dialogue is added there is always an agreeable surprise. Mrs. Futrelle has succeeded in both respects and as *The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs* makes only these pretentions it claims comment along these lines. The situation of two girls of breeding and wealth suddenly deprived of the latter and forced to capitalise the former offers an obvious field for situation and satire. Had Mrs. Futrelle chosen to follow the lead of the first few chapters in this direction she might have kept it full of comedy; but, instead, she has chosen to embroil her heroine in a maze of melodrama which, save for her verbal skill, makes the novel more or less conventional. Here, however, the good stock situations of bogus counts, Lidia Languishing young ladies with loads of superfluously accessible gems for acquiring villains, strong-armed heroes and falsely accused heroines have lost none of their capacity to amuse the reader or to complicate themselves. Indeed, it is curious nowadays to see how each author manipulates the puppets, and Mrs. Futrelle has added several new twists with a proper condiment of mystery and excitement. Technically she does not always play fair with the reader when, for example, she utilises the device of the duplicate bracelet to bring about confusion and false leads; but convincing explanations and *ex post facto* research for motives is not the strong point of recent mystery stories. Yet, in one respect, Mrs. Futrelle shows a decided advantage over many who are purveying this type of fiction: she has an undoubted gift of facile characterisation. Mrs. Hazzard, the persistent hostess who needs a "secretary of frivolous affairs" is full of open, breezy humour and the scene in which the heroine is engaged for the post is the best in the book: it is this, in fact, which makes the reader regret the author had not kept the novel a comedy of the same quality. So, too, Jo, the sister suggests further development. But it would be captious to criticise what is not since the book serves its purpose of amusement; only there is no reason why the author should not utilise her skill along the lines of social satire which seems to be her undoubted medium. *Griffin Mace.*

*The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs. By May Futrelle. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

IX

WEIR MITCHELL'S "JOHN SHERWOOD, IRONMASTER"*

It is incontestably more difficult to reproduce in fiction the mental and spiritual outlook of an epoch immediately preceding our own, than to render the same service for an age more distant. For one reason, possibly, that there are so many whose memory serves as a measure for our achievement. Who but a few archæologists, who seldom read novels anyway, could determine whether an author had given his characters the proper point

*John Sherwood, Ironmaster. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company.

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of view for people living 4000 B. C., or even for 800 A. D. But when we come to deal with people of twenty-five or thirty years back, it is a different matter. The main incidents in Dr. Weir Mitchell's latest published novel happen at a time no more distant from our own decade than that. But it is a dangerous period for a writer of modern fiction to treat of. His book has the look of modernity, but so little of its spirit as to appear perilously old-fashioned to the careless reader. Just as the clothes of thirty years back are merely old-fashioned, while the garb of antiquity is of artistic interest. To the observant critic the task is wonderfully well acomplished. So completely so that it calls forth a doubt as to whether the book might not have been written at that period, although only just brought to publication.

The story of John Sherwood who, after a lonely childhood entered the family ironworks as a boy of fifteen, the year of the Civil War, and in the twenty years following became the efficient, capable master of the works, is told by himself with engaging frankness. We see into the brain of an inventive genius, a man whose only god is work and success. All humanity outside of the sphere of usefulness for his interests is non-existent for him. Finally when success has come to him, in his prime of maturity, his health gives out, and he is warned that he must give up his work. Disappointed and heart-weary, he settles down to camp-life in a lonely spot on the Maine coast, a stretch of neglected acres that came to him by inheritance. Here he is won back to health of body by a growing observant love of nature, a newly-awakened trait. And he wins through to health of mind and soul by being drawn into the destinies of a little group of people strangely met together in that isolated spot. Through tragedy in which he takes a share, true happiness comes to him with the right woman.

The slow-moving style of the narrative has much of charm and power. And the dialogue, as well as the point of view of all the characters so emphasise the distance we have traversed on the mental plane this last quarter-century, that we realise how very true a picture of its epoch the book must be.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

NOMENCLATURE IN LITERATURE

BY KATE LESLIE SMITH

READERS of *Tristram Shandy* may remember that the hero's father, Walter Shandy, was most emphatic in pointing out the immense importance of names—the inspiration of a high-sounding name, the danger of being "depressed and Nicodemus'd into nothing" by one that is commonplace, the fact that names have a strange kind of magic bias, which they irresistibly impress upon our character and conduct. Robert Louis Stevenson, in an essay on the Philosophy of Nomenclature, has done his best by example and precept to emphasise the warning of the illustrious Turkey merchant aforesaid. Wise men of all ages and nationalities have paid attention to nomenclature—Adam gave names "to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field." Socrates advised fathers to give fine names to their children, and Montaigne has skimmed the cream of the subject down to his date for his "galimafrée," as he calls his hodge-podge.

Many an author, however, seems to attach but little weight to the opinion of these distinguished men, and has, in consequence, been guilty of "sins, negligences, and ignorances." The ambiguity and irrelevance of some modern book titles incline one to ask: "Should the title of a book be such an indication of

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the contents as to guide—or at least not to mislead in selection? Should it excite curiosity, or should it plainly set forth the character of the volume?"

When the average reader is so often at sea as to the exact relation of titles to subject matter in present-day literature, is it not time to return to the simplicity and directness of the old masters? Contrast the titles selected by Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray with *The Valley of Decision, The House of Mirth, The Fruit of the Tree,* and *Sanctuary* of the psychological school of fiction. The reader who is not a profound Bible student really needs a concordance to understand the relevance of title and contents of several of Mrs. Wharton's books. Read and re-read the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of Joel, and you may still wonder why she should have chosen it for a text: "Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." Turn to Ecclesiastes, seventh chapter and fourth verse, and you will find: "The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning; but the hearts of fools is in the house of mirth;" you may then grasp the purpose of *The House of Mirth,* though a first glance at the title had given you a misleading impression of cheerfulness. *The Fruit of the Tree* alludes, of course, to the third verse of the third chapter of Genesis: "But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die." William Allen White's *A Certain Rich Man* refers to the one described by St. Luke as clothed in purple and fine linen and faring sumptuously every day.

Tracy's use of a biblical quotation as a title for his novel—*The Wings of the Morning*—was the cause of a ludicrous mistake on the part of a learned theologian. He bought it on the supposition that it was a religious work, based on a passage in Psalms, and on dipping into it discovered a thrilling tale of adventure. Two excellent short stories have equally excellent biblical titles—"So the Carpenter Encouraged the Goldsmith," by Zona Gale, and "The Cave of Adullam," by Alice Brown. The first is taken from Isaiah: "They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his neighbour, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith." The second is found in First Samuel: "David, therefore, departed thence and escaped to the cave of Adullam. And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him." Whether a reader is annoyed or interested by a title embodying an unfamiliar idea or quotation depends upon his mental make-up. There is nothing puzzling, only pleasantly reminiscent, to the old time book lover, when he sees *Short Sixes* imprinted on Bunner's entertaining volume, but one of the present generation must read the sub-title: "Stories to be read while the candle burns," and take a good look at the accompanying illustrations, before he can key his imagination to the proper pitch of enjoyment.

An Englishman can tell by the cover of Conan Doyle's *Round the Red Lamp* without a glance at the explanatory title page that the gruesome tales are facts and fancies of medical life, but an American is unfamiliar with a red lamp as a sign of a doctor's office. Who would have supposed that the scene of Wister's *The Virginian* would be laid in the wild west, or that his *Lady Baltimore* would prove to be a cake and not a person? A seeker after light on Christian Science read *The New Religion,* by Maarten Maartens, without gaining any illumination except on the frauds and fallacies of sanitariums and doctors.

Thoughtful readers will agree that Danby's *Pigs in Clover* treats more fully the sex problem and the evolution of the Hebrew race than the plutocrats suggested by the title; and in Brady's *A Doctor of Philosophy* it is the colour question, and not the heroine's degree of Ph.D., which is the real motif of the story. Not until we have read the book do we understand what Rex Beach means by *The Silver Horde,* and then we see a vivid picture of the salmon industry in the Great Country. Lawyers need no translation or explanation of *Obiter Dicta,* but other people take up Birrell's collection of essays with a better under-

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standing if they are first informed they are "incidental opinions given by a judge."

Only those versed in matters artistic are apt to comprehend the application of Gosse's title *Critical Kit-Kats* to his biographical sketches, or know without being told the history of the Kit-Kat Club, which flourished in London in the eighteenth century. It was named for Kit Katt, the club's pastry cook, and the portraits of the members (among them Addison and Steele) painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller, were of a particular size, less than half length, because of the low walls of the club dining-room, where they were hung. Henry James is a little clearer in naming a similar book *Partial Portraits,* and the same may be said of Kernahan and his *Wise Men and a Fool.* Zangwill's *Without Prejudice,* Crothers's *The Pardoner's Wallet,* Eaglesfield's *Books Triumphant and Books Militant,* Colby's *Imaginary Obligations,* Chesterton's *Tremendous Trifles,* Higginson's *Carlyle's Laugh and other Surprises* and Austin's *The Bridling of Pegasus,* have titles stimulative of interest, and bear witness that essayists have tact in nomenclature.

Many short-story writers have shown good judgment in labelling their collections—Janvier's *Colour Studies,* Van Dyke's *The Ruling Passion,* Hopkinson Smith's *The Under Dog,* Kipling's *Traffics and Discoveries,* and O. Henry's *Cabbages and Kings* are as satisfying in titles as in contents. The last mentioned author was unusually felicitous in naming his creations; this particular title is taken from the famous conversation between the Walrus and the Carpenter in Lewis Carroll's classic, *Through the Looking Glass.*

> "The time has come," the Walrus said,
> "To talk of many things;
> Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
> Of cabbages and kings."

If there were only a "Manual of Assistance for God-parents and Authors" there might be fewer books hampered at their very christening by such cumbrous and ungainly names as Mrs. Burnett's *Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest* and *In Connection with the DeWilloughby Claim,* and Sedgwick's *Franklin Winslow Kane.*

Stevenson complained years ago that he wanted books to read called *Jerry Abershaw,* and *The Fillibuster's Cache,* and the husks offered him instead were *Aunt Anne's Tea Cosy,* and *Mrs. Brierly's Niece.* His taste for the sensational could have since been gratified, for many a striking title is index to a lurid book. Rives's *Smoking Flax* and Dixon's *The Leopard Spots* exemplify the style of fiction for which he pretended to pine. Probably no author ever gave more thought and pains to the selection of titles than Stevenson, and he recounts in his letters the many changes made before he was content, but even he has failed to satisfy the casual reader in naming a collection of poems *Underwoods.* The true-blue Stevensonian may see some direct connection between the title and the verses, but the general public must find excuse in Stevenson's preface for his apparent irrelevance:

> Of all my verse, like not a single line;
> But like my title, for it is not mine.
> That title from a better man I stole:
> Ah, how much better had I stol'n the whole!

If you want a good war horse for a conversational battle, "Aes Triplex" will speedily carry you into the midst of the fray. Men of various callings—"doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs"—never agree as to the application of the phrase to Stevenson's essay. Neither can they successfully transcribe, though they may translate, "Rosa quo Locorum" as a subtitle to his charming little paper "Random Memories."

Boys revel in Kipling's *"Captains Courageous,"* and so do grown-ups, but who can account for the title's quotation marks? Who can give off-hand the derivation of Hutchinson's equally attractive title: *Once Aboard the Lugger?* The author tells us that the dashing sentiment, "Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine," is a generic title for all modern novels, since there is not one of these but in this form or that sets out the pursuit of his mistress by a man, or his treatment of her when he has clapped her beneath hatches.

As Meredith Nicholson himself con-

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fesses, the gods have several times favoured him in the matter of titles, and this has been one factor in placing him in the ranks of the "best-sellers." *The House of a Thousand Candles* and *The Lords of High Decision* are admirable both in subject and substance, and his last novel, *The Siege of the Seven Suitors,* shows his knack at alliteration. Winston Churchill has deliberately made use of his own initial—"C"—in naming every one of his novels: *Richard Carvel, The Crisis, The Crossing, The Celebrity, Coniston, Mr. Crewe's Career,* and *A Modern Chronicle*—a decidedly unique distinction. It was a singular coincidence that titles of the same character—*The Shuttle* and *The Weavers*—should have been given serials running at the same time, and that Mrs. Burnett and Sir Gilbert Parker suggested, rather than indicated, by these titles vitally interesting problems in sociology. The difference in title of the American and English editions of Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest novel has caused comment; here it is *Lady Merton: Colonist,* over there *Canadian Born*—perhaps because the conception of a colonist differs radically in America and England. Mrs. Ward has also been criticised for using a French phrase in naming an English work of fiction—*Marriage à la Mode.*

Little folks always think *The Birds' Christmas Carol* will tell of the feathered variety, but are nevertheless pleased when it does not. A twentieth century mother actually went with her offspring to see Ibsen's *A Doll's House,* taking it for granted it was a play for children. But why cavil? Why endow a chair of Shandean Philosophy in a School for Authors? When Solomon and Shakespeare disagree who shall decide? Solomon, who was wisdom personified, avers that a good name is better than precious ointment, but the immortal Bard of Avon propounds the unanswerable query: "What's in a name?"

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

AMERICAN HISTORY BY AMERICAN POETS. By Nellie Urner Wallington. 2 vols. New York: Duffield and Company.

All anthologies are interesting even though they are very bad, and we are not prepared to say whether the one under consideration is bad or not. Whoever makes one will be criticised for what he has left out, while others will be still more criticised from what they have omitted. Probably in every anthology a hundred poems will be identical, and they represent a universal collection of the most popular poetry in the English language. Thus one cannot conceive of such a book as the present one without looking for "John Brown's Body," or "Paul Revere," or "Old Ironsides." As we come down the steps of history, popular taste grows more and more uncertain. The Mexican War furnished only one spirited lyric—"The Angels of Buena Vista," by Whittier. The Civil War led to a flood of war poems, many of which were set to music. The latter may be generally described as "catchy," and neither music nor words have the dignity of the older poetry, but they were sung by thousands of men around the campfires along the Southern swamps and by thousands of other men and women in the roaring, persistent North. The Southern soldiers were always jealous and somewhat chagrined by the splendid music which their captives could evoke, even in imprisonment. Their spirits were kept aroused, and they never lost hope so long as they could chant "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!" or "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home!" and "Marching Through Georgia!"—which last the English have largely taken to themselves, so that as early as 1868 Lord Napier's troops advanced to the capture of Magdala to the strains of Rice's music, just as afterwards Lord Kitchener carried its strains down through the Soudan and to the bloody walls of Khartoum.

But the Spanish War somehow failed to evoke any corresponding enthusiasm. Thus

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Mr. Wallace Rice tried very hard, and so did many others, to get a stir out of the daring Hobson. But Hobson missed his mark under the Merrimac, and later was too much kissed, so that he became a joke, and at the present time he is only a Congressman. Nevertheless, as we said before, any anthology is interesting, perhaps as much so for its successes as for its failures. We all like to think that we could make a fine anthology, and so we pore over those which others have made and laugh heartily at their omissions and unwise selections.

AN APPRECIATION

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Girls on the August BOOKMAN's cover
I'm your admirer, I am your lover.
No "Illustration Detective," I;
Only charm in your looks I spy.
Those weird blue patches from brow to chin
My deepest admiration win;
For I've appreciation keen
Of what "colour-process" is meant to mean.
I know you do not represent
Victims of railroad accident,
Nor are those strangely-placed blue sprinkles
Adhesive plasters to banish wrinkles.
And well I know those daubs of blue
Are not a Fiji belle's tattoo.
Nor does it mean that your own blue blood
Stains your fair cheeks with its rising flood;
We, of the Cognoscenti know
None of these horrid things are so.
We know what is deemed correct and smart
In the highest circles of truest art.
We know those blue spots are placed with care;
And that marvellous palette-scrapings hair,
And those hands, with their deftly-placed blue lights,
And that teapot-lamp, are precious sights.
On the book, with its coffin-lid I dote,
And the blue tin trinkets that clasp your throat.
Oh, Girls of the BOOKMAN cover design,
Colour Process printing is surely fine!

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Thurley Ruxton. Michels. (Fitzgerald.) $1.20.
5. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Trail of the Axe. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. John Ruskin. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Philistine and Genius. Sidis. (Moffat, Yard.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Rivals. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. The Trail of the Axe. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75c.
3. Twice-Born Men. Begbee. (Revell.) $1.25.
4. Lafcadio Hearn in Japan. Noguchi. (Kennerley.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Motor Girls on a Tour. Penrose. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

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BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Master Christopher. de la Pasture. (Dutton.) $1.35.
4. The Woman-Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Skipper and the Skipped. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Shop Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Canon in Residence. Whitechurch. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.20.
5. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. What's His Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
5. The Way of a Woman. Ramsey. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Dan McLean's Adventure. Brown. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.25.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Denry, the Audacious. Bennett. (Dutton.) $1.35.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. The Young Idea. Fillmore. (Lane.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Clarke.) $2.00.
2. Education in Sexual Physiology and Hygiene. Zenner. (Clarke.) $1.00.
3. A Buckeye Boyhood. Venable. (Clarke.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. Motor Boys' Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Betty Wales' Books. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
2. The Young Pitcher. Grey. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Buddie. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

Fiction

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

DETROIT, MICH.

Fiction

1. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Path of Glory. Haworth. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) $1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. The Principles of Scientific Management. Taylor. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The New Avatar and the Destiny of the Soul. Buck. (Clarke.) $2.00.
3. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
4. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.

Juveniles

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Aunt Jane's Nieces in Society. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
3. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Fiction

1. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Bawbee Jock. McLaran. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
2. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

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3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
4. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. On the Branch. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My First Summer in the Sierras. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. A Comedy of Circumstance. Gavf. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Dawn O'Hara. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. What's His Name. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Legacy. Watts. (Macmillan.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. Buried Alive. Bennett. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. The Great Work. Huntley. (Indo-Book Co.) $2.00.
4. The Human Way. Willcox. (Harper.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.
3. Quicksands. Lea. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.20.
4. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Guide to Modern Opera. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Adventures in Friendship. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Second Chance. McClung. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Marie Claire. Audoux. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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3. Principles, Rules and Laws of Auction Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Love Under Fire. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Victory of Allan Rutledge. Corkey. (Fly.) $1.50.
6. Excuse Me. Hughes. (Fly.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Unknown Isle. Coulevain. (Cassell.) $1.35.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.
2. A Philadelphia Lawyer in the London Courts. Leaming. (Holt.) $2.00.
3. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys Down East. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Excuse Me. Hughes. (Fly.) $1.50.
4. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.20.
5. In Her Own Right. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Automobile Blue Book No. 3. (Auto B. B. Co.) $2.50.
2. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
3. Uncle Walt. Mason. (Adams.) $1.25.
4. Modern Bank. Fiske. (Appleton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Boys' Book of Airships. Delacombe. (Stokes.) $2.00.
2. Dave Porter at Star Ranch. Stratmeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
3. Jack, the Young Explorer. Grinnell. (Stokes.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Mary Cary. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. Seeing Europe by Automobile. Merriweather. (Baker & Taylor.) $2.00.
4. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birch Bark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Buddie. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Five Gallons of Gasoline. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The House of Bondage. Kauffman, (Moffat, Yard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. Mental Efficiency. Bennett. (Doran.) 75c.
3. My Life. Wagner. (Dodd, Mead.) $8.50.
4. Making Life Worth While. Fisher. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Motor Boat Series. Hancock. (Altemus.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. John Sherwood, Ironmaster. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.20.
4. The Woman-Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. How to Know Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) $2.00.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Flower Guide. Reed. (Doubleday, Page.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Rhyming Ring. Garnet. (Rand, McNally.) 95 cents.
2. Hollow Tree Snowed-in Book. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Patrician. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Airship Boys. Sayler. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
2. The Boy Scouts. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Grain of Dust. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watts.) $1.25.
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. The House of Bondage. Kauffman. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
3. The Cruise of the Snark. London. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The Ladies' Battle. Seawell. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Robinetta. Wiggin, Findlater & McAulay. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. The Young Idea. Fillmore. (Lane.) $1.20.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Fiction

1. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Keeping Up with Lizzie. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. A Senator of the Fifties. Lynch. (Robertson.) $1.50.
2. The House of Orchids. Sterling. (Robertson.) $1.25.
3. Comfort in Old Books. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.
4. Luther Burbank. Jordan & Kellog. (Robertson.) $1.75.

Juveniles

1. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Little Colonel Books. Johnson. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Golden Silence. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Lighted Match. Buck. (Watt.) $1.25.
5. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) $1.00.
2. The Mountain that Was God. Williams. (Putnam.) 75 cents.
3. The Cabin. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Great Illusion. Angell. (Putnam.) $1.50.

Juveniles

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. The Slant Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. College Years. Paine. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

Fiction

1. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Rosary. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage. Strahorn. (Putnam.) $4.00.
2. The Mountain that Was God. Williams. (Putnam.) 75 cents.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

Juveniles

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Fiction

1. She Buildeth Her House. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Haunted Pajamas. Elliott. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Members of the Family. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
6. Brazenhead the Great. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA.

Fiction

1. The Claw. Stockley. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Briggs.) $1.50.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Musson.) $1.25.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (McLeod.) $1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Great Illusion. Angell. (McClelland.) $1.00.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Froude.) $1.25.
3. Old Indian Trails. Schaffer. (Briggs.) $2.25.

Juveniles.

1. Buddie. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Fiction

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Molly Make-Believe. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Practical Flower Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor's Dilemma. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. Rainy-Day Scrap Book. Schuman. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. The Woman-Haters. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Twenty Years at Hull-House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.
4. Adventures in Contentment. Grayson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Story Girl. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50c.
3. Rover Boys' Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

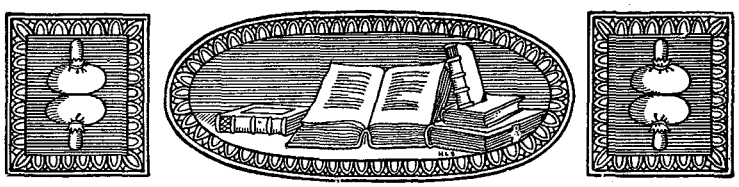
From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are

	POINTS
1. The Long Roll. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	271
2. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	217
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35	213
4. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	196
5. Miss Gibbie Gault. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.20	105
6. The Miller of Old Church. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	51



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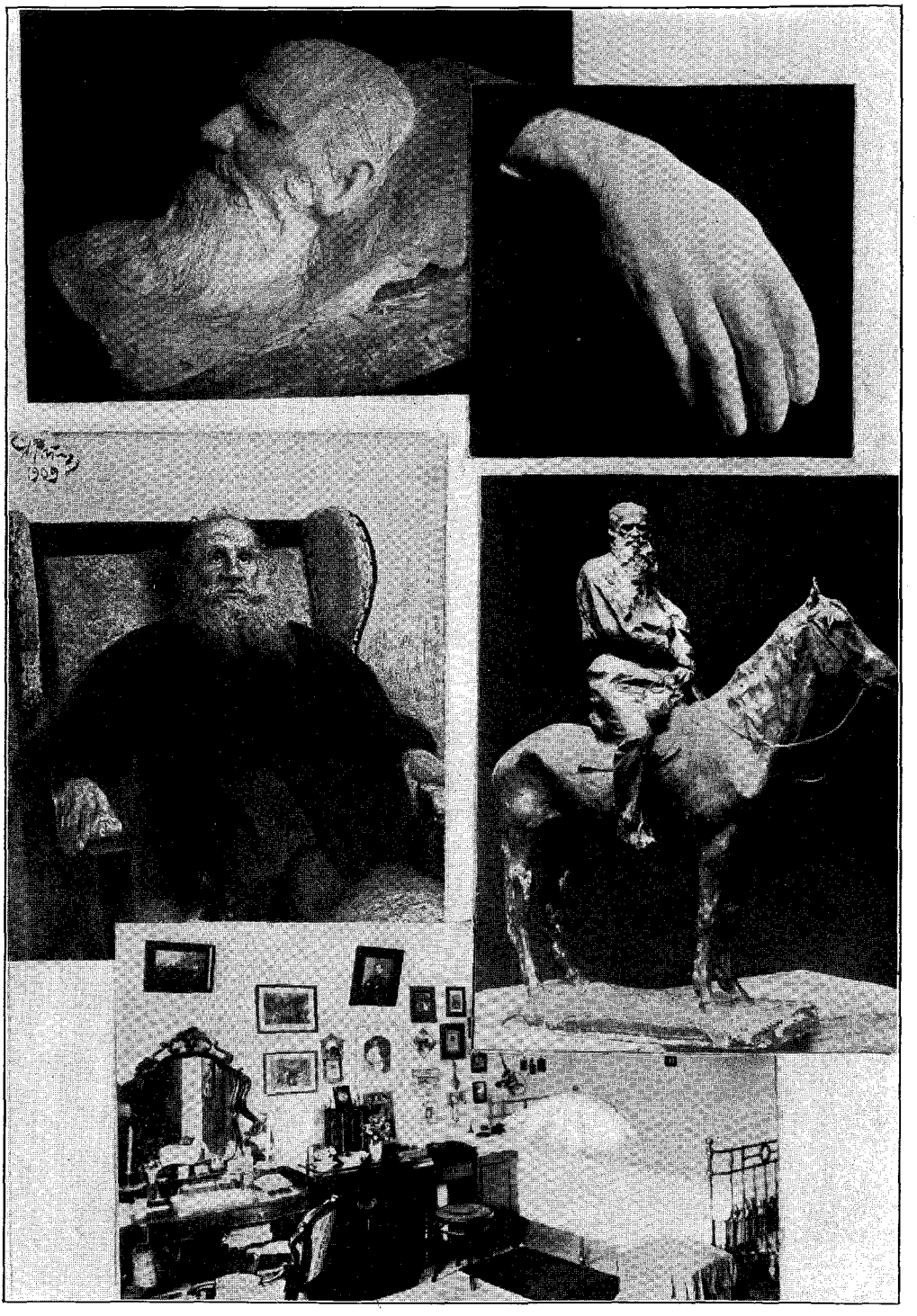

A MEMORY OF THE GREAT DEAD MAN. A GROUP OF THE TOLSTOY POST CARDS THAT ARE SOLD THROUGHOUT RUSSIA

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